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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 5, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
1	2	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
3	3	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
4	4	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
8	5	YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
14	6	RUBBER BULLETS	10 c.c. (UK)
3	7	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
6	8	HELL-RAISER	Sweet (RCA)
7	9	BROKENDOWN ANGEL	Nazareth (Mooncrest)
10	10	WALK ON THE WILD SIDE	Lou Reed (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 5, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
2	2	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
3	3	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
12	4	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
4	5	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	Herd (Fontana)
7	6	JOANNA	Scott Walker (Philips)
6	7	RAINBOW VALLEY	Love Affair (CBS)
11	8	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll and the Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
15	9	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int.)
5	10	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 7, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)
2	2	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	3	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
9	4	I LIKE IT	Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia)
6	5	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	6	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
4	7	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	8	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
8	9	TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS	Del Shannon (London)
13	10	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending June 3, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	6	1
2	(3)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)	4	2
3	(2)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	8	1
4	(4)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)	5	3
5	(5)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	4	5
6	(11)	WHAT A WASTE	Ian Dury (Stiff)	5	6
7	(19)	(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	7
8	(6)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)	4	6
9	(8)	MORE THAN A WOMAN	Tavares (Capitol)	4	8
10	(18)	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	3	10
11	(17)	NICE 'N SLEAZY	Stranglers (United Artists)	4	11
12	(15)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN	Raffaella Carra (Epic)	5	12
13	(25)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	2	13
14	(13)	HI TENSION	Hi Tension (Island)	4	13
15	(20)	COME TO ME	Ruby Winters (Creole)	2	15
16	(12)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio (Arista)	5	11
17	(28)	ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES	Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	17
18	(10)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	10	2
18	(—)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	1	18
20	(7)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	12	2
21	(21)	SHE'S SO MODERN	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	8	11
22	(14)	IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE DANCIN'	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	2	14
23	(27)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	2	23
24	(9)	AUTOMATIC LOVER	Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	7	5
25	(23)	THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	5	15
26	(—)	ROSALIE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	26
27	(—)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	1	27
28	(—)	UP AGAINST THE WALL	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	2	24
29	(—)	OLE OLA	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	29
30	(—)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

IT SURE BRINGS OUT THE LOVE IN YOUR EYES — David Soul (Private Stock); PUMP IT UP — Elvis Costello (Radar); LOVING YOU HAS MADE ME BANANAS — Guy Marks (ABC); AIN'T GOT A CLUE — The Lurkers (Beggars Banquet).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 3, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(2)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
3	(3)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
4	(1)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
5	(6)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
6	(7)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
7	(5)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
8	(11)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
9	(17)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
10	(9)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
11	(8)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
12	(14)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
13	(16)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
14	(15)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)	Billy Joel
15	(22)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith
16	(18)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
17	(19)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
18	(20)	DEACON BLUES	Steely Dan
19	(21)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
20	(27)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
21	(24)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
22	(10)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
23	(13)	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE	Player
24	(28)	HEARTLESS	Heart
25	(12)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
26	(—)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
27	(—)	I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart
28	(—)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
29	(23)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
30	(—)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending June 3, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	12	1
2	(3)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	19	1
3	(5)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	9	2
4	(2)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	7	2
5	(11)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	2	5
6	(14)	EASTER	Patti Smith (Arista)	6	6
7	(7)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	10	1
8	(18)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	18	7
9	(6)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Frank Sinatra (EMI)	4	6
10	(19)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	7	10
11	(15)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	11	10
12	(12)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	66	1
13	(4)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	7	4
14	(9)	LONDON TOWN	Wings (EMI)	9	4
14	(—)	PARKERILLA	Graham Parker (Vertigo)	1	14
16	(23)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	14	4
17	(13)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	14	13
18	(8)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL	Rainbow (Polydor)	6	8
19	(24)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	11	6
20	(29)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	14	7
21	(20)	POWER IN THE DARK	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	2	20
22	(16)	20 CLASSIC HITS	The Platters (Mercury)	7	16
23	(21)	EVERYBODY PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	2	27
24	(22)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	14	2
25	(10)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	7	10
26	(—)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	1	26
27	(27)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	14	1
28	(30)	POWER AGE	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	28
29	(—)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . .	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	1	29
30	(—)	APPROVED BY THE MOTORS	Motors (Virgin)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

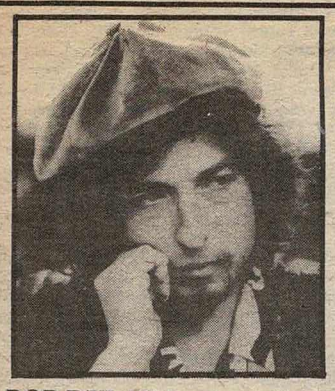
CENTRA HEATING — Heatwave (GTO); FM — Various (MCA); VAN HALEN — Van Halen (Warner Bros); UK — UK (Polydor).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 3, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(3)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
3	(2)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
4	(7)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
5	(4)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(6)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
7	(5)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
8	(8)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
9	(12)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
10	(10)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
11	(14)	MAGAZINE	Heart
12	(9)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
13	(16)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
14	(11)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
15	(20)	FM	Various Artists
16	(13)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
17	(21)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
18	(17)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
19	(19)	AJA	Steely Dan
20	(25)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
21	(18)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
22	(23)	HEAVY HORSES	Jethro Tull
23	(—)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
24	(29)	THE LAST WALTZ	The Band & Various Artists
25	(26)	EASTER	Patti Smith
26	(—)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
27	(—)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
28	(15)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .	Genesis
29	(22)	INFINITY	Journey
30	(27)	VAN HALEN	

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



Yes, it's Blackbushe!

CLAPTON, ARMATRADING, GRAHAM PARKER, LAKE ARE DYLAN'S GUESTS

Dylan for July 15 open-air gig?

PLANS ARE UNDER WAY for Bob Dylan to headline a massive open-air concert in Britain at the end of his European tour. This would be in addition to his

reason why the promoter has that he would do so if the British

Last week's NME

BOB DYLAN is now confirmed to headline a massive open-air concert at Blackbushe Airport in West Surrey on Saturday, July 15 . . . just as NME last week forecast he would, while all the other papers were hinting at Dylan playing Knebworth. And this is the second Dylan scoop for NME, who also announced his six Earls Court dates a week before anyone else!

The Blackbushe concert runs from 2 to 10.30 pm, and other acts on the bill are Eric Clapton and his Band, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Joan Armatrading and Lake.

The site can accommodate comfortably upwards of 100,000 people, and it's the first rock event to be held there. It was chosen because of its accessibility from London — by way of the M.4, M.3 and A.30, also by direct train service from Waterloo.

British Rail is setting aside a special platform at Waterloo, decorated and marked "Bob Dylan Concert". Trains will run every ten minutes all through the day, in both directions, to and from Fleet Station — which is two miles from the site. And a special bus service will transport ticket-holders between the station and the site.

The gates will open at noon on the day, and the usual catering, toilet and parking facilities will be laid on, plus a number of "special events".

All tickets are priced at £6, and are available by post or to personal callers. Box-office outlets are virtually the same as for Earls Court concerts, except in London where Hammersmith Odeon and the Palace Theatre will not be selling them this time.

Postal bookings, together with s.a.e., should be sent to Dylan Box-Office (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), M.A.M. House, 24-25 New Bond Street, London W.1.

Personal applicants may obtain tickets from next Monday (5) at *Glasgow* Apollo Centre; *Manchester* Hime & Addison; *Leeds* Barkers; *Sheffield* Wilson Peck; *Stoke* Mike Lloyd Music Shop; *Birmingham* Cyclops Sounds; *Leicester* De Montford Hall; *Oxford* New Theatre; *Southampton* Gaumont; *Cardiff* Sound Advice; *Liverpool* Ray Ross & Co; *Bristol* Colston Hall; *Dublin* Pat Egan Record Shop; *London* Rainbow Theatre and Carnaby Market Rainbow Box-Office; and *London* Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells (50 New Bond Street). They will also be on sale at all 58 of Harlequin Records' shops throughout the country. Ticket enquiries to Harlequin at 01-439 3063.

As reported last week, this will be Dylan's final date of his European tour, which opens with his six Earls Court gigs (June 15-21). And promoter Harvey Goldsmith revealed this week that restricted-view tickets for the Earls Court concerts will be on sale at the venue's box-office every evening immediately prior to each show.

Title of Dylan's new album has been announced as "Street Legal". CBS Records are waiting for the finished tapes to arrive, so they can rush-release it in time for his visit.

It's understood that the four guest artists appearing at the Blackbushe event were all personally requested by Dylan.

● Associated with Harvey Goldsmith in the Blackbushe promotion are Hearnpond, a company affiliated to Strutworth, the present lease-holders of London Rainbow. There has been speculation for some weeks that the Rainbow is on the point of closure, but this was denied by Strutworth, whose spokesman told NME: "We have bookings at the Rainbow through to the end of the year. And as you can see from the Blackbushe event, we are in fact expanding our activities."

CLASH TOUR; 14 GIGS SET

THE CLASH begin a new British tour at the end of this month. They're going out under the banner of "The Clash Out On Parole", which refers to the court case involving bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Nicky Headon, who are charged with shooting some racing pigeons.

Dates confirmed so far are Aylesbury Friars (June 28), Leeds Queens Hall (29), Sheffield Top Rank (30), Leicester Granby Hall (July 1), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (2), Glasgow Apollo (4), Aberdeen Music Hall (5), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (6), Crawley Sports Centre (8), Bristol Locarno (9), Torquay Town Hall (10), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Birmingham Top Rank (12) and London Edmonton Picketts Lock Centre (15).

The band are hoping to fix dates in Liverpool and Newcastle, although they've previously been banned in both cities. And they're arranging a second London date, which is likely to be in the Elephant & Castle area. All ticket prices will be at an average of £2, and most of the venues — including London — will be unseated.

A new Clash single "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" is released by CBS on June 16, and it will feature a special centre label which the band designed themselves. Right now they're busy recording their second album with producer Sandy Pearlman (of Blue Oyster Cult fame), with a view to late summer, or possibly early autumn, release.

Richman blames World Cup for 14 blown dates

JONATHAN RICHMAN & The Modern Lovers' British tour, which should have started last weekend, has been completely re-shaped. Only five of their originally scheduled 19 concerts remain in their itinerary, and a string of smaller venues is being slotted in to replace the cancelled gigs.

Reason for blowing out 14 concert-hall dates is openly admitted to by poor ticket sales, and Beserkley Records place the blame for this firmly on the blanket TV coverage of the World Cup — though this doesn't explain why four gigs were scrapped during the past week, before the soccer had even started.

A spokesman commented: "We've retained the venues where sales are pretty good, but pulled out the others. We feel it's far better to perform to a full house at a 500-capacity club than a 30 per cent audience at a 3,000-seater hall". For this reason, the band will now be doing only one show at London Hammersmith Odeon instead of the two initially planned.

Gigs retained from their original tour sheet are Birmingham Odeon (June 10), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (19), Cardiff University (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23). Newly-booked dates are at Canterbury Odeon (June 6), Leeds Polytechnic (12) and Liverpool Eric's (13 and 15).

Several other club dates will be slotted in though, in view of the short notice, these are likely to be last-minute bookings with little chance of advance publicity.

Concerts planned for Bournemouth, Oxford, Derby and Newcastle during the last few days of May were scrapped. And upcoming cancellations in June are at Glasgow (1), Liverpool (2), Leicester (4), Brighton (5), Bristol (9), Portsmouth (11), Bradford (12), Edinburgh (14), Sheffield (15) and Hammersmith (22). Money is being refunded to ticket holders, though in the case of Hammersmith they can be exchanged for the show on June 23.

SHAM 69 CANCEL

SHAM 69 have had to cancel several dates on their current tour due to what's described as "various problems with promoters and venues", coupled with their need to be in London to film a "Top Of The Pops" spot. Leeds, Newport and Bristol were pulled out last week, as they clashed with the TV show. Wolverhampton , Civic Hall yesterday (Wednesday) was the first of the "problem" cancellations, and others off are Stafford Top Of The World (June 5), Coventry Locarno (6) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7).

Special coaches are being arranged to take Portsmouth fans to the Southampton Top Rank gig this Sunday (4), to compensate for the May 14 cancellation in the town (details from local ticket agencies). The band hope to re-schedule some of the dates they've scrapped as soon as possible, but it won't be until after they've recorded a new single, on which they start working after their final tour date at Bracknell this Saturday. Late July release is planned.

THE JAM visit Carnaby Street, home of the NME

JAM, TRB TO HIT READING

THE JAM and the Tom Robinson Band are to appear in this year's Reading Festival during August Bank Holiday weekend (25-27) — the first major new-wave acts ever to be booked for this annual event. And as exclusively forecast by NME four weeks ago, it's understood that Status Quo are now set to top the bill on the Saturday night.

It's still not certain at which point in the running order The Jam and TRB will appear. One of them will headline on the Friday night, with the other enlivening the proceedings on Sunday afternoon, but they're still discussing their spots between themselves.

A spokesman for the organisers said that the full three-day bill will be announced in three weeks' time. Weekend tickets will cost about £8.50 or £9.

Runaways, Mink: — British venues

THE RUNAWAYS will headline a major London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on Sunday, July 16, as part of their summer British tour, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week. Other gigs so far confirmed are at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (July 13) and Birmingham Barbarella's (14 and 15), and more are currently being finalised by the Asgard Agency.

This will be their second visit since their personnel upheaval a year ago which now finds them with a line-up comprising Joan Jett (lead vocals and guitar), Lita Ford (guitar), Vickie Blue (bass) and Sandy West (drums). They've just finished a U.S. tour with The Ramones, and will be gigging in Europe before coming to Britain.

The girls are now being handled by Blondie's manager Peter Leeds, who is at present negotiating a new U.K. record deal for them. They have another album already in the can, titled "Waitin' For The Night", which hopefully will be issued as soon as the deal is clinched.

MINK DE VILLE fly in later this month, as exclusively forecast by NME three weeks ago, though their visit is restricted to just three dates — London Hammersmith Odeon (June 22), Birmingham Town Hall (23) and Liverpool Eric's (24). Ticket prices are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (London): £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Birmingham); and £2 (Liverpool).

The band, who recently finished a U.S. tour with Elvis Costello, are gigging in Europe from June 13 before they come to Britain. Their line-up has changed slightly since they were last here — though, of course, Willy is still the front man. Their new album "Return To Magenta" is out on Capitol this week.

Apparently there is no chance of them playing any more dates on this occasion.

Stranglers, Rats extra; another Buzzcocks ban

THE STRANGLERS, still without a major London date due to the GLC's continued veto, have added another provincial concert to their schedule. It's at Leeds University on June 7 — which is one of the two days they originally planned to play at London's Alexandra Palace before the GLC stepped in. Tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3, and there's an extra bonus in that the support act is Magazine. The gig is a benefit for PROP

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have at last succeeded in fixing a concert in Dublin — it's at the Olympia Theatre on June 11, two days before their show at Belfast Ulster Hall, reported last week. It's the first time the Olympia has been used for a rock concert since 1973.

THE BUZZCOCKS have been banned from appearing in Aberdeen, and their scheduled gig at the city's Music Hall next Monday (5) has been cancelled. A spokesman for promoter Harvey Goldsmith said the local council had ruled that "it would not deal with punk bands". The Music Hall is a council-owned venue, but it's not clear why they left it so late in imposing the ban, when the gig was booked several weeks ago. The band themselves descibe the decision as "predictably ridiculous", and point out to their disappointed Aberdeen supporters that it was made "by the people they voted for"!

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MCA 368
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"'Boxcars', a Butch Hancock composition, is another mouth-opener, a railroad song unlike any other that's ever headed your way." NME
Taken from his critically acclaimed album "Honky Tonk Masquerade" MCF 2832.
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From the original motion picture soundtrack "Blue Collar." Music composed, arranged and conducted by Jack Nitzsche.
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ON THE ROAD

DOLL BY DOLL have **London** gigs at Roehampton Froebel Institute (tomorrow, Friday), Brixton Telegraph (June 7 and 14), Campden Hill Queen Elizabeth College (9), Waterloo Action Space (10) and E.1 College of Furniture (16), followed by out-of-town dates at **Aylesbury** Britannia (21) and **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (23).

CYANIDE have added two more dates to their massive tour, reported three weeks ago — at **Preston** Piccadilly Club (this Saturday) and **Hull** Tiffany's (July 10). Their gig this weekend at **Carlisle** Border Terrier is switched from Saturday to Sunday, and they now play **Newcastle** Hawthorn Hotel on June 15 instead of 8.

THE ONLY ONES are back on tour to promote their debut CBS album, with their name as its title. They're at **Doncaster** Outlook (tonight, Thursday), **Retford** Porterhouse (Friday), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (June 5), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (6), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (7), **Manchester** Polytechnic (8), **Dudley** J.B.'s (9), **Croydon** Greyhound (11), **Cambridge** Emmanuel College (12) and **Bristol** University (14). More are being added.

TRAPEZE add still more dates to their current tour — at **Basildon** Double Six (June 8 and 9), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (23) and **Shrewsbury** Music Hall (27).

SUBWAY SECT'S School Journey is the billing for the band's new tour which opens with a charity gig at **London Fulham** Town Hall on June 8. Also confirmed are **Manchester** Rafters (11), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (13), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (15), **Reading** Bones Club (16), a special event at **London** Alexander Palace (17), **Cardiff** Top Rank (20) and **Sheffield** Limit Club (23).

ALEXIS KORNER makes a rare appearance next Tuesday (6), when he performs a solo concert at **London Putney** Garnett College.

DAVID BOWIE will have no support act for his British concerts, starting at the end of this month. He will be on stage for the entire show, which is timed at 2 hours 10 minutes, including interval. All gigs are completely sold out, with the exception of the first night at Stafford New Bingley Hall (June 26) for which a few tickets remained at press-time.

THE BISHOPS play a few gigs between recording their new album for August release. They're at **Birmingham** Barbarella's (this Saturday), **London Kensington** Nashville (June 9), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (15), **Bristol** Granary (22) and **Wigan** Casino (24).

FIVE HAND REEL have added **Norwich** St. Andrew's Hall (this Saturday), **Oxford** St. Edmond Hall (June 17) and **Durham** University College (19) to their current tour. Their concert at **Birmingham** Town Hall is changed from tomorrow (Friday) to June 9.

ROY HILL and his band have gigs at **Swansea** Circles (tonight, Thursday), **Dudley** J.B.'s (Friday), **Nottingham** Boat Club (Saturday), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (Sunday), **Sheffield** Limit Club (June 6), **Weymouth** College (9), **Bristol** Granary (10), **Nottingham** Univeristy (16) and **Cheltenham** North Glos. College (28).

LANDSCAPE have gigs during the first half of this month at **Bristol** Stonehouse (tonight, Thursday), **Bath** Brillig Arts Centre (Friday), **Coventry** Bulls Head (8), **Wavendon** Stables (10), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (11). **Cambridge** Trinity College (12), **Leicester** Phoenix theatre (13) and **London Camden** Music Machine (14).

GEORGIE FAME & The Blue Flames headline in concert at **Croydon** Fairfield Hall on Friday, June 16, supported by Lee Kosmin & Loose Shoes. Richard Digance stars at the same venue the following Friday (23). Tickets for both gigs are £2, £1.50 and £1.25.

DIRE STRAITS and The Movies co-top a free concert at **Sheffield** University, starting at 3.30pm on June 13. Other acts include Jab-Jab, Bright Eyes and East Coast, with more to be announced.

JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS gig at **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (tonight, Thursday), **Sunderland** Mecca Centre (Friday), **Oxford** Corn Dolly (Saturday), **London Finchley** Torrington (this Sunday and June 25), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (June 10), **Aylesbury** RAF Halton (13), **London Kensington** Nashville (15), **Snodland** Bull (17), **London Hackney** Middleton Arms (18), **London Canning Town** Bridge House (20), **Leeds** Tiffany's (22), **Dudley** J.B.'s (23) and **London Tooting** The Castle (26).

J.A.L.N. BAND have added more dates to their previously-reported tour at **Melton Mowbray** Painted Lady (June 15-17), **Margate** Dreamland (29), **London Ealing** College (30), **Ryde I.o.W.** Carousel (July 6), **Barnstaple** Tempo (7), **Trowbridge** Civic Centre (20), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (21) and **Stockton** Fiesta (25-29). But projected gigs at **Hatfield** (June 16), **Ayr** (17) and **Bradford** (July 7) have now been cancelled.

"TOMMY" — the production of Pete Townshend's rock opera, starring Dana Gillespie — has had its run at **Hornchurch** Queens Theatre extended. It has been running there since April and, due to heavy demand, will now play 18 extra performances from June 13 to 30.

Sire-Phonogram split hits Rezillos

SCOTTISH new-wave band The Rezillos, who are the only British act signed worldwide to America's Sire Records, are the main sufferers from a split between that label and Phonogram — who were the distributors of Sire products in this country. The band were due to have a single "Cold Wars" issued last week, and their album "Can't Stand The Rezillos" was scheduled for June 9, but now both releases have been cancelled. And because of this, their six-week tour — which was to have been promoted the new records — has also been called off.

Rezillos spokesman Bob Last told NME: "Everything was fine until a week ago — we'd had proofs of the album sleeve and fixed all our gigs. Now everything has collapsed around us. We've had to pay thousands to venues to blowing out our dates, though we understand that Phonogram are coughing up the money."

Phonogram are playing it close to their chests, and a spokesman would only say that "amicable discussions are taking place with a view to Sire and Phonogram parting company", despite the fact that the existing agreement is understood to have nearly a year to run.

This means that Sire now has to find a new British outlet for its artists, who include The Flamin' Groovies, The Talking Heads, The Ramones, Richard Hell & The Voidoids and Radio Birdman, and no new product by these acts will be issued through Phonogram. However, material already released will continue to be available for at least a year through Phonogram, who are continuing with their heavy promotional campaign on Plastic Bertrand's current Sire hit single.

● Polydor singles due out on June 9 include "This Love Affair" by **Gloria Gaynor**, "I'm Not Gonna Let It Bother Me Tonight" by the **Atlanta Rhythm Section** and "Goodbye Dolly Gray" by **The Rubettes**.

● United Artists' budget label Sunset this week reissues the last **Bonzo Dog Band** album "Let's Make Up And Be Friendly", as well as their hit single "I'm The Urban Spaceman".

● Independent label Raw Records celebrate their first anniversary next month with the release of a compilation album "(Oh No, It's) More From Raw". It features 12 A-sides from singles by **Matchbox, The Gorillas, The Unwanted, The Users, The Killjoys, Lockjaw** and **Some Chicken**, among others.

● Punk comedian **Johnny Rubbish** has his debut single issued by United Artists this weekend. Titled "Living in NW3 4JR" (which is his postal code), it's a parody of the Pistols' "Anarchy In The U.K.", and he modestly describes it as "the world's worst single"!

● **Robert Gordon** has a single out this week on the Private Stock label, to coincide with his gig on June 14 at London Camden Music Machine with Link Wray. It is "The Way I Walk", taken from his current album.

What do you know about tape recordings?

Here are a few questions about the magnetic recording world to test your knowledge.

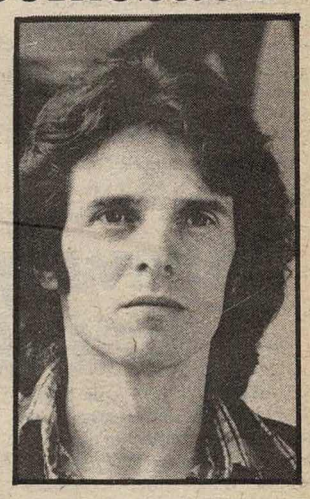
1. Which company marketed the first commercially viable professional tape recorder and when was it?
2. Which is the only company in the world that manufactures hardware and software for every professional recording application?
3. Who made the magnetic memory that is going to the planet Venus in the 1978 Orbitor probe?
4. Which brand of mastering tape is used by over half the major studios in the USA and Great Britain?
5. 1977 saw the introduction of a new 'World Ultimate' audio mastering tape. The Eagles, Bob Dylan, C W McCall, Earth Wind and Fire and many others recorded 'Gold' records on it. What is this tape called?
6. Who does the soundtrack for Walt Disney productions?
7. Which brand of tape was most used by home audio and hi-fi enthusiasts in Great Britain during 1977?

FOR THE ANSWERS TO THIS TAPE QUIZ PLEASE REFER TO PAGE 36

Matthews' comeback

IAN MATTHEWS — founder member of Fairport Convention, Matthews Southern Comfort and Plainsong — has signed a worldwide recording deal with Sandy Roberton's Rockburgh label. He now lives in Seattle, but is due back in Britain this month to record his first album under the deal, to be produced by Roberton.

Release is planned for mid-August and the following month he'll be touring Britain to promote it, supported by his own band with whom he's recently been working in the States. He's probably best remembered for his million-selling single "Woodstock" when he was fronting Southern Comfort.



New Pistols due soon; single out

THE SEX PISTOLS are poised to re-emerge with a new lead singer, replacing Johnny Rotten. It's understood that Paul Cook, Steve Jones and Sid Vicious are back together again, and are at present holding auditions to find a new vocalist. When they've done so, they hope to be able to resume work later in the summer.

Meanwhile Virgin are rush-releasing an intriguing single on June 16, involving the three remaining founder members. The A-side features train-robber Ronald Biggs singing "God Save The Sex Pistols", backed by Cook and Jones, and recorded in Rio de Janeiro. The coupling is the Sid Vicious version of the standard "My Way", recorded in Paris and backed by a pick-up group and supporting orchestra. Both tracks are taken from the soundtrack of the upcoming Pistols film, and the 12-inch single comes in a full-colour sleeve.

Johnny Rotten will be recording with his new band "as soon as circumstances permit". He will be remaining with Virgin, and the band also hope to play some live dates — if venues are prepared to book them!

Havens for Cambridge

RICHIE HAVENS, who's already toured Britain this year, returns at the end of next month when he's one of the headliners in the three-day Cambridge Folk Festival (July 28-30), which is being staged at its usual Cherry Hinton Hall site.

His appearance gives the event a broader approach, beyond its normal traditional confines. Co-headlining with Havens are Billy Connolly and Tom Paxton.

Over 30 acts are already lined up for the festival, and among other names are Five Hand Reel, Dave Swarbrick & Friends, Stefan Grossman and John Renbourn, Paul Williams, Fred Wedlock, The McCalmans, Na Fili, Muckram Wakes and Packie Byrne and Bonnie Shaljean.

Weekend tickets at £6 and Sunday-only tickets at £3.50 are now available by post from Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge, making cheques and POs payable to "Cambridge Folk Festival" and enclosing s.a.e. The usual weekend camping facilities are again available, at an additional charge of 20p.

SUZI QUATRO: 16 GIGS THIS MONTH

SUZI QUATRO has been lined up for a further string of 16 gigs during June, supported by her regular backing band. She visits Swansea Nutz Club (tonight, Thursday), Exeter St Luke's College (Friday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Saturday), Stoke Jollees (June 5), Bristol Locarno (6), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (9), Glasgow Strathclyde University (10), Halifax Civic Theatre (11), Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (12), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (13) and Portsmouth Locarno (14).

After a break to record further tracks for her next album, Suzi resumes at Saltburn Philmore (26), Hull Tiffany's (27), Northampton Salon (28), Andover Country Bumpkin (29) and Swindon Oasis Centre (30). Her next single is due for release at the end of June, and she'll be spending most of July promoting it by way of more gigs, plus TV and radio appearances. She then leaves for the States to film another batch of "Happy Days" shows in September.

Who gig goes ahead

THE WHO duly played their "secret" gig on Thursday of last week, when they performed before a specially invited audience of 500 at Shepperton Film Studios. Object of the excercise was to enable cameras to film three numbers for their upcoming movie "The Kids Are Alright", but subsequently they played an extra hour for the audience. The picture is due for November release, and there will be a soundtrack album to coincide. Meanwhile the band have now finished work on their new studio album — all the tracks are in the can, and the sleeve is being designed, hopefully for release in about a month.

Gillan: eight June dates

IAN GILLAN BAND — just back from an extensive tour of Japan and Australia, followed by a visit to the States — are set for a string of British dates this month.

The mini-tour is highlighted by three nights at London Marquee Club on June 12, 13 and 14, and the other gigs are at Newcastle Mayfair (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10), Redcar Coatham Bowl (16), Sheffield University (17) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (18).

These dates are in the nature of a preview to a major tour which the band will be undertaking in the autumn, when they will be headlining at leading venues throughout Britain and Europe to tie in with the September release of their album "Live At The Budokan, Vol. 1" — which, as reported two weeks ago, will be issued on their own label by Kingsway Recorders Ltd. The band will spend most of July and August recording a new studio album.

Roundhouse Love-In set

FULL DETAILS have at last been confirmed for the Bohemian Love-In, which has been in the melting pot — and subject to much speculation — for several weeks. Conceived by former Hawkwind stalwart Nik Turner, it's a nine-hour show on Sunday, June 18, at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (3 pm-midnight) and all tickets are FREE!

Line-up includes Nik Turner's Sphynx, Tanz Der Youth (the new band formed by ex-Damned leader Brian James), Steve Took's Horns, Blood Donor, Lightning Raiders, John Cooper Clarke, Patrik Fitzgerald, Ron Geesin, Roger Ruskin Spear, Michael Moorcock, Bob Calvert and G. T. Moore — plus mime artists, jugglers, the Stiff Records film, Liquid Len & The Lensmen and compere Andy Dunkley.

There will be 1,400 tickets available for the event, and the only way of obtaining them is by joining the queue at the Roundhouse box office, which will start giving them away at 1 pm on Friday, June 16 — first come, first served. They are not available elsewhere.

BOOTSY FOR 4 CONCERTS

BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND, whose debut British visit was forecast exclusively by NME two weeks ago, have now been confirmed for four concerts later this month. They play London Hammersmith Odeon (June 20 and 21), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (23) and Birmingham Odeon (24). London tickets are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, and prices at the other two venues are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Promoters are Straight Music.

William "Bootsy" Collins, who is also a member of Funkadelic and Parliament as well as fronting his own band, is bringing over his full spectacular nine-piece revue — featuring Horny Horns — as well as his lavish U.S. stage sets. Warners rush release a Bootsy EP on June 16 including his U.S. soul chart-topping single "Bootszilla", plus "Hollywood Squares" and "Stretchin' Out". His current album is "Player Of The Year", which has already gone Gold in America.

Lindisfarne v. Nazis

LINDISFARNE, now nearing the end of their nationwide comeback tour, are to headline an Anti-Nazi League concert at the 3,000-seater London Wembley Conference Centre on Sunday, June 11. Titled "An Evening Of Music And Comedy Against Racism", it also features Alexis Korner, Bill Oddie, Alex Glasgow, Michael Palin and Terry Jones of "Monty Python", Larry Adler, comedian Dave Allen and others.

All but 500 of the tickets are priced at £2. The remainder, to help raise funds for the league, cost £25, £15, £10 and £5. They are obtainable by post only from A. N. L. Entertainments, P.O. Box 151, London W.C.2. Make cheques and POs payable to "The Anti-Nazi League" and enclose s.a.e.

NEWS ROUND-UP

SONJA'S BAND IN ACTION

SONJA KRISTINA, the former Curved Air singer whose re-emergence with her own band Escape was reported three weeks ago, plays her first London date with the new outfit at Camden Music Machine on June 8. Other gigs set include Newcastle Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), Bolton Technical Institute (Saturday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (June 17), Birmingham Barbarella's (22), Leeds University (23), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), London Wimbledon School of Art (30), London Marquee (July 12) and Retford Porterhouse (14).

CHI-LITES HERE AGAIN

THE CHI-LITES are back in Britain for a short club tour. The visit was fixed at short notice and, in fact, they started gigging last weekend. Their remaining dates are at Norwich Cromwell's (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Russell's (Saturday), Blackburn Cavendish (June 5), Sheffield Romeo & Juliet (6) and Swansea Nutz Club (8). The tour is co-promoted by Ember Concert Division and Henry Sellers. The group are also visiting Europe.

SASSAFRAS COMEBACK

SASSAFRAS, the Welsh band who split up 18 months ago, have re-formed. They now have new lead singer and guitarist Eddie Williams replacing Terry Bennett, and the rest of the line-up comprises Dai Shell, Ralph Evans, Ricky John and Geoff Jones. They play their initial comeback gigs this month, and those confirmed are at Retford Porterhouse (Thursday residency in June), Newport Caerleon College (June 16), Nottingham Boat Club (17) and London Camden Music Machine (23). More are being set.

AFTER THE FIRE REDUCE

AFTER THE FIRE are now operating permanently as a trio, following the departure of bassist Tim Hatwell. Lead singer and guitarist Andy Piercy has switched to bass, and all existing material has been re-shaped to eliminate guitar parts. Together with Peter Banks (keyboards) and Ivor Twidell (drums), Piercy starts work this month on the band's next album. Autumn release is planned to tie in with a major tour, which will include their first headlining concert-hall venues.

BEE GEES SATELLITE TV

THE BEE GEES are to host a gala concert in January, to be televised live in America by NBC and shown simultaneously by satellite throughout the world, including Britain. The event will mark the opening of a "Music For UNICEF" campaign, in which it's hoped that many other artists will play benefits or donate royalties to the International Year of the Child in 1979.

KISS IN SCI-FI MOVIE

KISS are currently working on their feature movie "Phantom Of The Park", which is being filmed at Magic Mountain in Los Angeles. It's a super-hero science fiction film, in which all members of the band have acting roles, and it's scheduled for release on the British cinema circuit at the end of the year. Because of this commitment, Kiss have again denied that they will be playing any dates here this summer, but they say they hope to visit Britain early in 1979 for a string of concerts.

MERGER RUMOUR DENIED

MERGER, the new-wave reggae band, still have Winston Bennett in their line-up on guitar and vocals — despite reports a few weeks ago that he had been sacked. The story was widely reported in the music Press, but it now transpires that someone had been putting around a vicious and totally false rumour that he'd been booted out. But in fact, he's still in the band — along with Tony Osei (keyboards), Mike Osei (drums), Ever Wellington (bass) and Ras Danjuma (rhythm guitar and vocals).

NO WOBURN THIS YEAR

THERE WILL BE no open-air concert in the grounds of Woburn Abbey this summer, similar to last year's massive event starring Neil Diamond. Impressario Robert Paterson, who promoted the Diamond show, told NME: "It's not intended to be a regular annual event. I simply hope to use the venue when there's a suitable attraction to present there, and there's nothing of that status available this year. But I am planning something extra special for next summer."

TAMMY TOUR CONFIRMED

TAMMY WYNETTE is now officially confirmed for a British concert tour in September, slightly earlier than originally planned. Promotor Mervyn Conn, currently visiting America to negotiate other U.K. visits by top country artists, returns to London in mid-June to finalise her itinerary — which will include at least one major date in the capital. Support acts on Tammy's shows will be Raymond Froggatt and his band, and the country-comedy duo The Duffy Brothers.

Charlton: Reed set

LOU REED is the only act so far confirmed for the projected open-air concert at Charlton soccer ground in South-East London on Saturday July 22. Various other names have been rumoured for the event, including Rush, Blood Sweat and Tears, Bachman Turner Overdrive and The Elvin Bishop Band. Of these, the position at press-time was that Rush are definitely not appearing, and the others are all still subject to confirmation. Full details of the event are expected in a week or two, when the bill is complete.

HEATWAVE IN LONDON

HEATWAVE, who are undertaking a British concert tour this month, have added a second major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon. It's on Monday, June 26 (tickets on sale now), and it's been slotted in because their first show at that venue the previous night is now sold out.

Long tour by Dire Straits

DIRE STRAITS set out on a club and college tour this month, tied in with the June 9 release of their debut Vertigo album, with their name as its title. The group, who recently finished a concert tour supporting the Climax Blues Band, play:

Wolverhampton Lafayette (June 9), **Dudley** J.B.'s (10), **Liverpool** Eric's (12), **Sheffield** University (13), **Leicester** University (15), **Kirklevington** Country Club (16), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (17), **Leeds** Fforde Green (18), **Glasgow** Tiffany's (19), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (20), **Burton** 76 Club (23), **Nottingham** Boat Club (24), **Newbridge** Memorial Hall (25), **Manchester** Rafters (27), **Lowestoft** Talk Of The East (28), **Bristol** Granary (29), **Plymouth** Metro (30), **Oxford** Polytechnic (July 1), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (4), **London** Marquee (5 and 6) and **St Albans** City Hall (8).

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WILKO—TO HELL AND

In which the Mad Axeman Of Essex hauls himself out of The Slough Of Despond, travels The Road Of Excess to The Palace Of Wisdom and Feels Good as a Solid Sender.

THE MARQUEE'S jammed up jelly tight; foot on foot, elbow in kidney, spilled drinks and apologies — or not, as the case may be — sweatbox and vapour hot, tenement full, bumper to bumper and side by side.

The support band just pulled an encore out of the crowd like a trainee conjurer pulls a rabbit out of a hat, and now everybody's waiting on The Solid Senders — that's the combo that used to be The Wilko Johnson Band — to come on out and do that thing.

Steve Jones and Paul Cook are crushed up against the back wall offering to tell people the *real* story of The Sex Pistols' bustup and asking eagerly "Does 'e still give it all the. . .?" and miming the epileptic-R2D2-with-machine-gun moves that everybody associates with Wilko Johnson.

Wilko Johnson may well have made himself a few enemies in his time — though not nearly so many as he thinks he has in his darker moods — but he also has a whole lot of friends and fans at all levels of the rock and roll tower of Babel, and they're all hot to see him and his new band get down and *do it to it.*

Bob Geldof's around somewhere to see the man whose previous band inspired the formation of The Boomtown Rats; Billy Idol's propping up the bar; most of The Bishops are hopped up and ready to go; Lemmy's backstage priming the vibes for the imminent eruption; and Lord God yes, Wilko and his team are about ready to get out there and give it the. . . you know.

Wham! There they are, piling headlong into "Everybody's Carrying Guns" like they've been waiting outside the bar until opening time and someone's just opened the door.

Up on the drums there's Alan Platt: ringletted ginger Ian Hunter hair, hangover eyes, truculent grin, doing the business on jackhammer drums, piling it on 'til you think his drums can't take no more. Little Stevie Lewins, bobbing abstracted behind his big black Fender bass, so thin he looks like two profiles stuck together, pumping it out good and greasy. Behind the piano is John Potter, paunchy and pouchy and veneered with the faintest hint of rock and roll debauchery over the warp and woof of the double-glazing salesman he used to be before Wilko got him back into The Life, playing the purest distillation of everything groovy that you can do with a piano across the rock and roll/ R&B axis, all the legacies of Jerry Lee Lewis and Otis Spann and early Bill Payne.

And scooting across the front — *black* suit, *black* shirt, *black* shoes, *black* axe, *white* face — there's Wilko, eyes blank and blazing, face contorted in a silent scream, Telecaster mowing down the front row. Comeback, my ass! The way it looks, one would think that Wilko would be in fine shape to echo Sinatra's classic line after he hauled himself out of the dumper to knock down an Oscar for his role as Maggio in *From Here To Eternity:* "Whaddya mean comeback? I ain't bin anywhere."

But of course, he has. From here to eternity, to hell and back.

"WHEN WE started the Feelgoods, it was your classic local group," Wilko's saying as the sun comes up over Wolverhampton and infiltrates into a hotel room littered with all the usual debris you find when three people have been up all night, "and when you start a local group you don't have any intentions, do you? You just want to play. It just so happened that all the people in that group were into that sort of music, so that was what we played.

"So when I found meself thrust out in the cold, I thought it would be pathetic to come back with a sort of Dr Feelgood Chapter Two. Even after we did the 'Stupidity' album, what were we gonna do? So I thought, I'm not gonna stop doing 12-bars because I like all that. But on the other hand, why repeat yourself? You could stop making records, but I didn't want to do *that,* and I didn't want to cop out and start writing soppy big ballads with lots of chords and that because I still wanted to be in a rhythm and blues group. There's lots of kids that are really into it, and they'd really dig it if I stuck with it.

"Like Status Quo, y'know, they just stick with their thing and the kids love 'em for it and *I* love 'em for it. Despite all the flak they get for it, they just do their thing and I think that's good. With Feelgood, the way *I* wanted to do the 'Sneakin' Suspicion' album was more ethnic, more raw than it was in order to gain greater freedom that way, like Beefheart: just get totally crazy within this thing that we could do. I was trying to write songs that were still R'n'B, but which said a little bit more than just jump-up-and-screw songs.

"Anyway, it all ended in a hideous disaster which we won't talk about now, and so I wanted to stay with rhythm and blues, but have room to move within it. With the format we had, Dr Feelgood was limited to *my* limitations. I mean, I'm not Mick Green. . ."

Though he can joke about it now, because he's back and cooking with a hot new band, Wilko's eviction from the Feelgoods ground him to pieces, put him through the mincer *par excellence.*

I don't think anyone who didn't actually live through it with him can appreciate just how much that particular period — between the end of Feelgoods Mk 1 and the debut of the Solid Senders — did him in. It's only through hints dropped by his closest friends that I can even get an impression of what happened, and a couple of unfortunate experiences when he first started trying to put a new group together worsened the situation considerably.

Some of the people involved in those incidents are friends of mine, and while I cannot believe that they acted with as total a lack of integrity as Wilko believes they did, I also cannot believe that they truly appreciate how their actions appeared to Wilko, or how much these actions hurt him. They know who they are, and I hope their consciences are clear.

". . .I wasn't so much looking for a band as I was looking for some people who would take me seriously, y'know?"

"There wasn't any particular master plan or anything," interposes Stevie Lewins, raising his head from a complicated arrangement of Rizla papers.

"That was why this band got together; it was just a bunch of people who come together and started playing, not expecting anything of anybody else or any what-else-can-you-show-me."

Neither Stevie nor Alan Platt had ever seen Wilko with the Feelgoods, while at the other extreme, John Potter was an old Canvey mate and musical colleague. When Wilko was 18, he'd creamed his jeans at the opportunity to play guitar in Potter's rock and roll band.

Once Wilko and Potter had decided to work together, all that was needed was a rhythm section. Various people had auditioned (Glen Matlock amongst them, interestingly enough) but Stevie Lewins — who'd wanted out of The Bishops for some time — and Alan Platt turned out to be the ones. Since Wilko was still with United Artists as part of the Feelgoods' deal, it was thought that things were ready to roll at long, bloody last.

"I burst proudly in there with me new band," recounts Wilko with rueful mirth, "and they said, 'We think your future would be better elsewhere.' I just *laughed.* I mean, so many disasters had happened that year. Martin Davis and Andrew Lauder are sitting there looking very *serious,* and now the record company's blown me out. So I just laughed. I thought, *I cannot do justice to this situation.* I'd blagged all these guys into joining me group — in fact, Andrew Lauder, who's a scholar and a gent, was doing me a good turn, though he couldn't tell me at the time. . ."

It was, in fact, around this time that Lauder and Davis were formulating plans to quit UA to form Radar Record in collusion with Warners, and my diagnosis is that they didn't want to leave Wilko at UA without being there to look after him themselves.

"I think they'd sussed what was going down, and were in fact helping me out by leaving me free to get a new deal. They were hinting that there were going to be some changes made and they were suggesting that since I was at a loose end I could slip out.

"The group were all waiting outside Andrew's office waiting to hear what had gone down, and so I said that we'd all meet round my house after the weekend, and then I had this awful drive back to Southend.

"I'd had a lot of disasters that year, and I'd been fucked around a lot by a lot of people. I decided that I really like these people, even though we'd only just met, and we were a *group.* So I thought 'Fucked if I'm going to let anything stop us. . . I've got a few bob in the bank so everybody's going to get their wages until I'm broke, and we'll have a new deal in a couple of weeks'. Six months later. . ."

In addition to the other Senders, Wilko had brought his team up to strength with the addition of Bobs Maguire, a former Motorhead tour manager who had severed connections with Motorhead under somewhat violent and hysterical circumstances and who took over Wilko's management, and Glum, a so-called Canvey legend who gained his nickname through being the world's sanest and most cheerful

Interview: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

HARVEST
Re-Rip Deluxe

BACK VIA THE M1 CAFF

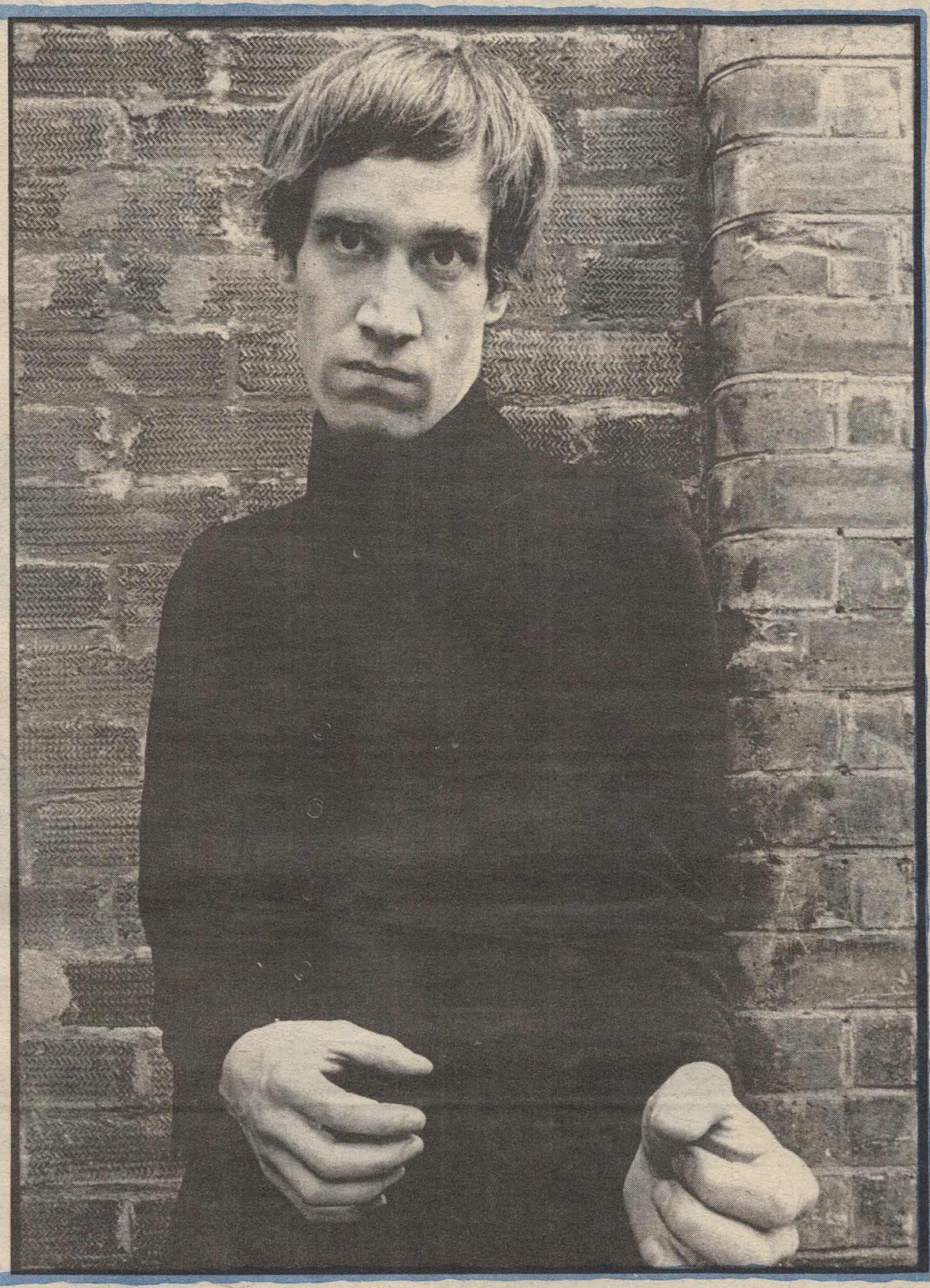
human being. In fact, Glum is so sane that at least half the people he meets think he's crazy. Wilko puts it more simply: "That guy just laughs at *everything*, and I thought *I need someone like this*. He's got a sanity that I know I'll never possess. He sees the joke.

"So there were the six of us, and I thought *at last I've got some friends*. I suppose I was always trying to buy friends or expecting people to be my friends because they were so friendly when I was successful."

By the time Wilko finally signed with Virgin, his Feelgoods savings had just about run out. The Senders had made it through by the skin of their collective teeth.

"But the point of all that was that everybody was financially dependent on me, as well as me being the one who'd got the band together, which put me in a kind of difficult position. I was deliberately holding back to allow everybody else to say what they wanted out of this thing, because in the position that I was in I could've started just dictating terms and saying how I wanted everything to be and I just didn't want that. There's six of us altogether and everybody's giving it all they've got, so it's equal shares and equal say.

"After the first bash we had together I thought *I could get up and play with this band anywhere*. Everyone knows what they're doing. Take Alan: he's the kind of guy who don't take no shit off of no-one. He'll tell me to piss off any time that I need it. He's another really sane guy, and he often smooths me out when I get het up about things. I can sit and talk to him and realise that sanity will prevail. . ."



THE SENDERS' music contains a lot of reference points for dyed-in-the-wool Feelgoods' freaks, but that's simply because Wilko Johnson was 50 per cent of The Feelgoods' image and 70 per cent of their music. In The Solid Senders, Wilko is 90 per cent of the image and maybe 40 per cent of the music. There's Potter's exquisite roadhouse piano, Lewin's agile thoughtful bass and Platt's bulletproof drumming and. . . tell you what. Let's take a closer look at the set.

Part of it is an element of '50s rock and roll that comes straight from Potter. His main man is Jerry Lee Lewis, and it shows whether they're playing a Killer special like "Down The Line" or "Mean Woman Blues" or Wilko's revved-up speciality version of Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited." Potter gets plenty of solo space to strut his stuff and he deserves and utilises every single bar of it. His singing is relaxed and confident, redolent of class and style, and he makes it count whether he's doing it on Stevie's old Bishops rocker "You're In My Way" (one of the great rock and roll song titles of recent years) or contemporary Wilko classics like "Going Back Home." To think of all this rock and roll bottled up in the double-glazing business for all those years. . . it verges on the criminal.

In fact, Potter was — very *very* early on — the fifth member of the Feelgoods. "The thing was," he reminisces in a quiet dressing room moment, "Wilko and Lee and Sparko and Figure had this very tight thing going that I didn't really fit into. I felt that I wasn't really contributing to it so much as looking for spaces into which I could fit something, and it ended up as if I was playing *over* something that was already complete."

In the Senders, Potter has his niche. "The key to it is, actually, that Wilko and I play together well because he plays the guitar as if it was a keyboard."

The circle is completed by the fact that Wilko is a fair-to-middling piano player himself, and Potter plays rudimentary rock and roll and blues drums and guitar. Platt can function up to a point on guitar, bass and piano in addition to his main axe, and while I wouldn't give much for his chances of finding a whole lot of work as a guitar or piano player their understanding of the possibilities, limitations and dynamics of each other's instruments contribute a lot to their mutual empathy even if none of them is exactly a Dave Edmunds or Todd Rundgren.

The bases they touch musically include an insanely supercharged Booker T and The MGs, mutated Shee-Kaw-goe blues, Bob Dylan (they do a thoroughly lovely "Rainy Day Women 12 & 35" at sound checks and I'm keeping my fingers crossed that it eventually finds its way into the set proper — it'd make a dynamite encore), and odd incongrous neo-Orientalism from Wilko's guitar (mainly on the as-yet-unrecorded-but-I'm-waiting "Burning Down"), blindingly groovy Jerry Lee-style rock and roll and the thoroughly timeless-but-up-to-date UK R'n'B that was, is and ever shall be Wilko's principal musical stock in trade.

Comparisons with the Feelgoods are odious — and will remain so until Brillieaux and Co manage to whip out an album better than "Be Seeing You", which even the production expertise of Nick Lowe couldn't render anything other than depressingly mundane — but it would seem on the basis of the mere 17 times that I've seen The Solid Senders that Wilko has achieved his goal of a sound simultaneously rawer and broader than that of the Feelgoods, who've lost their edge without gaining any compensatory depth or breadth.

All that's required is a little more visual panache from the rest of the group. If only Potter would stand up at his piano or Stevie would do a little duelling with Wilko then it'd be easier for audiences to realise how much of a *band* the Senders are. . .

"WE THOUGHT let's just get down and get enough songs to last an hour and then go out and *play*."

The sun's up and we're starting to think about having some breakfast before going to bed. "When the UA thing happened I broke it to everyone and said, 'Chaps, I'm afraid that we're not United Artists recording stars' and everybody's attitude was 'Well, sod it, we'll have to go on the road, then. Even if it's all into a Transit and slog up the M1, then that's what it'll have to be.' Fortunately, I had a few bob so we didn't have to go through all that shit, because it *is* shit. It's a laugh at the time, but it goes on too long.

"I've seen the other end of it as well with all the bloody cocaine in Los Angeles, and that's *worse*. Doing the clapped-out-Transit-and-greasy-motorway-food bit was a huge laugh. In Feelgoods' days we'd be freezing inside this Transit just pissing ourselves laughing all the time. Sparks gets so funny, so obscene and you'd be *dying* of laughter and he'd think of something *more* obscene and Figure's got one of these hysterical laughs that gets everybody at it, and that's all we ever used to do. . . then there's the thing about 'the awful loneliness of the Holiday Inn room' and that's true as well. I felt a lot of that: you play all these gigs to hundreds and thousands of people and then end up in this horrible room, *alone*, but it's not important enough to write songs about. I mean, if you write songs they should mean something to the people who're listening to them. It's a mode of existence peculiar to the people who make the music, and it's *our bloody problem*.

"But then all that kind of thing is related to how much you're enjoying yourself. If you're on a bummer — and I was sometimes — it's suicidally miserable; real wrist-slashing territory. It's pathetic because you feel so lonely and shitty.

"Starting out again with The Solid Senders, it's all a huge laugh because we're all pretty new to each other. We haven't heard each other's anecdotes more than a couple of times; the jokes are still fresh, and I'd forgotten what good fun it was going out and doing gigs again. . ."

WILKO JOHNSON, as of now, is happier and more positive than I've ever known him to be before, even in the days when the Feelgoods were hitting heavy. The terrible depressions that make him a danger to anything within shouting or punching range are few and far between, and ever more frequent are the moments of extravagant wit and clowning that can reduce an entire dressing room full of people to abject heaps of shuddering, mirth-ridden flesh.

He's a brilliant mimic; his specialities being impersonations of Heinz (who the Feelgoods used to back when they were starting out and whose catchphrase — after suggesting that the band change their name to The New Tornados or that Sparko throw him his bass in midnumber — was "I can see yer larfin' — but fink abaht it") and Dave Higgs of Eddie & The Hot Rods. His impression of Higgsy is so devastating that there ought to be a law against him doing it in public in case anyone with a weak ticker should hear it and laugh himself into an early grave. He says that he didn't do this particular speciality too often in the old days because Higgsy's brother was "the 'ardest bloke on Canvey."

Perhaps the first thing that you'll notice when you see The Solid Senders (which should be soonest) is that the speedy, strobe-y, psychotic one-dimensionality of Wilko's Feelgoods persona has not so much softened as broadened. He sings, he talks to the audience, he smiles. The demented robot with the Fender machine-gun has gotten human; that threatening B-movie aura of violence and frustration is sidelit now.

There's still a miraculously high energy level — no wimp-out, Jack; believe it — but what it's about now is going berserk and enjoying yourself. It's not out of vindictiveness towards his old colleagues that Wilko performs the old song "Doctor Feelgood" with this band; it's because making people Feel Good is what The Solid Senders are here to do.

And if you don't give Wilko, Stevie, Potter and Platt your very best chance to do that thing to you next time they're down your way, then you deserve to have all your friends come round and give you a hard time about what a great night you missed.

I can see yer larfin' — but fink abaht it.

Pix: DENNIS MORRIS

New single–
Limited edition
colour bag.
From the album
Drastic Plastic.
Electrical Language

Exercise 5

If

A ■ B ▲ E / G ● H ✹ I ◗ L ▮ M ▬ N ▂ O ▼ P ◣ R ▮ S ◢ T ✚ U ✕ W ◆

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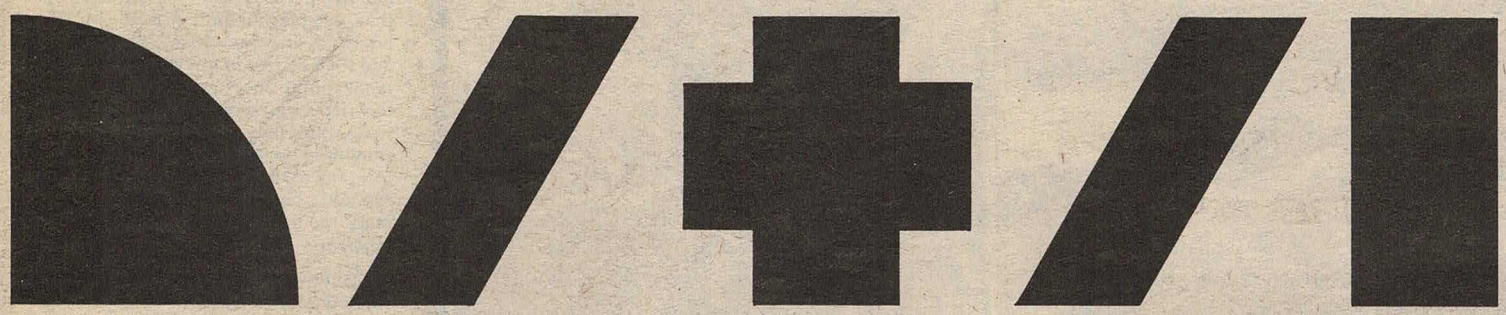

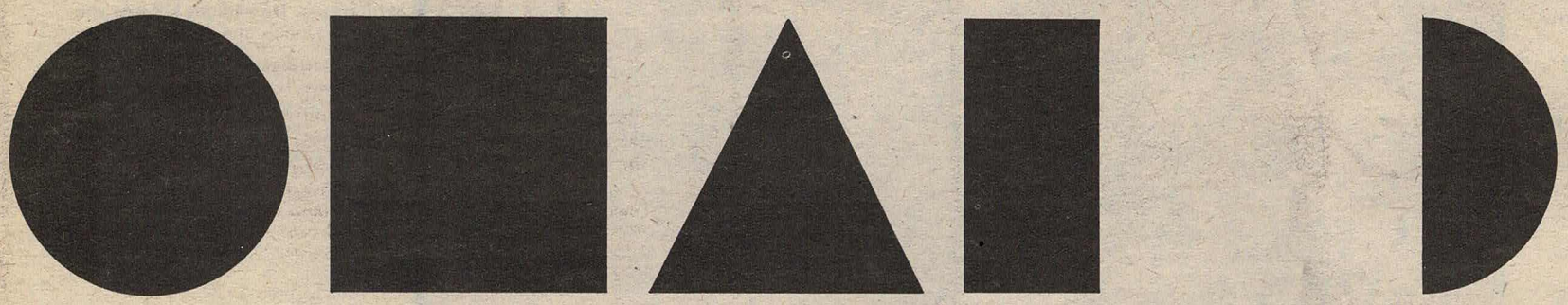

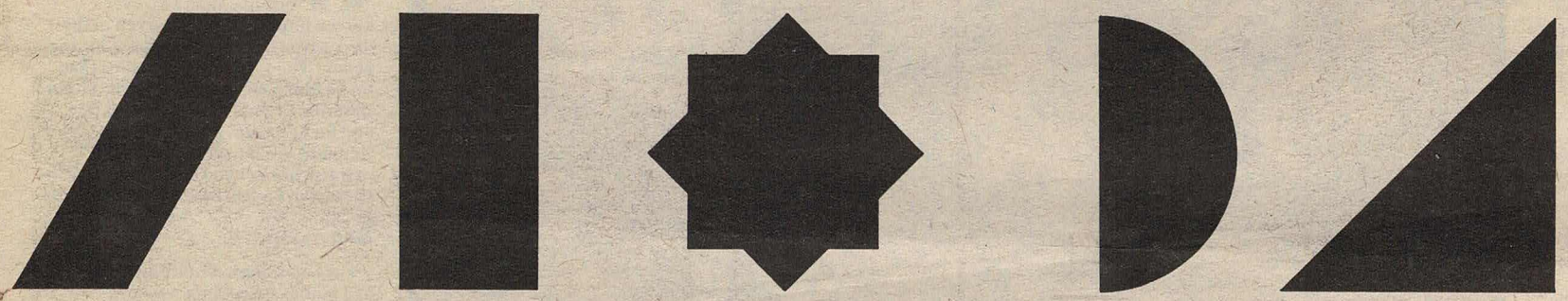

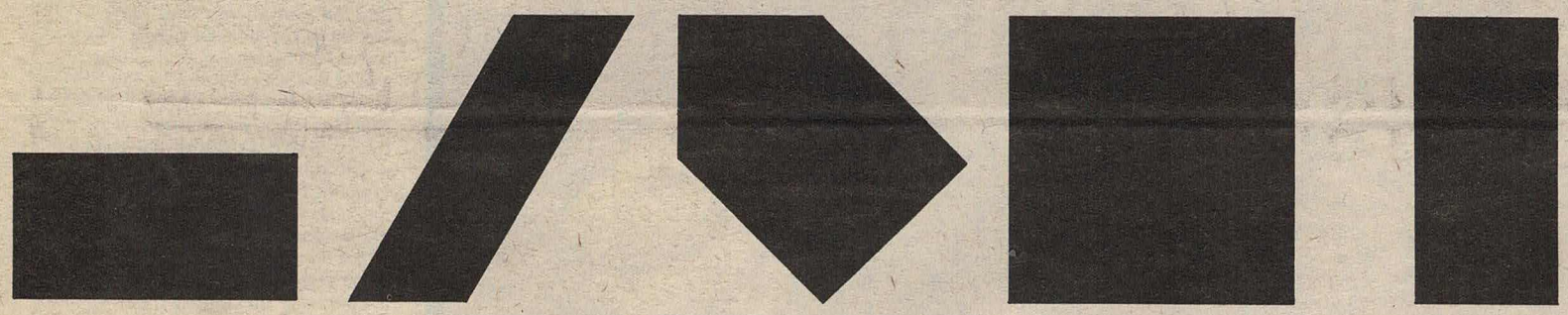

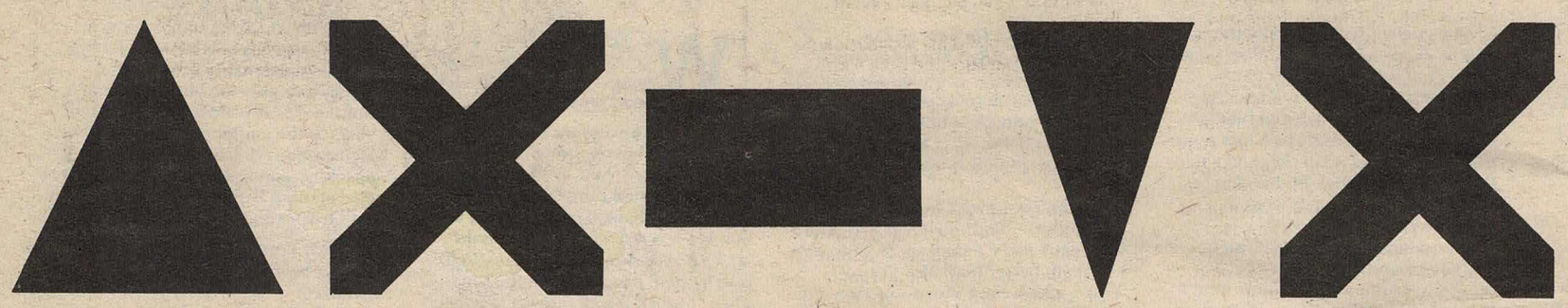

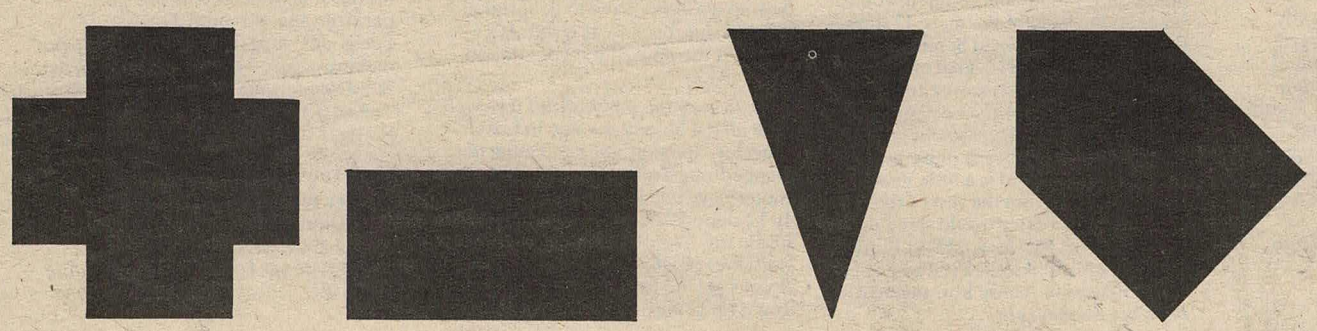

Answer:
Peter Gabriel.
The new album
out now. cds 4013
The single is
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CHARISMA

THRILLS

June 3, 1978 U.S. $1.10c/Canada 60c 18p

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

ELVIS FOR BRITAIN p3

BEATLES REFORM p7,8

FREE BOWIE GIG p5

LOGAN'S LAST RUN

NME EDITOR QUITS SENSATION p1-56

WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHATSISNAME

THE NEWS hit the normally placid and cheery *NME* office like a runaway 747 on a skateboard. When snappily-dressed Essex-born Nick Logan, 31, announced his resignation after nearly five years as editor of the *NME*, you could have heard a mouse pissing on velvet.

In fact, we *did* hear a mouse pissing on velvet, and Bob Woffinden had to invite it out and give it a good kicking.

Slender, fair-haired Logan, 31, a typical horny Capricorn, has been the man most observers would credit as most responsible for making the *NME* whatever it is today. First as features editor and then assistant editor to Alan Smith (fled the country) between February 1972 and November 1973 with a few weeks off for a printers' strike, and then as editor from early '74 onwards, he fearlessly and expertly piloted *NME* ever onwards and upwards (it only went off the rails when he wasn't looking).

Despite a disturbingly high casualty rate among assistant editors — Ian MacDonald (gone mad), Tony Tyler (retd) and Neil Spencer (clawed his way to power from the streets of New York's Hells Kitchen — hang on . . . MALFUNCTION . . . Clawed his way to power from a fairly comfortable but impeccably rootsy background in the Midlands) — the Logan regime took the *NME* from strength to strength, from Long Acre to Kings Reach Tower, from Kings Reach Tower to Carnaby Street.

Whatsisname's deft editorial hand sent the paper's sales soaring ever higher, a rise paralleled only by the freelance contributions budget and the increase in tranquilliser consumption in the offices of various large, American-owned record companies.

It is perhaps inevitable that a man of Logan's awesome peripheral vision (a faculty which persists despite frequent and costly consultations with a private optometrist) would eventually discover that there was more to creative editorial life than the comparatively narrow confines of the *NME*, a perception that he eloquently expressed by stating, "How the hell do they expect me to stay sane doing this without even paying a decent living wage?"

So he announced his resignation to his stalwart but shocked little staff, and this week plods wide-eyed off into the sunset with his sandwiches and clean underpants tied up in a handkerchief at the end of a long pole (Chris Salewicz applied for the part but he was too short).

We here at *NME* announce with a lump in our throat and tear in our eye that we hate to see him go and that we'll almost remember him fondly . . . MALFUNCTION . . . We will always remember him fondly.

Right, that's enough soft soap. Now clean out your desk and sod off. We've got work to do.

J. ARTHUR CRINGE

THRILLS

Pic: RAY STEVENSON

TRACIE DIES

WELL-KNOWN Sex Pistols acolyte Tracie O'Keefe died last Friday in a Fulham hospital of cancer of the bone marrow. Her death was completely unexpected: she had entered hospital a month earlier with stomach pains and it was only discovered that she had cancer after another operation had failed.

A member of the Seditionaries boutique staff and an original 'face' on the early punk scene in London. Tracie performed at the now legendary Screen On The Green gig of summer '76, when she danced alongside Debbie and Siouxsie between sets by the Pistols, Clash and Buzzcocks.

Last summer she was arrested at The Sex Pistols' Jubilee boat trip. Unlike the others arrested that day, who only received fines or acquittals, Tracie was sentenced to a month in prison, though she was acquitted on appeal.

She was 18.

ARCHIVE FUN

DREDGED FROM the Waters of Oblivion: meet The Melodians!

*In response to "Rivers Of Babylon" achieving respectability in the sight of a blinkered Beeb and accomplishing chart topping status for Money B, **Archive Fun** is honoured to introduce the now defunct trio of Brent Dowe, Tony Brevett and R. Cogle.*

It was this threesome that originally recorded "Rivers Of Babylon" for the late Leslie Kong back in 1970, with lyrics supplied from the 137th inspiration of David Judah, former King of Israel, catapultist, harpist, leading Zionist, and seed of Solomon, Christ and Selassie I.

The Melodians, together from 1966 until the early '70s, were one of the most popular harmony trios of their era, recording for Treasure Isle and Beverley's Records hits such as "I Caught You", "The Last Train To Expo '67", "Sweet Sensation" (a UK Top Fifty entry circa 1970), "Rivers Of Babylon" and "Everybody's Bawling".

Money B's success has made little impression on the reggae scene — although the reissue of the original by Trojan this week, plus new versions from Johnny Clark (Third World) and Winston Groovy (Lovers Rock discomix) may change all this in the ensuing weeks.

"Rivers Of Babylon" is generally agreed by students of Hassidic Ras Tafarianism to be an allusion to the Thames in the vicinity of Hammersmith Bridge.

THE I THRILLS

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON

DEAR-ER-LORD (BLUSH!) I'VE NEVER GOT IN TOUCH WITH YA BEFORE—ER—BUT THINGS—ER—AINT EASY—
I MEAN—ER—I'VE GOT NO MANAGER AT TH' MOMENT—
—SO I NEED SOME SORTTA GUIDANCE—AN' WELL—ER—I THOUGHT YA MIGHT TAKE ME ON YOR BOOKS—
NATCHO I'LL DONATE SOMETHIN' T'YOR SET UP—ER—SORRY—CHURCH FUND, OUTTA M'EARNIN'S—ER—LET'S SAY—25 PER CENT—
33 1/3 !
DONE !

A MASTERPIECE OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE IN ONE HORROR PROGRAMME
KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS
AA
A LARRY WOOLNER/MICKEY ZIDE Presentation
starring
WILLIAM SHATNER
co-starring
TIFFANY BOLLING · WOODY STRODE · ALTOVISE DAVIS
and introducing
A living, crawling hell on earth.
LIEUX DRESSLER · DAVID McLEAN · NATASHA RYAN · MARCY LAFFERTY · Produced by IGO KANTOR and JEFFREY M. SNELLER
Executive Producer HENRY FOWNES · Screenplay by RICHARD ROBINSON and ALAN CAILLOU
Directed by JOHN BUD CARDOS · An ARACHNID Production
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THE REDEEMER A MICKEY ZIDE PRESENTATION Starring JEANNETTA ARNETTE · T. G. FINKBINDER
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NME3

Pic: JOE STEVENS

LET'S FIGHT AGAIN

LIKE WE DID LAST ~~SUMMER~~ WEEK!

FOLLOWING LAST week's incident at East London's Tidal Basin Tavern (a.k.a. the Hollies Club), in which several members of Doll By Doll were savagely beaten up, Clayson and the Argonauts received similar treatment there last Wednesday.

Clayson's set at the Hollies was punctuated throughout by heckling, the band's manager Tony Satchell told *Thrills*, but Clayson had managed to defuse the air of menace which Satchell observed at the venue.

On leaving the stage, however, Alan Clayson was accosted by one of the hecklers. "What kind of music do you like?" he asked. Charles Aznavour, Wild Man Fischer, and so on replied Clayson — whereupon his questioner socked him on the nose.

One of the bar staff rushed over and ejected the attacker, knocking him unconscious in the process, and the Argonauts beat a quick retreat, leaving their backdrop behind in their haste.

Their troubles did not end there, though. As they drove away from the Tidal Basin the group who had attacked them tried to ram the band's van with their car! Fortunately, they were unsuccessful.

Meanwhile, in response to last week's story about Doll By Doll, the band have contacted *Thrills* to stress that the publicity handout detailing guitarist Jackie Leven's term in prison and drummer David McIntosh's "history of mental illness" could not have provoked the attack on them, as only the landlady was given one. (The whole issue of provocation/outrage, and whether a 'provocative' artist should be pleased or distressed when a violent reaction is successfully provoked, is one to which *NME* will hopefully address itself more fully in the future.)

***Thrills* has also received an eye-witness report of the Doll By Doll incident from a "curious, stimulated and very impressed follower" of the band, Sharon Lyle.**

From past experience, she observes, audiences are "generally captivated by the power behind this band, who seem able to focus on something which affects *them* in a very personal and emotional way." Contrary to what Doll manager Bruce Williamson told *Thrills* last week, she reckoned there definitely *was* a reaction at the Tidal Basin.

Their 'image' stripped away by Doll By Doll's ability to "bring to the surface emotions they had buried and even feared for too long," Ms Lyle suggests that the people who attacked the group "slowly got together, provoked certain members of the band, discreetly started kicking bits of equipment as it was being taken out — and suddenly that Wednesday night turned out to be the most horrific and frightful occasion I personally have ever encountered.

"I have never been to the Tidal Basin before," she concludes, "and after such an experience I'm sure that's one venue that I'll never be going to again!"

Incidentally, Doll By Doll play two benefits this month for the Philadelphia Association, the organisation founded by psychiatric pioneer Dr R D Laing to provide alternative accommodation to state-run institutions for people who are mentally disturbed. The gigs are on June 2 at the Froebel Educational Institute, London SW15, and June 16 (lunchtime) at the College of Furniture, London E1.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

STEVE FORD, THE AMAZING SUPER-BOY HERO, WAS IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE EVERSO SECRET SERVICE !
... AND AS A REWARD FOR CAPTURING 237 NME AGENTS LAST WEEK, I SHALL PERSONALLY SHOW YOU ROUND OUR LATEST, TOP-SECRET SUBMARINE !
GREAT, CHIEF !

Huh?!! "Whizzer and Chips" reveals music biz subterfuge, spotted by John Modaberi of Surrey.

Daily Times
WEDNESDAY MAY 31, 1978
8p (CHANNEL ISLANDS 9p)

UFO TOUR EXCLUSIVE

Every major city witnesses amazing scenes

UFO APPEARANCES – ALL OVER BRITAIN

The British band, UFO, are returning to Britain.

By OUR ROCK CORRESPONDENT

THIS FOLLOWS their sensational success in the USA which included a sell-out tour and an enormous hit with their last album 'Lights Out' which rocketed into the USA Top Twenty.

Now UFO plan to lay their unique brand of heavy metal on Britain with a nationwide tour.

Phenomenal Sound

The UFO sound is one that's all too rarely heard on these shores – heavy metal with no compromises.

Exposure to their sound causes outbreaks of foot stomping, bopping and amnesia.

Where to make contact with UFO

June	
14th	Hanley, Victoria Hall
15th	Town Hall, Birmingham
17th	Free Trade Hall, Manchester
18th	Playhouse, Nottingham
19th	De Montford, Leicester
20th	Top Rank, Cardiff
21st	Colston Hall, Bristol
22nd	City Hall, Sheffield
23rd	Mayfair, Newcastle
24th	Friars, Aylesbury
26th	Guildhall, Portsmouth
27th	Civic Hall, Guildford
28th	Hammersmith Odeon, LONDON
29th	Empire, Liverpool
30th	Odeon, Edinburgh
July	
1st	Apollo, Glasgow
2nd	Grand Theatre, Leeds
3rd	Gaumont, Ipswich

Two members of the UFO Craft that arrived at Heathrow today, here seen entering customs.

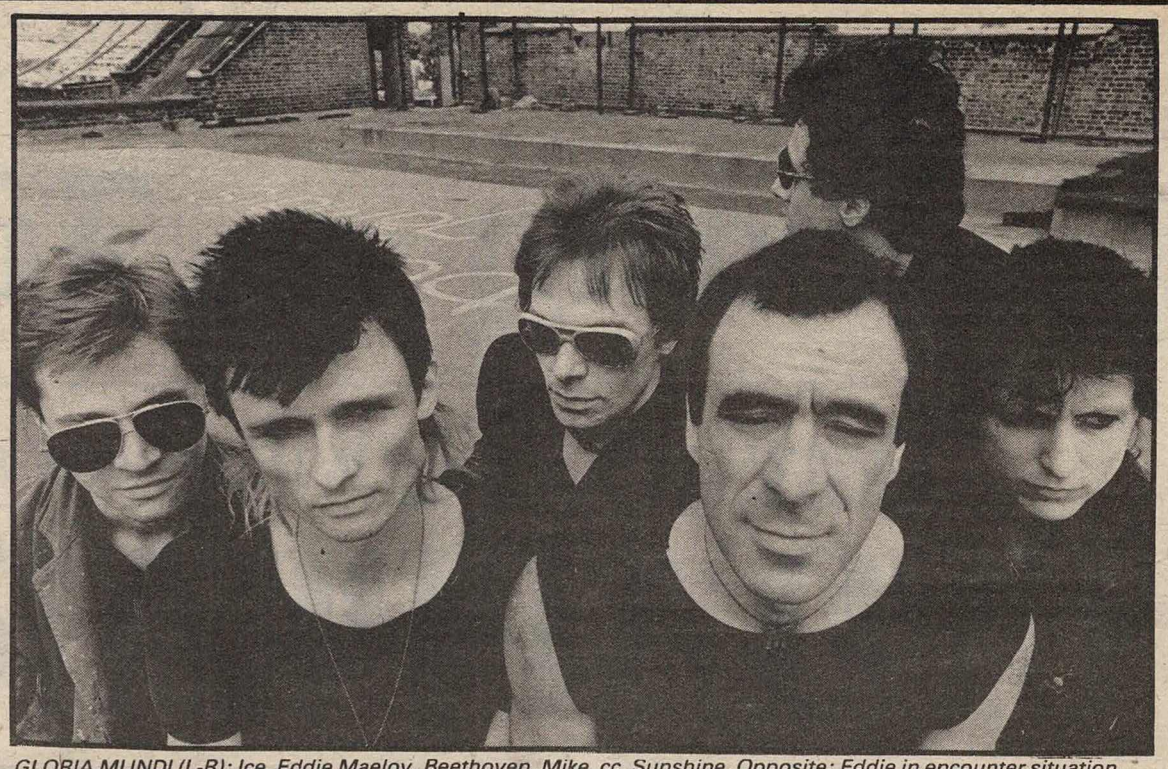
Miraculous UFO Recording

TO HEAR A studio album of heavy metal music that captures all the commitment of a live performance listen to UFO's new album 'Obsession'.

Not surprisingly it was produced by Ron Nevison who has been responsible for past UFO recordings.

INSIDE: UFO Fab tour 7, UFO broke records, 12-13 UFO Rock to top of Top Twenty USA. The British Band that came home. 13 UFO Rock USA. UFO British tour 7, UFO Band

GLORIA MUNDI'S ENCOUNTER GROUP THERAPY (FOR SIC TRANSITS?)



GLORIA MUNDI (L-R): Ice, Eddie Maelov, Beethoven, Mike, cc, Sunshine. Opposite: Eddie in encounter situation.

GLORIA MUNDI always seem to have a large number of very young punks in the audience: 13 or 14 year-olds who presumably recognise in Gloria Mundi a strand of meaning that applies to their own lives — maybe (deep breath) that we are all essentially alone. After all, that is something that 14-year-olds often know better than anyone, particularly if they are trapped in a claustrophobic family situation.

Gloria Mundi are a six-piece new wave band with a dense sound using keyboards and sax, employing stage theatrics and an unusual lighting set-up run by two women. The lights always seem to do the unexpected: a searchlight beam will snap on and suddenly focus on the audience rather than on the band. It owes more to experimental theatre lighting than anything in music and is very effective.

The two principals in Gloria Mundi seem to be Eddie Maelov and Sunshine — the only woman in the group. Accustomed as one is these days to odd names, I was rather looking forward to meeting Eddie since I'd assumed that he was named after "Eddie My Love" by The Teen Queens, one of my favourite records. To my chagrin, he'd never heard of it — at least, not until some other bright spark pointed it out a couple of weeks earlier.

I met Eddie and Sunshine at the A&R office of their record company, RCA.

Eddie has a cultivated accent which suggests public school, and he wears strange ill-fitting clothing. His shoulders are tensed with a permafrost of frozen anger and frustration and the tension is echoed in pronounced jowls.

Sunshine, on the other hand, seems more relaxed — apart from the cigarettes which she chain-smokes on stage at the keyboards. It was Sunshine who came up with the name. She dreamed it.

"I'm pleased with it because it can be anything to anyone and it's quite different to anyone else's." Sic transit gloria mundi: thus pass the glories of the world. Someone somewhere has had an education. Actually Sunshine used to be a footballer before getting into music.

She and Eddie started the thing off three years ago, gradually adding people until the final line-up was fixed about a year ago just as the new wave explosion was getting off the ground. They got caught up in it, playing the Roxy and the Vortex as well as headlining regularly at the Marquee, where they attracted the inevitable cult following.

They are a hard band to categorise — certainly not punk but not like anything else either. That is why they are hard to write about, and may be why no-one did write about them at the time. However, even without press support they managed to swing a five year contract with RCA Records, who launched their recording career with the single "Fight Back".

I hated the sleeve to that record, because it looked to me like a picture of a woman who had just been beaten up and there were too many ambiguities for me to feel that it could be in any way positive. A surprising number of visitors to my flat, flipping through the singles, felt the same way and commented unfavourably.

It transpires, however, that the picture on the sleeve is not a woman at all but is in fact Eddie wearing make-up.

"I wear make-up anyway," he says. "Not all the time, but I do onstage all the time and various times offstage as well. We did a heavy job on the lipstick because we wanted a strong black and white picture from it . . ."

So what are this group about? People say they are political, but their lyrics are more about alienation and frustration, alone-ness and how to handle being in the world.

All major subjects.

"One of the things we are trying to do is just shake people up a little bit," Eddie explained. "We're just trying to dislocate a few channels inside people's heads. It's just trying to give you some things to look at, some things to listen to, that may just stay in your head until the next day. And it may change a little bit the way you look at the world the next morning ."

Change for its own sake?

"Yes, I think it's essential.

"Because I'm not prepared — and I don't think anyone in this band is prepared — to do a thing like, say, Tom Robinson. Although, quite honestly, I don't think he's got the strength to do it anyway." — I disagree, but go on — "To go out and say, 'This is what you must do. Go out and demonstrate. Take up this cause.' You can't do that to people!

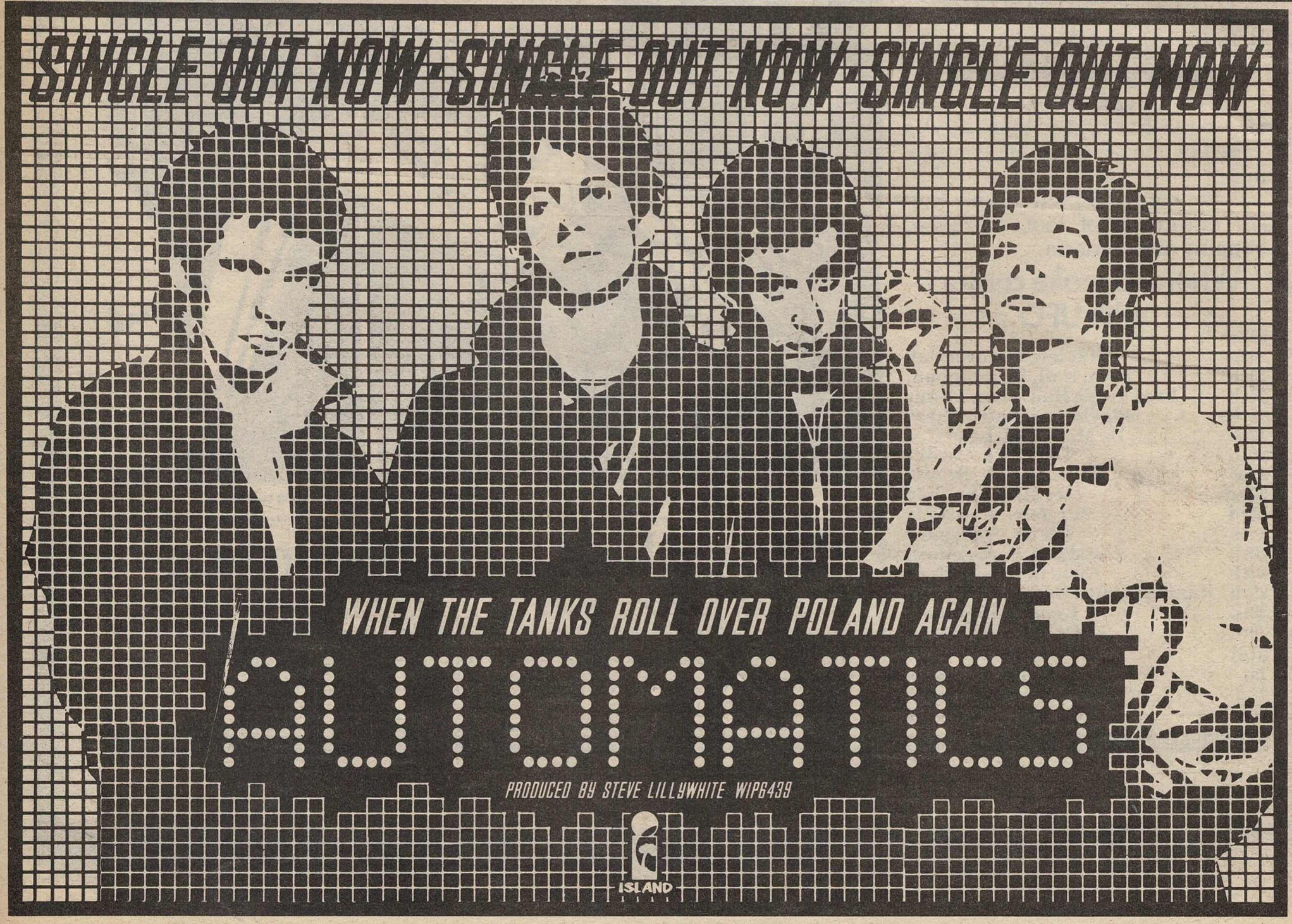
"That's taking away their chance of personal choice. That's using audiences. You know, 'I'm up here, you're down there, if I tell you to rush out and do something I know you'll go and do it.' People made those mistakes years ago.

"That's a trap I'm determined not to fall into."

Well, again I disagree, of course, since audiences aren't stupid — and to suggest that people should support a demonstration can't, even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be construed as taking away personal choice. Still, I let the conversation roll . . .

"When you're on stage you're just yourself blown up large because of the

● Continues on page 14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WHEN THE TANKS ROLL OVER POLAND AGAIN
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ISLAND

RICH KIDS

LAST CHANCE

RICH KIDS

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TO DANCE

MARCHING MEN

From page 12

intense situation of being before an audience. So if I'm dissatisfied — which I am — it's gonna come out through the songs."

This manifests itself in strange ways. The group's interpersonal relationships get played out on stage, sometimes violently.

Eddie: "We do knock each other around on stage. It's not something we plan to do, it's just something that comes out. We all understand why it goes on — it's just sheer frustration with the position we're in as regards each other . . . it's like taking the cork out!"

Sunshine: "It's just like anything that anyone ever wants to do. You just want to be yourself, and most people are not allowed to be themselves. That's what I think is important, that there is a possibility of being yourself *within* a group of people."

The methods Sunshine uses to achieve this are a little extreme from a personal point of view. When we met she was nursing a damaged foot from where Eddie had thrown her down on stage the night before in Liverpool. Being in Gloria Mundi is like being in a California-style encounter group by the look of it.

Their approach to the audience is similar.

Eddie: "Why we start our act as we do (Eddie swings from a noose while sirens wail . . .) is to try and slip the crowd up into individual people.

"I try to look people in the eyes and say, 'You and me, this is what's going on. Not the person standing next to you.'

"Once you can reach that position with them when they can say, 'Yes, I'm alone' — because I do believe we are alone — then maybe you can find a way of relating to them. So then we can try to come back together in some way. It's trying to create some sort of new relationship. It's an experiment."

Sunshine put it more simply: "It's how can you relate to people? How can you manage in life?"

Unfortunately, when it comes to achieving these heavyweight ideals with their act I would say Gloria Mundi score about 2 on a scale of 10. Their approach is more that of an experimental theatre group than a rock group, and since music is the vehicle they are using it might help if they concentrated on that a little more.

They are cutting an album soon, so maybe the discipline of the studio will do the trick. Prepare to face your alienation.

MILES

THRILLS

FINAL DETAILS of the first conference organised by the newly-formed Legalise Cannabis pressure group have been confirmed.

The meeting, on Saturday June 3 at the Central Hall, Westminster, will be chaired by Maureen Colquhoun MP.

Latest rumours on the Government Advisory Committee on the Misuse of Drugs, suggests that they may recommend that the laws be changed so that nobody could be imprisoned for cannabis offences in a magistrates court. Any liberalisation of the cannabis laws is welcome at this point, but the attitude of the Campaigners is that this is a token gesture.

They are also worried that this could lead the police to insist that more cases are transferred to the Crown Court, where prison sentences could still be applied. We await developments.

UNDER THE glaring headline "FBI-style force may fight the drug gangs", Peter Burden, chief crime reporter on the *Daily Mail*, has once again been pushing the notion of extending Britain's drug squads to combat what he describes as a "growing drug problem".

INSIDE DOPE

We already have 900 regional crime squad officers, who, it is suggested, should be supplemented by 100 detectives expert in "specialist drug investigation methods".

Much play is made of the overwhelming need for a national drugs squad, but few hard facts are offered. It would be interesting to know more about the reasons why Burden, and the *Mail*, are pushing this so hard.

SOME INTERESTING statistics recently emerged from the USA. First came the news that while the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is spending £12 million on anti-smoking crusades, the Agriculture Department is subsidising tobacco growing with a £300 million shot in the arm.

Another riddle is why sales of cigarette papers in the U.S. have increased by 13 per cent, while sales of roll your own tobacco have dropped by 14 per cent. Answers on a postcard.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

SAVE

GREENPEACE

GREENPEACE, the international direct action organisation who have prevenued atomic bomb testing in the Pacific, have harrassed the seal hunters, and who are currently out in the boat the Rainbow Warrior, setting out to interfere with the whaling ships, are in financial trouble.

The UK branch is struggling to find enough to money to keep the boat going. In addition, they will shortly have to leave their offices as the building is being demolished.

They desperately need financial support if they are to continue their work.

Greenpeace produce all manner of Save The Whale/Seal products, from T-shirts to posters to badges, a list of which can be obtained from them (send postage money).

Please will some rock star out there with tax problems resqond to this. Every £1 sent in buys the Rainbow Warrior more fuel to continue the fight to save the whales. If you can help with money or perhaps cheap office premises, please contact GREENPEACE, 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2BZ. Tel: 01-839 2093.

THRILLS

THE CORPORATE NIGHTMARE

FOR ANYONE who adheres to the theory that our lives are governed not by nations, statesmen, or royalty but by anonymous, giant corporations, here's some more information to give you sleepless nights.

A 1,000-page study recently released by the US Senate Governmental Affairs Committee concludes that the biggest US corporations are closely linked together by directors who serve on each other's boards.

Among the nation's 130 largest corporations — which between them control more than one *trillion* dollars in assets — the study found 530 direct boardroom level interlocks and more than 12,000 indirect links. The study included the 30 largest industrial companies, the 20 biggest banks, the 10 largest life insurance companies, and the 10 biggest diversified financial companies.

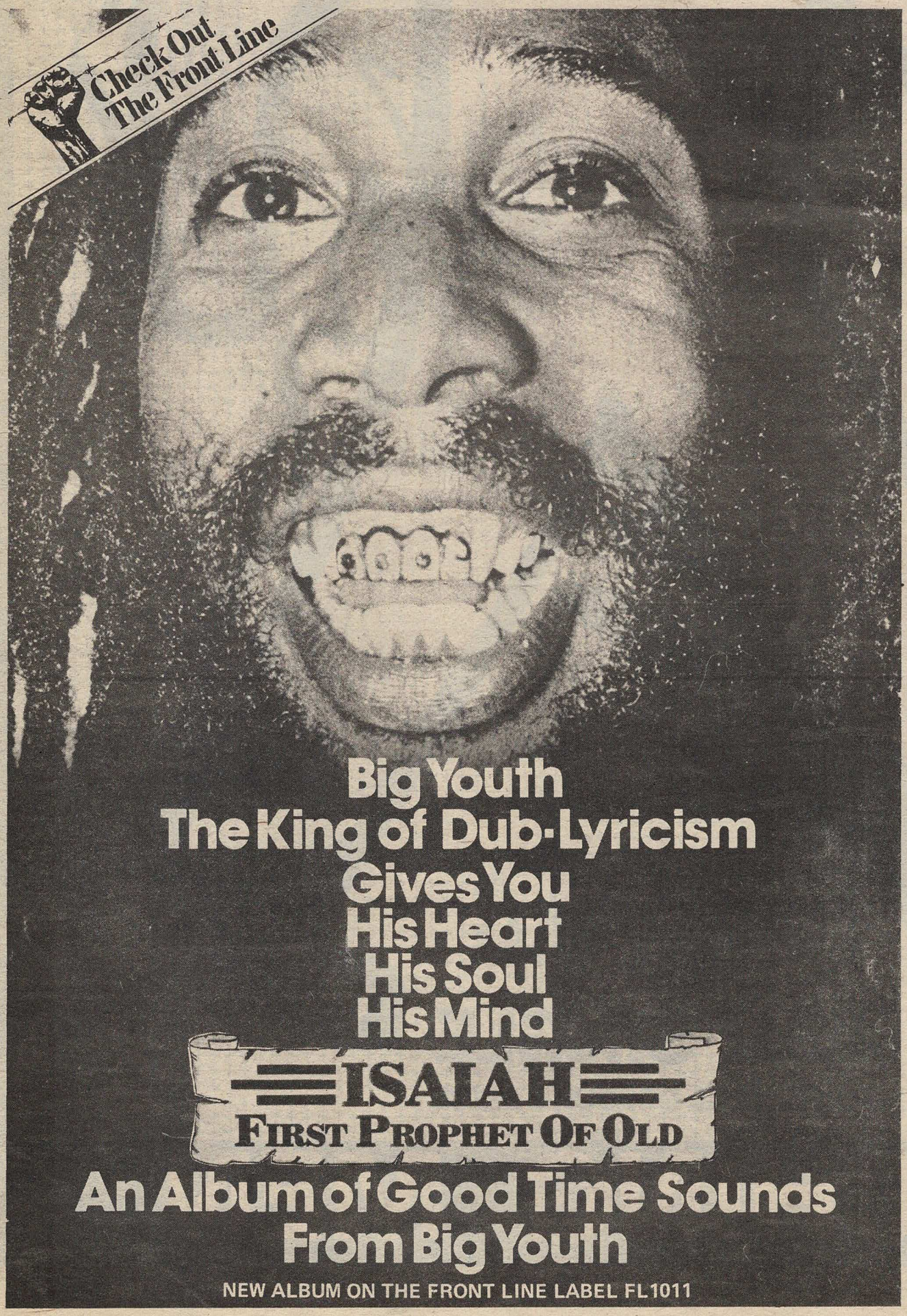
The report stated: "The boardrooms of four of the largest bank companies (Citicorp, Chase, Manufacturers Hanover and J. P. Morgan), two of the largest insurnce companies (Prudential and Metropolitan Life), and three of the largest non-financial companies (AT&T, Exxon and General Motors) looked like virtual summits for American business."

Although the report did not point out any specific abuses, these interlocks suggest sinister implications for even the mildest conspiracy theorist. If this is the situation in the States, it would be nice to know whether a similar situation exists in Britain.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

"Oh sorry, mate — I was looking for T-Zers!"



"Whatever's written in your heart"

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9 SHEFFIELD City Hall
10 MANCHESTER Apollo
11 LONDON Theatre Royal, Drury Lane
12 BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome
14 BRISTOL Colston Hall

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

MR CALIFORNIA AND THE CAULIFLOWERS FROM VENUS

MAX BELL ventures into the cosmic reaches of SPIRIT consciousness and find's Randy's reality in fine fettle.

THE RECENT SPIRIT mini-tour was an accomplishment as enigmatic in conception as the band on view.

Consider that Randy California and his cohorts on the time coast, Ed Cassidy and Larry Knight, have not visited these shores for over five years — five years in which they have said goodbye to two record companies, changed personnel some four times, and now find themselves without an American date sheet and bereft of any financial backing on their home ground.

Hardly a commercial proposition then to place them on a college date (Essex), a Locarno Ballroom (Bristol), and a major concert at London's Rainbow within a week of securing the visit and without adequate billing, no big money promotion and no financial guarantee.

In fact, the Los Angeles trio not only succeeded in selling out every time with ease — the rapturous reception they received ensuring their presence at this year's Reading Festival, our most prestigious underwater venue — but they also garnered a live album from the proceedings, their first disc since the experimental and wildly uncommercial "Future Games."

Investigation of the enterprise at work uncovered a remarkable chain of small fry miraculously outwitting the promotional net that invariably surrounds concert booking of any importance.

Charmdale Records first noticed that Spirit were scheduled to play a one-off TV special in Germany's Rock Palace. Unable to place sufficient upfront moneys, they passed on the idea of bringing the band here to Frontier Artists who, in connection with Step Forward/Illegal Records, sweated on the risk and went ahead. Chances were they could lose a packet or gain the rights to a Spirit live album if things went to plan. They did.

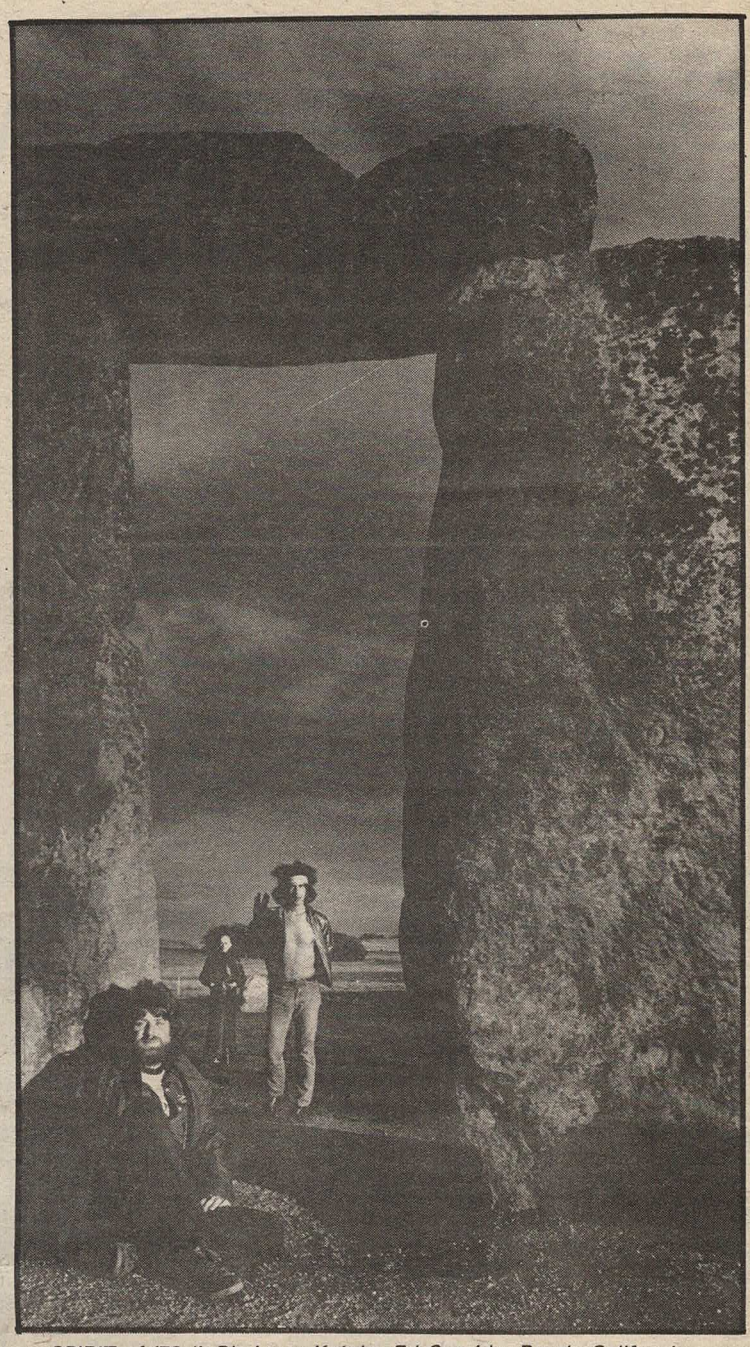
To say that the reaction to the returning hero of Topanga Canyon — architect behind a spate of vinyl as assured and inspirational as the Spirit of yesteryear — transcended all expectations would be a gross understatement. I don't believe that it is the custom of the Rainbow audience to demand ten genuine encores, nor is it par for the course to witness a display of such sheer magic that the departing hordes streamed out satiated, drained and uplifted.

The morning after the Rainbow extravaganza I finally found California in his London hotel. The night before, the Victoria Metropole had played doorstep host to the two hundred fans who took up Spirit's invitation to come meet the band. They chatted peacefully, oblivious to any star-to-minion relationship, it being a tenet of California's philosophy that he relishes the prospect of giving something back to the fans.

The quality of Spirit's support and the consistency of their track record makes the current absence of label doubly mystifying.

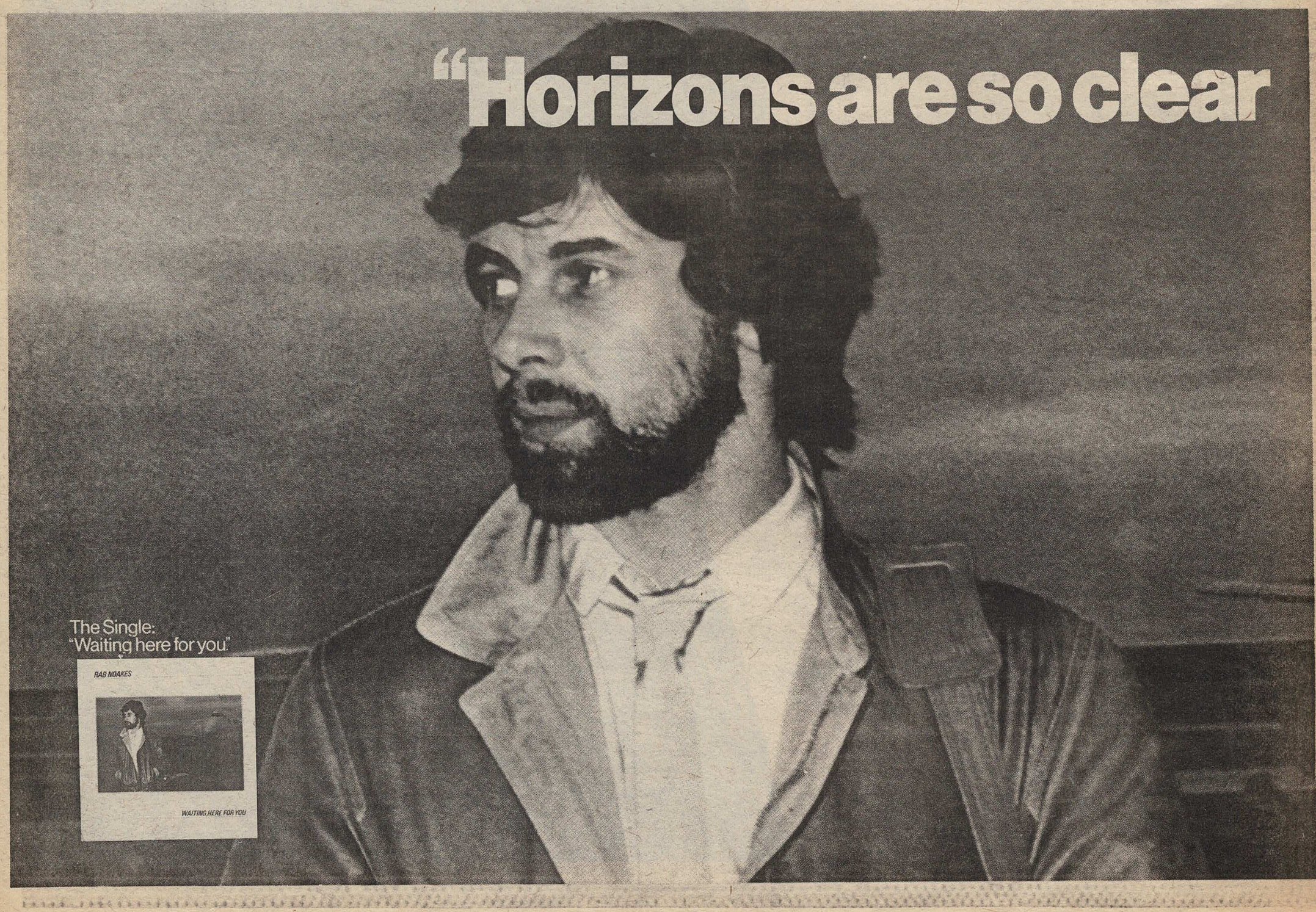
California put recent events into perspective: "Marshall Berle, our manager, put a clause in our Mercury contract saying if they didn't sell 200,000 copies of 'Future Games' we were off the label. Mercury asked for an extension, which I wouldn't give. They told us that 'Spirit Of '76', 'Son Of Spirit' and 'Farther Along' sold exactly 37,000 copies each . . . period. That was curious because Neil Merryweather showed me his Mercury account and that said 37,000 too. As a result we have no company, the live album for Illegal is a one-off. That's fine by me— in my experience five year contracts have given us no control whatsoever."

Though admirers have good reason for considering Spirit a seminal West Coast band, pioneers of a jazz-tinged, avant garde body of work as enduring as such more vaunted contemporaries



Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

SPIRIT of '78 (L-R): Larry Knight, Ed Cassidy, Randy California



as The Doors and The Grateful Dead, they were rarely awarded the carrot of regular Fillmore concerts and the mass coverage that fired the social excesses of psychedelia.

California claims: "The band finds more energy in England. Why should we waste our time in America when it never builds into anything?

"Recently I haven't wanted popularity for myself, but I want it for Cass. He's been playing thirty years . . . but that's sentimental bullshit. I'm past the point of attempting it for me.

"Our energy emerges now from different sources, Big Foot and Celestial healers. I went through a bad time, suicidal, six years ago."

Despite the image of California as a burnt-out acid victim, the evidence is of a man bursting with health and creative vitality yet sufficently idiosyncratic to stand as a true original. In addition he is a vigorous critic of his own work.

"I don't consider 'Future Games' one of my better works. It's an intellectual album rather than a musically satisfying one. I was so mad with Mercury for rejecting a live album we gave them that I tripped out on 'Future Games'. I couldn't care less if they liked it."

Having left that company late last year after "Future Games" failed to notch up the stipulated 200,000, California, Cassidy, Knight and a Hawaiian guitarist called Tom Hall formed a new oufit name of Aqua Blue. "We rehearsed as a four piece and recorded, but the German promoters wanted Spirit. I had to leave Tom behind because he doesn't have the playing experience whereas me and Cass have done it for ten years."

California ended a sojourn in Hawaii himself when the elders on the island took offence to his presence. "I insulted the wrong person and everyone knew about it. So me, my sister and brother-in-law had to move to Hollywood. Punk is pretty big there now — I go nearly every night to see a band 'cos I can get in for free. I take the bus or walk everywhere after I had a smash in my Volkswagen: I'm too scared to drive in L.A."

It was in Los Angeles' Santa Monica Civic that Spirit played their infamous reunion gig last year. After Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes split for Jo Jo Gunne after completing "Dr. Sardonicus" (with California still in hospital recovering from his fractured skull, the result of a horse riding accident), the band fragmented amidst bitter internal recriminations.

"It's absolutely disgusting. You can see right up their trouser legs when they stand over those lighted portholes!"

The reunion was typically bizarre.

"We had that strange incident with Neil Young. I don't like to talk about it in case some die-hard Neil Young fan is waiting round the corner with a knife. Mark Andes had invited him onstage to jam with us, unknown to me — he'd already played with Firefall on the same evening. During 'Like A Rolling Stone' I was singing front stage when I heard this voice behind behind me, out of key, squeaking and a bit drunk — very drunk actually.

"I pushed this person away and when I turned around it was the great Neil Young!

"Cass and John Locke were so upset they left the stage, so I grabbed him back, kissed him and apologised. The others wouldn't speak to me for quite a while. Still, the energy was fantastic, the five of us back together again."

A permanent reunion of Spirit is always a possibility, although both California and Ferguson, the front-men, are wary of dissipating their original compatability. "I guess there has always been a sense of competition between me and Jay. I was much younger, sixteen and seventeen, when we made the first two albums, I did hardly anything and Jay wrote nearly everything. Then things evened out."

By the time of "The Twelve Dreams Of Dr. Sardonicus", Spirit's finest hour and a classic by any standards, the rift between Ferguson and California had reached unworkable proportions.

"When I was in hospital I told the others not to release the record until I could finish the mixing — then I read that Jay had formed Jo Jo Gunne. When "Sardonicus" came out *Rolling Stone* gave it the thumbs down, said the concept, though there wasn't one, stank and the music was terrible.

"I hate *Rolling Stone* anyhow, they suck. They only printed the Neil Young incident at Santa Monica, nothing about how great the music was. *Rolling Stone* has influence in America for some stupid reason. I thought we'd get good gigs after the album but we didn't."

The biggest single musical influence pervading California's recent work might also prove to be a useful selling point. The inspiration that the young Craig Wolfe found in playing alongside Jimi James (aka Jimi Hendrix) in their legendary performances at the Cafe Wha in Greenwich Village has stayed with him. He plays with the spirit of Hendrix, not the copyist style of Robin Trower or Frank Marino but with a delicacy and ability to improvise that was the master's trademark until his tragic death.

"It's strange for me when people say I play a lot of Hendrix material. Sometimes when we do 'Stone Free'

● *Next page*

when you're far away from here gotta get away from here..."

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High flying songs.
Just listen to Rab Noakes. He'll stir you.

THE RAB NOAKES ALBUM
"RESTLESS"

RING O' RECORDS

● *From previous page*

we get into a jazz sound that proves to me we are stone free musically and can create something new with what he did. I could never play 'All Along The Watchtower' like he did on 'Electric Ladyland', though we've perfórmed that song for five years now. I just have the ultimate respect and affection for that guy because he taught me so much. If I can represent some of the feeling he made then I think he'd be happy."

While plans may materialise for the Aqua Blue foursome, I doubt if California could bring himself to drop the name he's kept alive for so long. He did jam with Dickie Betts in Germany, and though the results were favourable there was no talk of their forming a band.

"As long as Cass can play those skins we'll be together. The trio has good balance, we can jam and we have the freedom to interpret songs differently each night so that it never sounds the same."

This was proven on the three English dates, each one entirely at a variant with the others for mood and each one as fresh as the material was perfect.

The Illegal album is due for release soon, preceded by a single of "Nature's Way". Alongside the familiar songs you'll find new numbers, "Looking Down From A Mountain" and "Hollywood Dream".

Meanwhile California is working on studio material if and when they secure a deal, which they surely must. One possible disappointment, the lack of more recent material, can be partially explained by the contractual impossibility of putting Mercury numbers on the new album. California was prepared to play some acoustic numbers at the Rainbow, but the management turned on the house lights and refused to let them play beyond two and a quarter hours.

Doubtless they'll be back for an extended tour, giving more people a chance to catch a sight of Randy California's unique aura. Spirit really are quite unlike any other American band in their ability to cut through the barrier between art and finance. When California says, "We meditate and hold hands together before we go on — our strength is the three of us becoming like one and the audience becoming one with us," he isn't indulging some ridiculously misconceived arcane hippy ideal; he believes it to be the secret of their survival.

It was worth the waiting.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

LONELY BOY FLOYD

SOME OF YOU out there may not have given it much thought, but it's now over a year since Messrs Waters, Wright, Mason and Gilmour last worked in their collective capacity as Pink Floyd.

And that was in America.

British audiences haven't heard so much as a grunt from the Floyd since May '77 when they descended upon Wembley's Empire Pool to promote their then current album "Animals".

In the interim Nick Mason has produced The Damned's second, and last, album, Roger Waters has been formulating ideas for the next Floyd elpee which will probably be knocked into group shape sometime this autumn and, perhaps predictably enough, Rick Wright and Dave Gilmour have recorded solo records.

Gilmour's is the first to be released, and realising that his own name doesn't carry as much commercial weight as the Floyd's, he is currently embarked upon a round pf promotional interviews.

Attired (naturally) in faded flared denims, gym shoes, a short sleeve shirt and waist-coat, and the healthy recipient of a Greek tan, Gilmour the interviewee is unlikely to upstage Muhammad Ali on Parkinson.

The Floyd's guitarist has no illusions about the solo album syndrome. Most of them are dreadful, he says, adding: "Being in a group, the rubbish gets ironed out." Not surprisingly, though, he doesn't think his album is in any way excessive.

On it he's reunited with Rick Wills (bass) and Willie Wilson (drums). Gilmour worked with both musicians in several pre-Floyd bands, and there is even talk of all three working on the road together. Wills and Wilson are definitely up for it, as is Steve O'Rourke, the Floyd's manager (also now looking after Tom Robinson's career), but Gilmour isn't so positive.

The album was recorded over a three/four week period in France — for tax reasons. Gilmour says he has no idea how much it cost. In fact, he doesn't have a clue how much he earnt last year or the amount of tax he paid. Yes, he has considered living outside Britain for tax reasons, but decided against it. Only the band's Rick Wright has actually lived a year outside the UK to avoid the Inland Revenue's grasp.

Gilmour's current attitude towards the Floyd hardly seems enthusiastic. "I've been in it for ten years now and it's not *all* my life anymore," he admits. "I don't think it is for people who've had a lot of success.

"A lot of people think their group and their music is everything to them, but it isn't."

But as yet he sees no reason why Floyd should put up the shutters. "As long as we still want to and feel something good comes out of it, I can't see any reason for stopping."

Interestingly enough, the Floyd have no contractual obligations, as they aren't required to deliver a certain amount of product over a set period of time.

Does he consider himself priveleged?

"I'd be daft if I didn't."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

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S.K.A.N. ROOLS OK TEECHUR

THE HEADMISTRESS tried to keep it secret," recalls 16-year-old Poly Wilson of Walthamstow Senior High.

"Then two days before it was due to happen, we found out that the National Front were going to use our school for one of their meetings. Our teachers were furious that they hadn't been told, but they all said that the NF had the right to freedom of speech just like everyone else . . . At least, that's what they said until they attended the meeting and got abused, shouted down when they tried to ask a question, and threatened by bully-boys wearing brass knuckle-dusters."

The teachers came out of the meeting in tears while police sneaked the Front bohos out of the back door to spare them the wrath of Poly and 400 others from S.K.A.N. (School Kids Against the Nazis) who had picketed the meeting from outside the school gates.

"On the way home sixteen kids got arrested for obstruction and breach of the peace," says Poly. "Some of them hadn't even been to the Anti-Nazi demonstration; they were coming home from a reggae club. All of them were black."

Poly and seven other SKAN activists stare grimly into their drinks as the landlord of the swinging Carnaby Street boozer eyes the posse of school uniforms around our table with suspicion. Though these school-kids are too young for drinking and voting, they've been fighting the Nazis in the school-yard for nine months now.

"Inevitably, we've had a much bigger response since the Carnival," opines Ed Moor of Highdown School, Reading. "The raw materials were there already and the kids just had to be *educated* to turn them into activists."

"Because no kid is gonna support the NF once they suss that the Nazis want to ban reggae, rock, soul, disco and punk and just have 'white' music, marching bands and all that," sneers Chris Trimby, dole-queuer.

"There's *no* Young National Front in the schools, in reality," asserts Eamonn Kelly of Bulmershe School, Reading. "You just get a few meatheads — real simpletons — spraying pro-NF statements on the walls because within their tiny minds they imagine that it's the 'tough thing to do'. . ."

SKAN roots date back to the autumn of last year. In October, the NF arranged a meeting in Reading's Civic Office which prompted a group of local school kids to produce and distribute a leaflet explaining Nazi policies and urging kids to picket the meeting. With the help of trade unionists and social groups, the kids succeeded in getting the meeting banned (by a Tory council, too).

Immediately after this the Front launched a campaign to recruit school-kids. Naturally, the kids were too cool to fool and too suss not to realise that the NF wouldn't just go away, so the Reading Schools Against The Nazis group was set up. The 'movement' has now spread to every corner of the UK.

"We're getting hundreds of letters every week now," Ed Moor tells me, and remembers a handful of the many occasions when SKAN kids have defeated the Nazis in the schools.

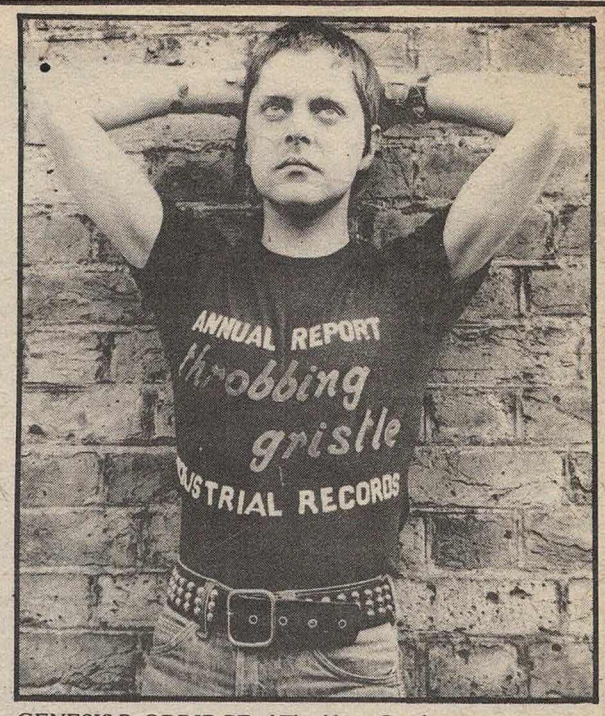
Like the time in Southampton when the NF tried to hold a meeting at Barton Peveril sixth form college and Anti-Nazi students plastered the room with stickers and fifty kids occupied the room. The *six* Nazis who had attempted to arrange the meeting found no platform for their racist bullshit and haven't been heard of since.

Canterbury, Brighton, Bristol, London, High Wycombe, Sheffield . . . SKAN groups are springing up all over the country, co-ordinated via the Anti-Nazi League's London office at 12, Little Newport St., WC2.

"The next thing we got organised is a Right To Work march on June 10," Ed Moor enthuses. "Assemble 10 a.m. at British Rail's Slough station. We're gonna march to Hounslow via Eton — which will be picketed." He laughs happily. "Well, it's time they took a look at what's on the other side of the coin."

TONY PARSONS

TP 4 JB



GENESIS P. ORRIDGE of Throbbing Gristle

MOVIE ART-THROBS

EAST END industrial art rock recluses Throbbing Gristle are to provide the score for a film currently being produced and directed by Fred and Judy Vermorel, the husband and wife team who wrote the 'definitive' Pistols biography *The Sex Pistols — The Inside Story*.

Their movie is to be titled *Millions Like Us*, and will come in two parts.

The first, "Concrete And Blood", will take the form of a German documentary detailing the disintegration of Great Britain since the War. Genesis P. Orridge and his merry pals in the Gristle play the part of an "anti-rock group" called Millions who destroy rock'n'roll.

The second part, "Blue Skies Over England", is apparently a "suburban pop idyll". It features a bland MOR band called Susan And Her Feelings, who are being put together for the movie by former Alternative TV guitarist Alex Fergusson. Meanwhile the film footage in this part intends to emphasise the "positive and attractive" aspects of London suburbs in the spring.

At the moment the Vermorels are unsure either when the film will be completed or what sort of distribution it will get, though they are hoping to finish by the autumn. Before they can do that, though, they'll have to get financial backing; negotiations are proceeding with several record companies.

They also need a Susan — "a wholesome, girl-next-door, English rose type", Judy Vermorel told *Thrills*. If that sounds like you, call Judy on 01-580 5842.

PHIL McNEILL

THE END

Stanley Clarke – The Modern Man works miracles

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Guest artists include Jeff Beck, Jeff Percaro, Carmine Appice and Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter.

Stanley Clarke 'Modern Man' Includes the single 'More Hot Fun'.

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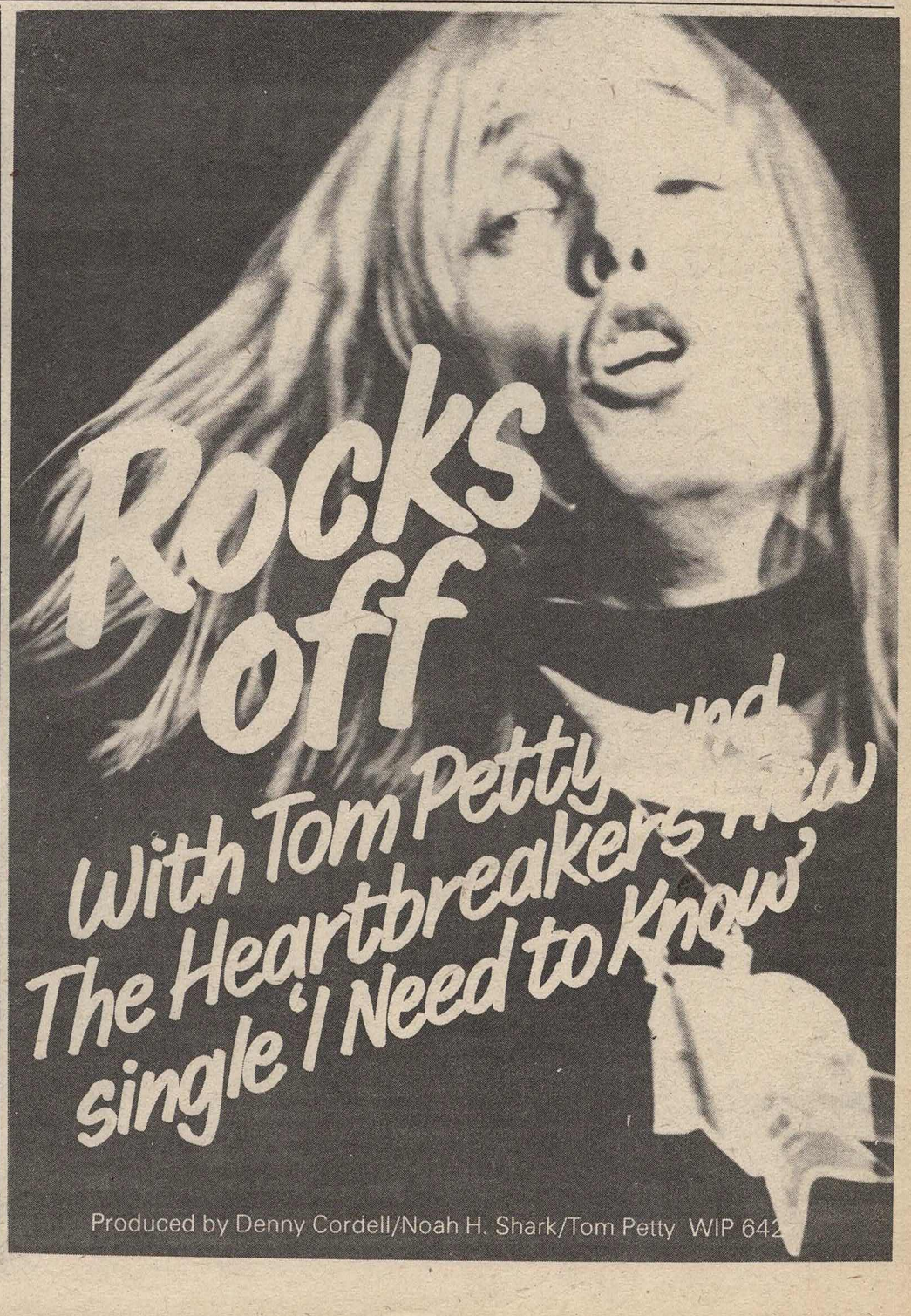
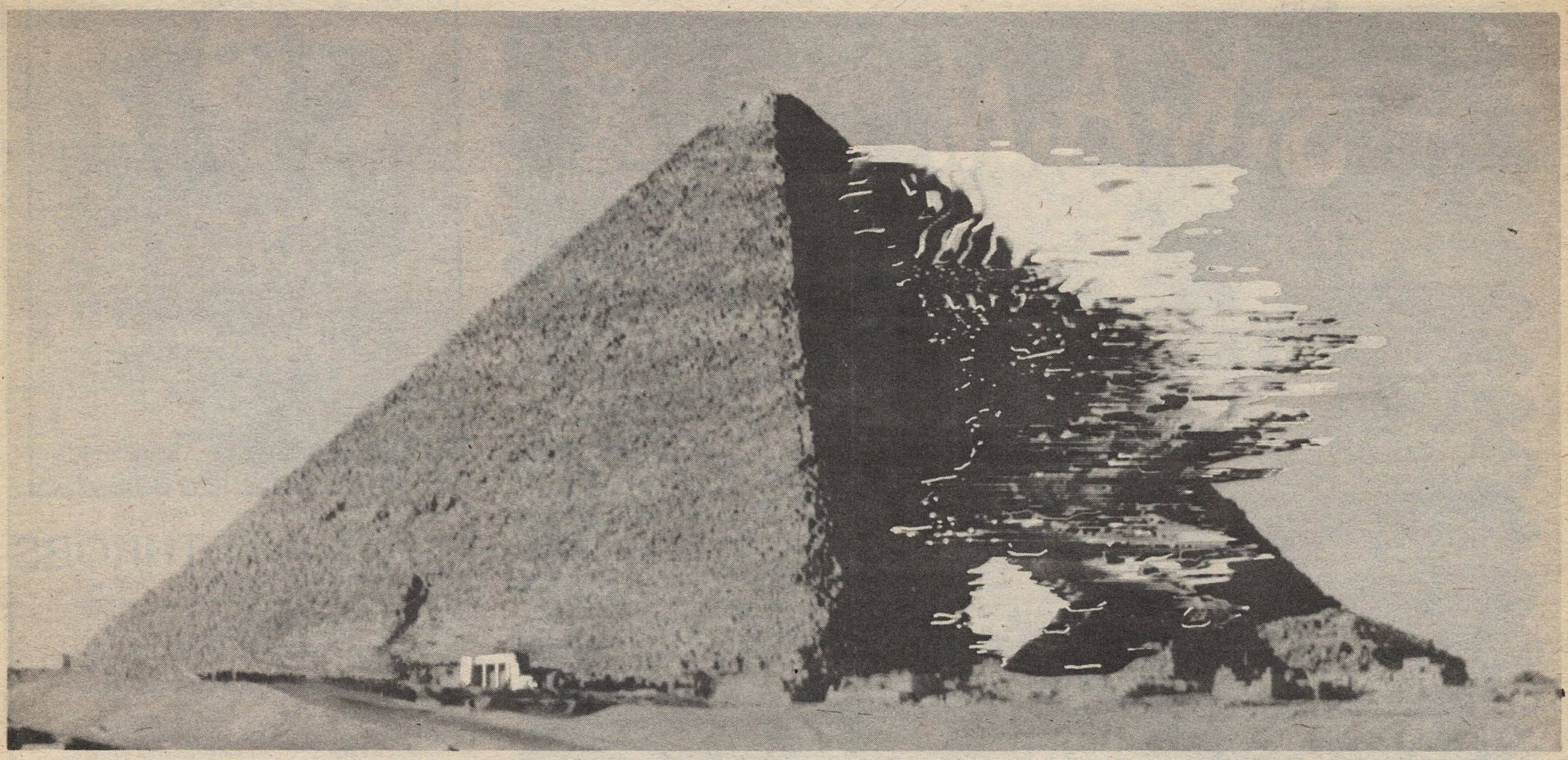


Produced by Denny Cordell/Noah H. Shark/Tom Petty WIP 642



PYRAMID

The new album from the Alan Parsons Project

In 1969	Alan Parsons was an assistant engineer on 'Abbey Road'.
In 1972	Alan Parsons was the engineer on Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side Of The Moon' and received a Grammy nomination.
Since 1972	Alan Parsons has produced a succession of hits for Steve Harley And Cockney Rebel, John Miles, Pilot and Al Stewart.
In 1974	Alan Parsons and his manager Eric Woolfson formed The Alan Parsons Project – a new approach to the making of records.
In 1976	The first Alan Parsons Project album 'Tales Of Mystery And Imagination' was released to critical acclaim.
In 1977	The second Alan Parsons Project album 'I Robot' sold platinum in the U.S. and silver in the U.K.

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ABC Sheffield **7th June**
ABC Leeds **8th June**
ABC Nottingham **9th June**
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ABC Chatham **10th June**
ABC Deansgate, Manchester **10th June**
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Look for the 'free ticket' window sticker at your record store

ARISTA

Pic: KATE SIMON

PETER TOSH, Minister of Herb, takes time out from ganja for a bottle of Spanish Moss, seaweed extract.

JAMAICA

THE YOUNG LION ROARS

THE JA CONNEXION PART TWO

By CHRIS SALEWICZ

SURROUNDED on three sides by a raw, harshly primal terrain that combines austere Bronte-evoking moorland with a dense near-Northern Californian verdancy, the Jamaican Tourist Board showcase of the Trelawny Beach Club is built right down on the edge of the Caribbean.

The Peace notwithstanding, though, business is not good. Epitomising the way emergent nations must play the whore to their once colonial masters and their buddies the hotel — a couple of miles out of Falmouth in the parish of Cornwall on the North-West coast directly across Jamaica from Kingston — solicits North American newspaper readers that they may "Experience Ecstacism Here", with all the New Colony in-built suggestions that that implies.

Even though they may be heartened to find that rumours that "the Rastamen come down from the mountains to attack white people" are perhaps not exactly correct, US and Canadian holidaymakers courageous enough to invest in a week-long Beach Club package holiday must be distressed to find that it's far closer to a Torremolinos towerblock than the quasi-Club Mediterrane paradise the name suggests.

It offers three six-storey buildings, each linked by concrete open walkways, translucent soft pink plastic sofas by each lift, Falstaffian feasts of Americanised Jamaican food (they don't quite have ItalBurger Vendomatics but it comes close), and a heavily fenced-off beach.

No doubt aware of the possibilities of being pillaged or plundered, few of the pink and blue rinsed holidaymakers venture far from the hotel's precincts.

Besides, the heat and, more to the point, the humidity in this part of the island is none too conducive to rapid action of the old leg muscles. If you're direct from an air-conditioned WASP world you may well be inclined to wish you could strip the flesh off of your body — "Off-the-bone", as it were — and shove it into a spin-dryer.

Mind you, if you're black Jamaican you've come to terms with it a long way back. You've understood that as far as you go this incarnation round the brain-pan twisting humidity and constant black clouds and afternoon downpours that accompany it are simply one of the life-giving forces to which you're allied.

The humidity is the provider of the water that nourishes the land, the goats, the ganja, the sugar-cane.

Anyway, what this is all saying is that, boy, there is some *heavy* culture shock going down when some of these polyestered innocents abroad are ambling their cheeseburger behind through the hotel lobby. Suddenly they may come face-to-face with some dreader than dread congregation — tammed, locked and spliffed to the hilt — squatted down in a corner and making on some bongoes with some crazy jungle rhythm. The Bee Gees this most certainly is not.

CULTURE SEEM as confused as I am as to why they, plus Burning Spear, Peter Tosh, The Heptones and Big Youth should be playing at the Beach Club over this weekend. The reality, according to the Spear himself, Winston Rodney, whom I catch backstage from the hotel ballroom prior to his gig, is that the three-night event is being put on by the owner of the Long Island club, My Father's Place.

All the acts playing the Trelawny Beach Festival have played or will be playing that oddly named Long Island prestige gig. And written into their contracts has been an agreement to work the festival.

As a matter of fact, bizarre setting aside, this gathering of Jamaican musical heavies has for weeks now been the talk of Idler's Row — the sidestreet off North Parade in downtown Kingston close by Randy's Record Store where, most days, any number of name musicians can be found in the street reasoning or blowing 'erb or just plain hanging out.

Over the course of the three-day event such luminaries as Augustus Pablo and half the current Marley band, including I-Three singer Judy Mowatt and keyboardsman Tyrone Downey, will be sighted.

Culture mainman Joseph Hill agrees that this set-up seems none too rootsy.

But then, along with Kenneth Days and Ralph Walker, the first bass and tenor harmonisers to his own anguished, impassioned, scrunched-up vocal expressions of undiluted freedom, the Culture mainman had played Madison Square Garden just a few months back and that wasn't too rootsy either.

Joseph, though, had fully comprehended that — as he'd told the police the time they'd stopped him in a roadblock and taken him to the side of the road and cut off his locks — his purpose in life was to be an entertainer and, therefore, part of the fulfilment of this purpose was in playing such venues.

Besides, these upmarket Concrete Jungles don't screw up the head of JA's hottest ranking vocal group's lead singer too much. How can they? He *knows* he has them licked. "I am *fa-a-a-ar* wilder than Babylon," he laughs happily. "I just *can't* be tamed. I will *not* get weary."

And Joseph and his brethren have, he tells me, "Made a written intention not to change from being a Rastaman forever: a covenant which shall never be broken. I wouldn't know *how* to break it for I *love* this way. I don't think of trying another way because . . . . Look, I am at my final point of religious liberty.

"The spot I have reached has a clean pathway. It is just the best way for I and I to live."

It is that impassioned clarity of purpose that forms the core of the "Two Sevens Clash" album, the beautiful and remarkable LP that is largely responsible for Culture's current status as the island's top vocal group, and which was put out a couple of months back in Britain under a licensing deal by Lightning Records with JA producer Joe Gibbs.

That it's a year late, mind you, is some commentary on the general lack of vision of most British record companies. After all, the two sevens hardly can be said to be clashing in 1978: the title actually *does* refer to the year 1977, the 77th year of each century being a 12-month period regarded by occultists — and we already know of the Rastas' extreme mystical leanings — as loaded with import.

As Alfred Douglas writes of the number seven *The Tarot* (Penguin), it is "A prime number which signified unity within complexity . . . a number of far-reaching symbolical significance: the seven Classical planets, the seven virtues and vices, the seven ages of man, the seven days of the week, the Seven Seals of the Book of Revelation."

And when the two sevens clash a time of major change is signified, a time of heavy restructuring of what has been going down. And looking back on last year, just from the vantage point of this country, who could deny that? More to the point glance at Jamaica and see what happened very shortly after the sevens stopped clashing: The Peace was declared. Yeah, mon. Culture is *HEA-VEEEE*. Them is *hard!*

And just to make the point doubly clear the outfit's next official album, out on Virgin the middle of this month, is titled "Harder Than The Rest" — not to be confused with "Africa Stands Alone", the bootleg of rough mixed tapes said to have been spirited away from the same Mrs Pottinger-produced sessions.

ANYWAY, HEAVY and hard though these rankers may be, they come nowhere near to being cossetted in the larks-tongue-and-aspic luxury to which white rock bands are accustomed.

Could you possibly envisage Led Zeppelin or Jethro Tull shacking up three to a room. Four to a room, in fact — if you count the cot that's been set up in a corner for drummer Horsemouth.

Maybe the American promoters think Culture will find it cosy and reminiscent of home — which, considering crowded Jamaican housing conditions, is probably correct. And there is a nice view of the sea if you peer hard to the left out of the corner of the window.

The only parallel between Culture on the road and white rock bands is in the amount of spliffs being rolled: except here there's not a Rizla in sight and the rolling is being done with strips off of brown paper bags.

And it really is just a little herb for their meditations. Who was that dumb American journalist who wanted to know if reggae musicians smoked so much dope so they'd be wired up before they went onstage, and did they do a lot of coke, too? Oh dear me. What a lot that says about the States.

Anyway, so here we are in room 647.

In an astounding display of almost non-Jamaican time keeping, the trio, scheduled to tread the boards in about half an hour's time, are *already* decked out in most natty black three-piece suits and shirts. Of course, the reality is that they won't be actually performing for another three hours but maybe that's another matter.

Kenneth, who doesn't have too much of a reputation for making his presence felt in interviews, is stretched out on the furthest bed eating a star apple — something like a cross between a Cox's orange pippin and a peach.

The far more vibrant, vocally active Ralph, who spreads his benefic aura over all those whom he encounters, is putting together a spliff.

Joseph meanwhile, stares down at the bedspread. As he fills in background details on the group his voice crescendoes, dips, falls and rises with a strength that recalls Hollywood interpretations of Biblical prophets. Or, more appositely perhaps, tub-thumping Baptist preachers.

It is only when he glances up to take the joint from Ralph that one notices him to be totally cross-eyed. A less sensitive fellow than myself might describe it as a supreme stage gimmick, for Joseph's eyes are as integral an aspect of the band's stage set as Mick Jagger's lips are to The Stones.

Culture is the first group to which any of the three have actually belonged.

Some five or six years back — maybe more, maybe less — Joseph Constantine Hill cut a 45, "Behold" (predictably just re-released as a Disco 45), for Coxsone Dodd's Studio One label.

Engineered by Maurice Goodall, it featured former Heptone's lead vocalist Leroy Sibbles on bass, Anthony Morgan on drums and Jack Ruby.

Talking about it, Joseph half-smiles and shrugs philosophically: "I am sorry to say I was financially disadvantaged." Both The Wailers and Burning Spear, incidentally, are said to have suffered from no-contract deals of Dodd.

Between then and 1976 when he finally came together in Culture with the two guys with whom he'd grown up in the Stonyhill area of Kingston 9, 29-year-old Joseph — who offstage plays drums and guitar — worked as a signpainter for the Kingston Public Works during the day and sang with an unrecorded group called The Stepping Stones during the night.

For both Ralph and Kenneth, however, Culture is their first group. Ralph, the youngest at 25, was an electrician and 27-year-old Kenneth had also been in the building trade.

UP TO THE first time they went into the studio together, the three singers (all of whom, interestingly, are air signs: Joseph an Aquarius, Ralph a Libra, and Kenneth a Gemini) had been using the working name of African Disciples.

However, as Joseph points out: "I'll tell you a plain thing true. It is that the cultural experience . . ."

In perfect intuitive vocal harmony counterpoint Ralph somehow takes over the next four words of the sentence: ". . . that we have inside . . ."

Jospeph: ". . . causes us to make a certain feel of music for which we had thought that the name African Disciples was best.

"But on that particular day when we went to make our first recording the other artists heard the sound that was leaving our mouths and the type of lyrics that we were putting together and they asked, 'What is the name of this group?' "

Joseph told them.

"But, they said," he continues, a wistful grin opening up the lines, " 'Brother, I'm going to tell you something better. Have faith and it will turn out to be the best. Better call this group *Culture*.' And everyone there say *'I-ree'*

"Yeah." He leans closer to me and the grin broadens into what seems close to a near-blessed smile. "A top ranking name, mon. *A REE-MARK-ABLE* name. Not true?"

"Quite remarkable," I nod.

"And physically I and I must live up to that name. Because my religion and my only concept is that I will say hearby every knee shall bow unto the tongue of confession that is Jah Rastafari. So that *must* be the name.

"To be," he continues, "a rastaman is to be a reincarnation of the entire world. Seen? The years and the days and the hours and the moments and the calculation of the appearance of the idea from the day I was."

"Aye-ree," agrees Ralph softly. "Any man 'oo 'ave a good name 'as been *given* a good name. And any man 'oo 'as been given a bad name 'as been given it for 'is works! We 'ave only one way to deal with them: Just know 'oo is yourself. Just pray to the Father and keep on doing the work. That will survive it."

The work that Culture will keep on doing — the music which Joseph

writes and that Ralph arranges — includes mixing and finishing "Harder Than The Rest" which, unsurprisingly considering the colossal Jamaican artist / producer mistrust, is being produced not by Joe Gibbs and his engineer Errol Thompson but by the group's manager since January, Mrs. Sonya Pottinger.

"Put some lickle more dub on it," smiles Ralph. "And some more percussion. Gonna be plenty nicer than the first one. Already working on the next one after. Want to release lots of records and *are* doing so."

In fact, since signing with their manager's High Note label the rate at which Culture have put out 45's has been prodigious.

"We work *super*-quick," Joseph smiles. "Is no need for a brother to sit down and t'ink. "Ow is it Culture get through songs so fast?' It is because we've our t'ing" — he clicks his fingers — *"so-o-o-o STRONG.* Everybody's spirit is well-equipped."

Considering the current lowly state of grace in which The Rolling Stones seem to be held by white rock critics it comes as a surprise to hear Joseph Hill singing the group's praises.

Although he lists Aretha Franklin, James Brown, Wilson Pickett, Joe Simon and Barry White (Barry White has a whole lot of arranging experiences, and I dig his baritone voice") as prime influences it is relevant in terms of their highly visual stage act that Culture are the only reggae artists I've spoken to who really rate rock.

"I *lo-o-o-o-o-ove* the rock bands when they are saying something," utters Joseph, as Ralph nods, "True." "And The Rolling Stones are my favourites for some reason."

Culture's stage act, says Joseph, "is just part of an in-born concert. Whenever" — a blissed-out cosmic grin — "I start to work with a brother, I just can't keep still." He shudders into an onstage spasm.

"This is true," agrees the soft-spoken Ralph.

"I *love* to work on the stage," continues Joseph. "I *love* to play for the people who make me what I am . . . I help to build myself but other people are the *main* builders."

And *yeah,* that love just *does* come across onstage as it shifts about the gears of the Culture vibe until you're feeling as warm and cosy and totally at ease with your existence as the first time you fell in love with just one human being, let alone the whole of the species that Joseph's enamoured of.

Mind you, much as they're loved, the audience still only get a set of equivalent in length to that handed out to package tour ticket holders in America and Europe in the sixties.

Onstage for not so much more than 25 minutes, 30 at an outside maximum, Culture deal out the "Two Sevens Clash" track itself plus both the Joe Gibbs 12-inchers, "Zion Gate" and "Baldhead Bridge," as well as three of the Pottinger-produced cuts, "Stop The Fighting," "Peace Truce" and "Natty Never Get Weary" plus maybe five or six more songs from both the "Two Sevens" album and the new LP.

BANG-BANG-BANG — hardly a single second's pause between numbers, with the trio hitting you between the eyes with their varied songs with the sussed sync of an ace DJ adept in the usage of twin turntables . . .

The total antithesis of all those kitschly choreographed Detroit and Philly-based vocal harmony outfits that originally supplied inspiration for so many Jamaican groups, each member of Culture dances in a thousand directions at once.

Though there's not a single sign of any of the footsteps' being rehearsed, the superficicially anarchic movements of each individual come together and visually harmonise with a natural spontaneity.

And just wait until you see Joseph's eyes caught in the heady glare of the spotlights . . . Wilder than Babylon??? *Not true???*

CULTURE shine on. L to R: leader Joseph Hill, Ralph Walker, Kenneth Days.

"NEUTRON BOMB? Better they put that back in their bloodclaat pocket" — PETER TOSH

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

At Burning Spear's yard: Spear on right, Spear's co-writer Philip Fullwood on left.

A COUPLE of days later I run into Culture again by the pool of the Kingston Sheraton, where Mrs. Pottinger is finalising financial details with the Virgin accountant.

"The truth of any business is unity," sighs Joseph, leaning back on his metal and plastic chair and removing his aviator shades. "If the Culture group don't yet have much money they at least have unity. If we doesn't have money we have at least got love.

"And as to myself . . . I have a dream that just one day out of seven I shall be recognised as one of the *greatest* reggae songwriters. And for that purpose I am trying and working hard.

"And Culture's sound," he continues, "is the sound of truth and rights and revolution. The people will appreciate it all over the world!"

Not true???

GOING ON the basis of the second Rainbow show he performed in London last October, one might reasonably expect Burning Spear (aka Winston Rodney), topping the bill over Culture on the first night, to be somewehere between superb and magnificent.

He is. With soul brother musicians Philip Fullwood (congas) and Bobby Ellis (trumpet) — as on the British tour — and most of Soul Syndicate providing the rest of the backing, the sounds from Burning Spear are as blissfully exhilirating and beautifully elevating as ever.

Playing a similar set to that on "Burning Spear Live" Winston proves yet again that his is some of the most magnificent music being created anywhere in the world.

We talk a little before the show, but as most of the conversation consists of stoned telepathy there isn't much to transcribe. Just dig Winston, though. Go out and buy all his records if you've never heard them: you owe it to yourself to give headspace to a man who is one of the least known Greats in contemporary music. And just wait and see what you'll get out of it, too.

WELL, AS it turned out, The Heptones were not destined to tread those Trelawny boards that night.

However, the man Naga had spoken of as being "a respected man of the country *and* dreadlock", Peter Tosh, most certainly *was.*

Backed by, among others, the rhythm team of bassist Robbie Shakespeare and drummer Sly Dunbar, with Touter on keyboards, plus A.N. Other keyboardsman and a guitarist Al Anderson, Peter Tosh provided a musical experience that — *Oh heresey!!!* — far outweighs that which I gained from the somewhat histrionic onstage activities Bob Marley offered at the Rainbow gig I saw on his last tour.

Playing material from his two Virgin albums, "Legalize It" and last year's masterly "Equal Rights", Tosh provides a musical presence akin to the quintessential definition of every one of those Jamaican ultimate accolades — 'im *co-o-o-o-o-ol,* 'im *'eav-eeeeeee,* 'im *'ard!!!.*

Of course I'd never seen him onstage before, but the perfect control Peter Tosh exercises over the near-magical music he and his band are creating suggests a man, as Joseph Hill spoke of himself, also at the final point of his religious experience — at a moment in his life when all the forces he has for so long been attempting to muster within him have finally come together.

I'm sorry but I didn't take the kind of notes that would permit a conventional review. Just believe me that Tosh reviewed himself when he performed "I Am That I Am", the third track of side one of "Equal Rights", and, with religious conviction, hit the second verse:

Don't underestimate my abilities/Don't defamate my character/Don't belittle my authority/It's time you recognized my quality/I am that I am I am I am.

Prior to the gig, and after witnessing an almost equally inspirational soundcheck, Tosh and I had talked in his hotel room next to that of The Heptones.

He proves to be a solid blend of controlled warm passion and a dignity that in a lesser man might slide into unseemly arrogance.

(I was interested to learn that he's a karate expert. Perhaps the inner strength he evinces comes as much from that as from his Rastafarian beliefs.)

Tosh is certainly the coolest person I saw on the island. In a pink press-stud shirt, with the sleeves torn off at the elbows, khaki pants and a khaki baret, he manages to make amiable guys like Phil Lynott look like John Denver.

On the evidence of both his gig *and* his presence one is inclined to feel that his support gig on the Stones US tour actually does come off in a couple of months' time there would be more honesty if the billing were reversed.

As you'd expect from the man who recorded "Legalize It", and who will later declare himself to be Jamaica's "Minister Of Herb", Tosh smoked giant spliffs of finest Cally Weed, rolled for him by one of his brethren sitting on the floor with another friend over in a corner of the room.

We start in a relaxed manner, speaking about the tour of the Caribbean islands which Tosh, playing with a virtually identical band to that which he had at Trelawny, at the beginning of the year.

On it, he sighs incredulously, he "went back to the 17th century".

Is this someone who in some herb-induced halo has mastered the petty limitations of time itself? Disappointingly it's not the case.

"It is so incredible to explain," murmurs the soft-spoken voice that is capable of rising to thundering crescendoes of passion," . . . Yeah, mon. You know, I used to watch *Time Tunnel* on the TV and would think it was just fantasy.

"But it became so real to me because when I trod out into the rest of the West Indies it was like treading back into the 16th and 17th centuries. That's how backward The System" — the soft tones transmute into a sneer, ". . . the *Schism* . . . is in those places. Seen?

"When I went into those places, man, the amount of humiliation and hassles that you have to go through," he sighs, toking deeply, ". . . especially when you are militant and black and stand fundamental for your constitutional rights . . . Well, they *don't* like *that:* no-one must come and tell black people they must get up and wake up their slumbering mentality."

Leaning back on his bed on his right elbow, Peter Mackintosh aka Peter Touch who, with Bunny Wailer, quit The Wailers to follow his own more militant musical course, tells how his tour took in Guadalope and Martinique plus other West Indian islands and how is Trinidad "I went to jail. For herb."

"Some *po-leees,*" his lips curl derisively again, "arrange up some t'ing because they say according to my philosophy I am the Minister Of Herb in Jamaica." Grunt of "Not true" come from the corner of the room. "And they *don't* like that. So they say they goin' to interrogate me."

Tosh relates how, while on that island, he met the vice-president of the Trinidad radio station "A blind, old Indian of 65 or 70.

"He told me that the Indians in Trinidad have legal rights that permit them to raise herb — which *they* call *marijuana* — for their religical purposes.

"Yet," his voice-box has its volume raised up a couple of notches, "that *bum cla'at* government t'ing is so out of existence it does *not* give the same rights to *black* men. It is *PURE BULLSHIT.*

"What they teach: 'black man must die and go to heaven.' They are just there to talk to him, to give a command, to work up in the hotels where it is oh-so-green-and-nice.

"But *I* say is *all* blood cla'at. Them guys say *we* must go to a heaven. To all that cow jump over the moon and dish run away with the spoon fuckin' *shit.*

"But I and I," he gestures to his brethren, "come to *break down* those barriers of inferiority and fantasy to build up something constructive out of reality.

"And," Tosh's voice takes on a tone of aggressive frustration, "if there is anything wrong with that then tell *me.* For anyone who opposes that in this time *shall surely feed the worms."*

I TELL TOSH that since I've been on the island some people have talked to me of the need for heavy, armed revolution while others whom I believe to be more accurate, speak of a revolution of the spirit that is underway this very moment in Jamaica.

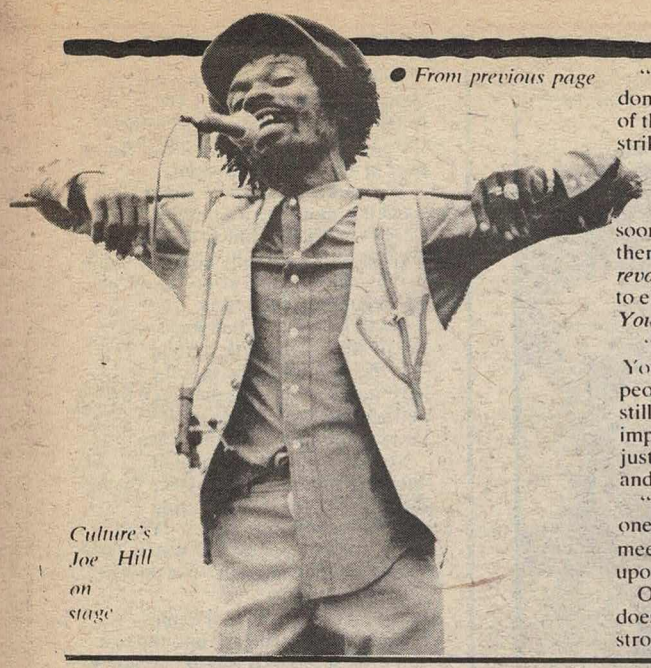
He himself, however, appears almost conveniently ambivalent about where he stands. Perhaps he could clarify his position.

The Minister Of Herb is an excellent polictical orator:

"Yes. There have to be a revolution. Because a revolution means a change. Seen? A change from up to down or from down to up. So there *must* be a revolution irrespective of *how* they want to look at it. The revolution can be a *small* revolution, if the downpressors will use their discretion.

"And if they've got any heart left then they must use it up. For it has reached a stage where people just give up. People just don't care no more.

● *Continued over page*



Culture's Joe Hill on stage

● *From previous page*

"People go to work and say they don't get enough pay and they're tired of things and so they strike. There are strikes all over the island. Jamaica will soon be crippled with strikes. And all them things is . . . *the change of the revolution*. People's minds are starting to elevate, you see, *because of The Youth of today*.

"Because if it wasn't for The Youth,
people would still be struggling and still be owned by their chains of imperialism and colonialism. And not just bound physically by their hands and feet but bound by their minds.

"So it's just time now for the older ones, the older heads, to prepare to meet the youth of today and to call upon the Youth for they are *strong!*"

One wonders, though, if Tosh truly does feel that all the Youth are strong. In the grossly self-indulgent United States, for example, after "Equal Rights" "only" sold 100,000 — which, of course, means nothing in the light of the absurd sales capable of being notched up the likes of Barbra Streisand or Boz Scaggs — CBS dropped Tosh.

Perhaps the US Youth should (a) have bought more copies of Tosh's work, and (b) have the suss to see that all they're buying instead is aural packaging.

Despite other Jamaican artists speaking disparagingly of the hopelessly isolationist and condescending manner in which American Youth refer to reggae artists as "musicians from the Island", as cute curios, Tosh refuses to condemn them:

"It just a system which leads them into that society, man.

"And I am here to break down those barriers. They can be broken down easily if you do it the right way — *intellectually*."

Tosh's usage of the word "intellectually" is interesting set in the current Jamaican context. The PNP Youth Party, for example, is passionately anti-intellectual. One of its current campaigns, for example, is that all "intellectual" teachers should be removed from schools.

After a dignified toke on his spliff Tosh clarifies his usage of the word, however: "You don't have to use no force because the force is in the music and right now that is the only force that I am going to use. Right now I just call upon singers and players of instruments with all my strength.

"And I am going to pick up my instrument and break down all the barriers because," his voice takes on a near-mournful note of despair, "once upon a time I used to hear pure Elvis Presley and pure little white brother about the place singing these songs of the black man Patti Page," his lips curl "and all those people. And black children growing up with white dolls. *These* are the things black men grow up in fear of — of all that spinning their hair and straightening it out *bullshit*.

"*These* are the things that make the black man rise up in revolt and condemn those things to the *foundations* of the earth."

Peter Tosh, who by now is sitting up on his bed cross-legged, pauses for a moment for his meditations. Then: "THIS WORLD IS BUILT OF DECEIT AND LIES. *And youths are realising that: IT'S PURE LIES!!*

"They say 'The wicked shall inherit the earth'. But I say to the lickle ones here that this is not so.

"I just say that when the earth change, man, it won't be so nice. And he who don't like it . . . well, I might as well tell you they is going to *die* on the earth. So just love it, for where there is corruption there must be an eruption and where there is puss it must burst, seen?

"*SO THE SYSTEM IS GETTING READY EVERYDAY TO ERUPT LIKE A VOLCANO THAT'S BEEN BOILING UP FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS!*"

"A serious thing," agrees a voice from the corner.

"Well," I reiterate, "whether it's happening violently or philosophically it is certainly happening on this island right now."

"True," Tosh nods. "It just happen so fast and so diplomatically that all the policemen just find themselves doing things like smoking herb on the street without realising it. Herb will become like cigarettes. Cigarette factories will be locked up and cigarette shops will sell herb instead."

"Must 'appen," says the voice in the corner.

As further proof, if any is really needed, of the benefic quality of herb Tosh describes how in Jamaica asthmatics are given cigarettes to smoke "which" he laughs are just 100 per cent herb. "And he cites how tincture of cannabis is being used to cure glaucoma.

"You must check all Jamaica now," he continues. "For Columbus and his brother and sister are still here, coming and ripping off the black people.

"Yet" he turns to his brethren in the corner, "so many black men are so famous yet it is only in Jamaica that they make records for themselves. A serious thing, you know: black man *everywhere* underestimate his own abilities and fears to stand up for his rights."

I tell Tosh that despite the continuing oppression that is evident in such outrages as the murder of Stephen Biko by white South Africans, it is still heart-warming that finally the black South Africans appear to have decided that the iniquitous injustice of their rulers (sic) must no longer be tolerated.

However, I also tell him that I'm baffled as to why it seems to have taken them so long to wise up.

Tosh agrees: "I never understood why it has taken so long for what *seems* to be happening in South Africa to take place.

"What happen in South Africa" — he shakes his head with true sadness — "burden me so much that every shot fired there hits me. Why I sing 'Fight against apartheid' is because what *is* going on in South Africa — same as what *is* going on in America — is what *was* going on in Jamaica.

"I was looking at . . . What them call it? . . . a television documentary about South Africa. I see some youths of five or six coming from school. Then I see some white police drive up and the youths shout out *'Black Po-o-o-o-wer'* And then, the lips of Peter Tosh purse together,

"*Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-tat*. . . . Yeah, mon. And the five of them are spread out by a machine-gun."

His voice becomes even sadder: "Then *blood cla'at* t'ing there . . . Every single shot they fire come like meat for Truth to feed upon.

"And," he continues, "If that is *right* then the blood cla'ats may cut out my two eyes first and I will still come and try to wipe it off the earth.

"And when I come to wipe if off it is not with some blood cla-at gun and bayonet but it is with," his voice suddenly amplifies, "*WORD, SOUND AND POWER*.

"So anyone," by now Tosh is almost shouting," who thinks he can make a machine-gun and come and fight us . . . well, let his heart cease to function in the first minute that him think it.

"Yeah, man," his speech regains its former moderate tones, "for so it just so go. For Jah say that in this time I shall not come like no lamb to no slaughter, like no sheep to no shearers, that it can be said they crucified him. In this time some thunder will clap and some lighting will flash on those that do not dance to the rhythm of truth.

"All them that make laws to constitutionally infringe my rights will have to have them laws broken down or go down with the laws of Babylon. Because not even the dog that pisses against the wall of Babylon, not even the flea, shall escape.

"*But* . . . I and I do *not* come in this time to fire no gun. FOR THAT IS WHAT THE WHITE MAN WANTS! Im 'ave a new *bum-cla'at* gun. 'Im 'ave a thing called he laughs contemptuously at such a symbol of baldhead hopelessness — "*Neutron bomb*.

"*NEUTRON BOMB!!!!* Better that they put that in their blood cla'at pocket and keep it there."

Peter Tosh shakes his head almost mournfully, tokes several more times on his spliff, and stubs it out in an ashtray.

He picks up an acoustic guitar and begins playing a Spanish — perhaps Cuban might be more accurate — flamenco that, after a minute or two, transmogrifies into Marvin Gaye's "Abraham, Martin And John."

AS I'M ENTERING the hotel's concert hall that evening Tosh comes in just behind me. With police, who after Culture's set had searched the group for herb in the very same spot, standing in their dozens all around the entrance lobby he still makes no attempt whatsoever to hide the spliff that is thrust Clint Eastwood-like into the right corner of his mouth. Nor does he try to conceal a further three unlit spliffs he holds between the fingers of his left hand or the pipe he nestles in the palm of his right hand.

He doesn't even give a single glance to any of the cops who, in fact, are almost noticably backing off from him.

After all, Peter Tosh, *is* the Jamaican Minister Of Herb.

-Mackell-

Mackell is probably the most credible singer/songwriter to come out of L.A. since America lost it's musical confidence.

Joanne Mackell's new single
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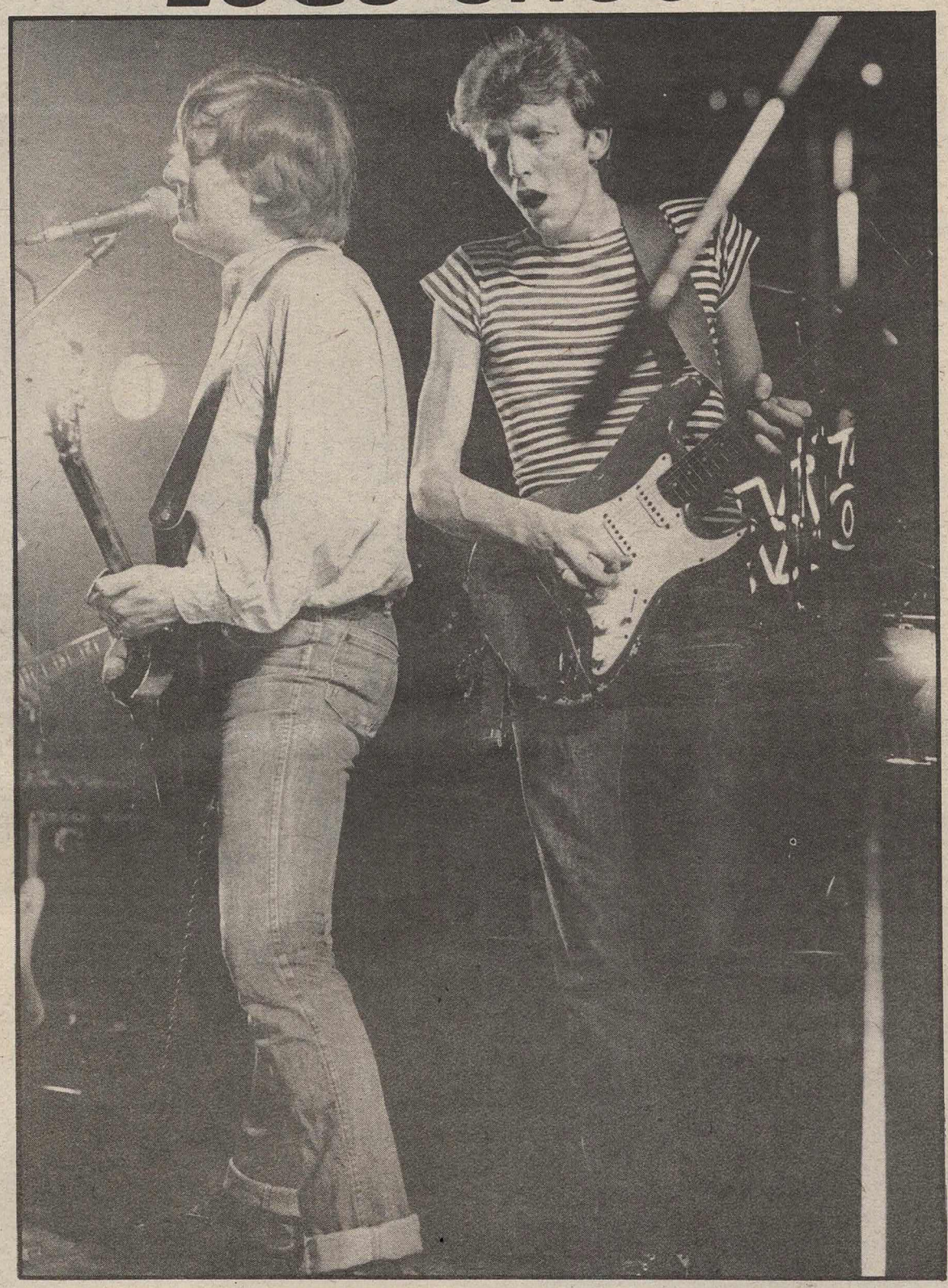
By TONY STEWART

DARING MOTORS INVITE BLOW ROUND LUGS SHOCK



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

When you emerge in neo-punk hard-rock guise then turn into a pop group on your second album, well, you just know some people are going to be offended. However, the music does seem to be quite likeable, so let's give the guys a chance — hear their alibi, as it were.

OLD MEN seldom become pop idols, but it seems The Motors are about to do it.

Their second album, "Approved By The Motors", is steadily surfacing to the chart's Top 30 waterline; "Airport", the new single from the set, is getting the kind of radio exposure that almost guarantees a hit; and their first headlining UK tour has been reasonably successful.

Yet, with an average age of 29, The Motors are comparitively elderly to be making it in this game.

Perhaps the real irony is that the *oldest* member of the band, 36-year-old Andy McMaster, wrote "Airport" and the bulk of the material on "Approved".

Normally you'd expect a gentleman of his *maturity* to be entering the twilight of his career rather than the dawn.

You can't help but admire the way in which he and his three cronies have turned on its head the frequently quoted punk aphorism: anybody in their late 20s (never mind 30s!) is past it.

This time last year The Motors cleverly managed to create the illusion that they subscribed to punk philosophies. But the only real comparison was in musical approach — and this lot were only part of that section the new wave that wanted to rejuvenate the pace and excitement of rock.

Considering the atmosphere of mindless bigotry that existed then towards the old guard, it's understandable they should object to parallels being drawn between them and Status Quo. But it's justifiable to say that the square-shouldered boogie of "The Motors 1" raged into territory Quo had been exploring for close on eight years.

Really, though, The Motors don't slide comfortably into any particular category, and it seems to be their intention to confound any person who'd like to suggest they do.

Even now, when they've only been together for just over a year, they're daringly inviting fate to cuff then a stunning blow round the lugs.

Certainly *any* group who established a formidable reputation as a hard rock quartet on their debut album, and then abruptly become a pop combo on their second, are begging for trouble.

This is exactly what they've done; and already it's caused animosity — with a few hysterical reviewers feverishly accusing them of, if you'll pardon the expression, *selling out!"*

Conversely, McMaster explains that from their point of view the change was to ensure artistic respect, and he's genuinely perplexed when their motives are questioned.

"I think it's a necessary about-face," he justifies. "We'd got to the stage where The Motors monster was dictating what we should write.

"We decided to kill it off because people expected this big thing. They'd label us with Quo and all this rubbish. Obviously it pissed us off. We just want to write songs, but people want to have something to latch on to.

"I know the first album's a lot more rockier than the second," he concedes. "But we did that at the time to get a direction people could relate to.

"If we'd put this set out first, they'd probably have laughed at us."

GOING TO see a group play the West Runton Pavilion in Cromer was a ludicrous proposition anyway.

The venue is a modern, characterless concrete annex incongruously tacked on to the back of a Tudor pub in this small Norfolk costal village. Surrounded by a huge gravel car park and overlooked by a large derelict house, it's a remote outpost that few major tours visit.

Inside the Pavilion the atmosphere is as bleak.

When the top-billers get on stage they face a half-empty hall of fans who seem at first indifferent, even though it was the purpose of Marseille and The Jolt to steam 'em up.

It's little wonder The Motors remain competent, but uninspired, performing a set that, once taken away by the popular, "Bring In The Morning Light", concentrates on the poppy material of "Approved".

But it's when they eventually open up the throttle with "You Beat The Hell Outta Me" that their manager, Richard Ogden, turns to me and solemnly explains, "This is the bit where we give the punters what they came for."

You immediately wonder what they were up to the rest of the time.

Still, another three songs at the same hectic pace clinches a return for two encores. And the way in which they play the set, blowing cold and then predictably hot, and finally dragging out "Johnny B. Goode", proves they have a collective tradition that predates new wave by a good decade.

McMaster goes back to the mid-60s, when in his home town of Glasgow he played keyboards in a band featuring Frankie Miller. And for a short time, would you believe, they called themselves The Motors.

He met up with Nick Garvey, who at the time was on bass and not guitar in the pubrock group Ducks Deluxe. Splitting from that doomed outfit, they formed a writing partnership, and with the rent paid by the Stranglers' manager, Dai Davies, they spent three months in a Welsh cottage composing.

It was an abortive venture, and they quickly abandoned the idea and each other's company.

Two years ago they came together again, when Garvey moved back to London and formed pub-boogie band The Snakes. At the time he was living in a Stockwell squat.

"He phoned me up," recalls McMaster, "and said there was a place going acros the road.

"So I went up there. And you'd never seen anything like this place in your life. I came through the shit in Glasgow but this place beat 'em all.

"There were rats everywhere. You'd come down in the morning and they'd have gnawed big holes in your mattress.

"They were coming from under the fridge, so I plastered up the holes, got a couple of cats in, and lived," he beams, "happily ever after."

So much so that McMaster signed a publishing deal with Island Music, and Garvey toyed with the idea of becoming a solo artist. In a way it was inevitable they should scrap these plans and again combine their talents by forming The Motors.

The original guitarist, Rob Hendry, was replaced by Bram Tchaikovsky in the first few months, and drummer Rick Slaughter completes the crew.

From the beginning their approach was decidedly simple, and it partly explains whey they now feel confident enough to radically change direction. "Our idea was to record exactly what we could do on stage," McMaster explains. "And we did that with the first album.

"I think we knew our potential then, but we were deliberately limiting ourselves.

"We thought we could maybe make an impression; that's really all we were doing. We were just trying to impress so we could get a record deal and get some money to get started.

"Everybody's got to start that way, and bend a little bit towards the industry. When," he adds, "you get some recognition the music speaks for itself.

"And at first we just put down the strongest songs we thought would make an impact.

"The idea is to sell records. I don't really care if Tony Blackburn plays them, or Jimmy Young or Pete Murray. I want to get the biggest audience possible.

"And if we get good sales on 'Approved', we'll be in a position where we can sit back for a little bit and write exactly what we like."

CLEARLY McMASTER never loses sight of the realities of the music business. While Slaughter, who's wearing a false plastic nose, watches TV, Andy quietly sits talking, taking an occasional sip from a glass of sherry. But in a way his self-possession belies the fact that he and the rest of the group are as excited as anybody who's on the verge of a major breakthrough.

A major breakthrough. . .yet it transpires that the style of "Approved" is actually, something of a happy accident. Similarly it's chance that The Motors should ever have recorded "Airport".

At first you can't help but be suspicious of them unexpectedly adopting such a totally different approach. These misgivings also exist because The Motors seem to have conveniently timed their change to fit in with the general atmosphere of the music business.

Whereas a year ago a lot of new bands who wanted to be taken seriously had to project a reckless rawness, now attitudes have become more moderate. And good pop hits are no longer treated with contempt.

All that proves to be misguided conjecture as McMaster reveals that "Airport" and at least four other songs were written even before the *first* album was recorded. In fact they were the songs that convinced Island to sign him up.

Andy explains: "We were a rock 'n' roll band, and we didn't see 'Airport', and things like that, as part of the set up at the time. That's all.

"But I suppose that sounds deliberate too.

"That the terrible part," he continues, "when you haven't made any impression and you're still struggling. You're always trying out something which isn't you. . .until you just realise that you've got to be yourself really, and hope that people will buy it."

It was only the pressures of touring and having little time to write songs, that brought The Motors to this conclusion.

"We had to get the second album finished," McMaster says, "so that we could get money again to exist."

But at that time they'd gone into the studio with only three completed songs ("Mamma Rock 'n' Roller", "Sensation" and "Breathless") and unformed ideas for about another ten.

Out of necessity they dusted down old material.

"As I say, we just couldn't write in what was supposed to be The Motors style," McMaster explains. "So we just had to use the best songs we'd got.

"And as soon as we made the decision to do all the old songs, everybody was relieved. Because when we started The Motors the idea was to change anyway. Nick and I knew what songs we had, and we wanted to get back to them again.

"There are so many emotions inside every individual that you do yourself a favour by exploring them all; getting them all out. And that's what happened with The Motors: we did ourselves a favour by not trying to do the same thing again."

"Approved By The Motors" is in fact a minor-classic in pop music; an album that's much more of a testament to their abilities than "The Motors 1".

Musically it's such an adventurous LP that they've now decided to augment with keyboards and possibly additional vocalists so they can play the songs on stage. This'll have been done by the summer, as they're anxious to get the material over to audiences because there are at least another six potential hit singles on the set.

But most important of all is the atmosphere of the record, which was co-produced by Garvey, McMaster and their engineer, Peter Ker. In this respect it bears comparison to the excellent first albums by 10cc and Sparks.

Despite Andy's doubts, few people would have sniggered if "Approved" had been The Motors' debut.

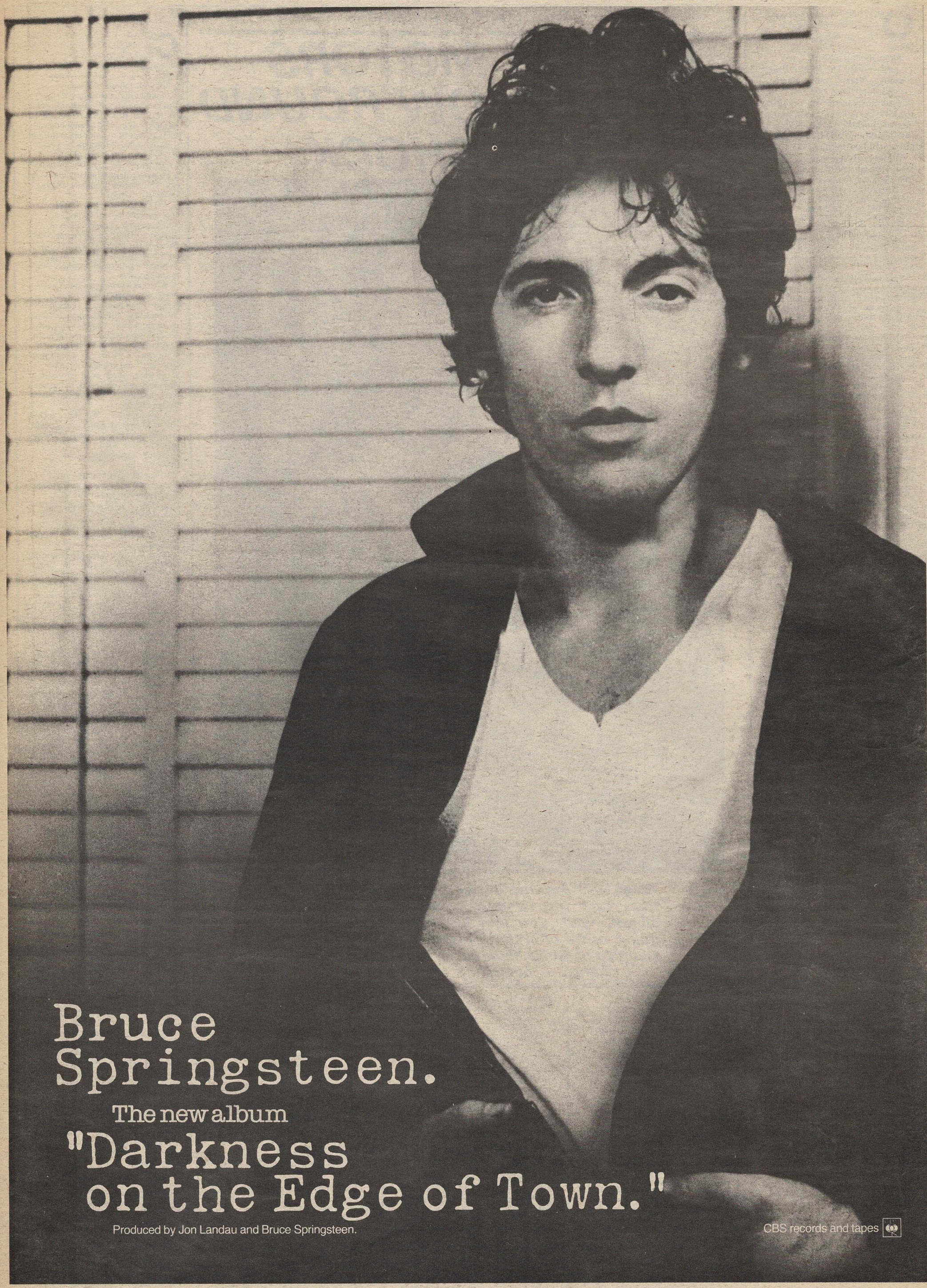
However McMaster's sense of realism is obviously as strong as his ambition, and if things *don't* work out commercially, they'll try something else.

"Even if this album fails, I won't regret it," he says. "It's been more of a tonic than the first one.

"But the idea is to sell the records; never forget that.

"I think we can sell them by exploiting every side of our abilities. But if we can't we'll narrow it down until we do get success.

"So," he concludes, "there's one eye on doing what you want to do, and another eye on trying to sell it."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SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
THROBBING GRISTLE: "United" (Industrial Records). Absurdly enough, Genesis P-Orridge and his crew are now extremely fashionable after many years of being dismissed as upstarts on the lunatic fringe of the Arts Council empire.

Only the other week, Throbbing Gristle got a name check from David Thomas of Pere Ubu as a band he admires. And in all probability, he's never seen them. If the Gristle set-up and played in the hallway of his tenement, chances are he wouldn't recognise them. It just goes to show what a cunning chap Genesis is. Brilliant at creating a mystique, and serving up the substance to support it. If you'd expect this debut single to be more white noise of the sort usually propagated by human metronomes from Germany, then you're in for a surprise.

"United" turns out to be a simpleminded dance tune, with a hook that's impossible to fight off. Given the right airplay, it could even be a hit. Needless to say, there's no loss of integrity involved in this commercial ploy. But then the P-Orridge idea of integrity is likely to be somewhat different from that of his new-found admirers. Genesis has always been a bit of a prankster. Six or seven years ago, he led a band in Hull which was called Coum, and whose logo was a spurting penis. From then on, it was inevitable that he'd be a star.

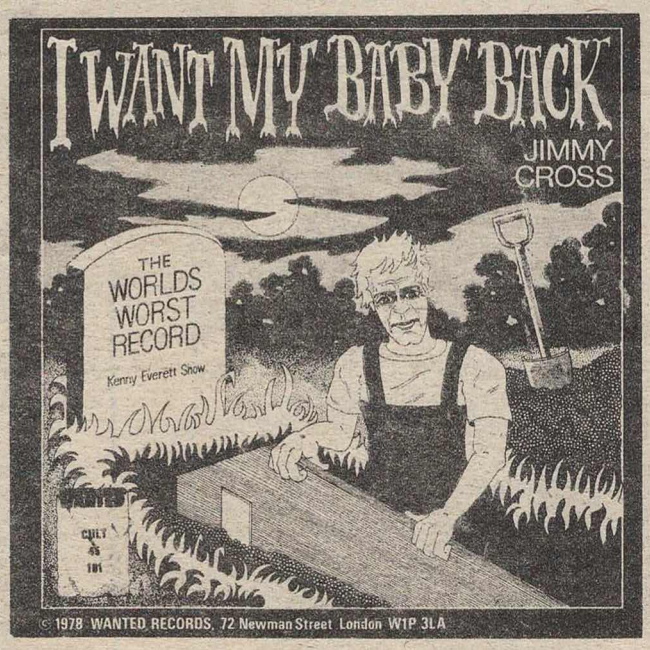
JIMMY CROSS: "I Want My Baby Back" (Wanted Records). Alleged by the *Kenny Everett Show* to be the World's Worst Record, this is actually a remarkably crafted example of black humour. A totally gross parody of a death record. Not only is the fatal crash heard in all its brake-screeching, bone-crunching horror, but you also get a sequence where Mr Cross digs up his baby's coffin and sings the final chorus from within. The coffin, that is. Presumably. Make it number one, and offend even the most liberal person you know. (Yourself).

BLACK SABBATH: "Never Say Die" (Vertigo). When you consider how gross Black Sabbath are supposed to be (and indeed are), it's remarkable how much Ozzy's voice sounds like Roy Wood. That's Roy Wood without a tune or two dozen saxophones. In fact, it would be entirely easy to mistake this as a pop song dressed up with heavy metal cliches in order to sell it to more discerning, ageing teenyboppers. But then that's Black Sabbath for you. A beginners guide to beginners.

BOB SEGER: "Still the Same" (Capitol). Close, but no Seger. Essentially a schmaltzy ballad, lent dignity by Bob's gritty vocals and a fine, taut rhythm section. This kind of thing may well delight American MOR rock audiences, but it hardly lives up to the rock-legend-in his-lifetime image that's being heavily peddled. Still, this is pretty much the sort of musical route that Rod Stewart's taken in pursuit of his millions, so why should Seger go big on self-denial?

AC/DC: "Rock 'n' Roll Damnation" (Atlantic). Damnation is far too epic a fate for this offering. There's nothing about this single that's liable to arouse strong emotions of any sort. AC/DC sound like they took a Linguaphone course in hard rock vocabulary, and they're ace at aping their mentors, without saying anything individual. There's no denying that they try to put out a lot of energy, but the fuses in their amps are probably too bored to blow.

JOHNNY THUNDERS: "Dead Or Alive" (Real). You can hardly claim that Johnny thunders. This sounds more like a thin drizzle. Thunders is clearly a punk in the original sense of the word. Thin, whining voice that protests too much about traumas more imagined than real. If Woody Allen took up New Wave vocalising, he'd sound a little like this. That's why this sort of music won't catch on here. Too American, too stereotyped, too silly. By the way, Cook and Jones were passing under the studio in a tube train at the time. What an artefact.


I WANT MY BABY BACK
JIMMY CROSS
THE WORLDS WORST RECORD
Kenny Everett Show
© 1978 WANTED RECORDS, 72 Newman Street London W1P 3LA

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY BOB EDMANDS

THE FLYS: "Fun City" (EMI). The Flys seem to have gained in confidence and power since they put out their first home-made single a year or so ago. The style is pure Bowie, dating from his Ziggy period, but beefed up to sound like a cut from his live album. In particular, "Suffragette City". Ah well, this pastiche is so good, it's almost original. Should wing it into the charts.

THE BEARS: "On Me" (Waldo's Records). Not to be confused with the Fruit Eating variety of Bear, these Watford grizzlies had a cut on the "Farewell To The Roxy" album, though they insist this particular tune is what they are really about. What this song is really about is a riff that edges dangerously close to "Day Tripper", and never gets far enough away from it to gain much individuality. Still, there's a nice Keefish guitarist. Keefish in a rough and aggressive sort of way, though whether those are qualities that still apply to the original model is a moot point.

VICTIM: "Strange Things By Night" (Good Vibrations). It's a measure of the high quality of the bands lured into the open by punk culture, that this hard-nosed cut should seem no more than routine. A bunch of fast, nimble musicians, with a cute little tune. Could be any one of a hundred bands. In some ways, it's sad that competition is so fierce. Five years ago, these guys would have had no difficulty cleaning up. But perhaps five years ago, they'd have been too deferential to play.

'O' LEVEL: "East Sheen" (Psycho). CSE (failed) more like. Not that there's anything wrong, in this democratic society, with being dumb. It's just that these guys parade that particular quality with a good deal less humour or panache than, say, The Troggs. And while it's true that East Sheen is a lifeless London suburb, this clumsy street singalong hardly seems appropriate. If they'd come up with a posh avenue style, they'd have been in with more of a chance.

HEINZ: "Just Like Eddie" (Decca). A great neglected '60s classic, popular then among people who didn't remember Eddie of the title. (A reference, no doubt, to the great Eddie Calvert of Golden Trumpet fame). This stands a good chance of being popular now among people who don't remember Heinz. (That's Heinz Zweidry, a German punk who can't count to four).

THE BOX TOPS: "Cry Like A Baby" (Stiff). It's peculiar that Stiff have chosen to put The Box Tops' less distinguished song out as the A-side, when "The Letter" languishes on the flip. Maybe they figure that "The Letter" is such a classic, everyone owns a version recorded by someone. Joe Cocker did the best cover. But Box Tops' singer Alex Chilton showed him the way. Possibly a hit once more.

ENNIO MORRICONE: "Once Upon A Time In The West" (RCA). If you hadn't all seen Charles Bronson playing his gob-iron on the box the other week, you'd never guess that this tune was written by Ennio Morricone for a Sergio Leone western. Not a whistle, a grunt, or a gunshot to be heard. The angelic choir is so schmaltzy, it's enough to make you bring up your breakfast at Tiffany's. Morricone obviously thought Ennio cliche would do.

GEORGE BENSON: "Lady Blue" (Warner Bros). According to the consensus view, it's time that Benson stopped hedging and went back to his original jazz stance. Well, that would no doubt involve a substantial loss of income, and those people who want to hear Benson playing inventive guitar can go back to the early product that no one very much bought. As for this effort, it's the sort of languid Stevie Wonder pastiche that Benson sells in large quantities. Three a.m. music for people who rarely stay up that late.

A musical After Eight mint. I like it.

THE MOVIES: "No Class" (GTO). The Movies offer the sort of sophisticated funk that comes as no surprise from a band that used to back Joan Armatrading. The lyrics, the melody, and the musicianship probably all rate 150 on the Mensa scale, but these very qualities could be enough to turn off the populace at large. It sounds too much like *Sunday Morning Fever* — as though it was cut at a time of the week when only vigorous, aesthetic intellectuals are awake and functioning. Maybe The Movies are simply too far ahead of the market. Unsophisticated funk is this year's thing. Too much class is worse than none, in this context.

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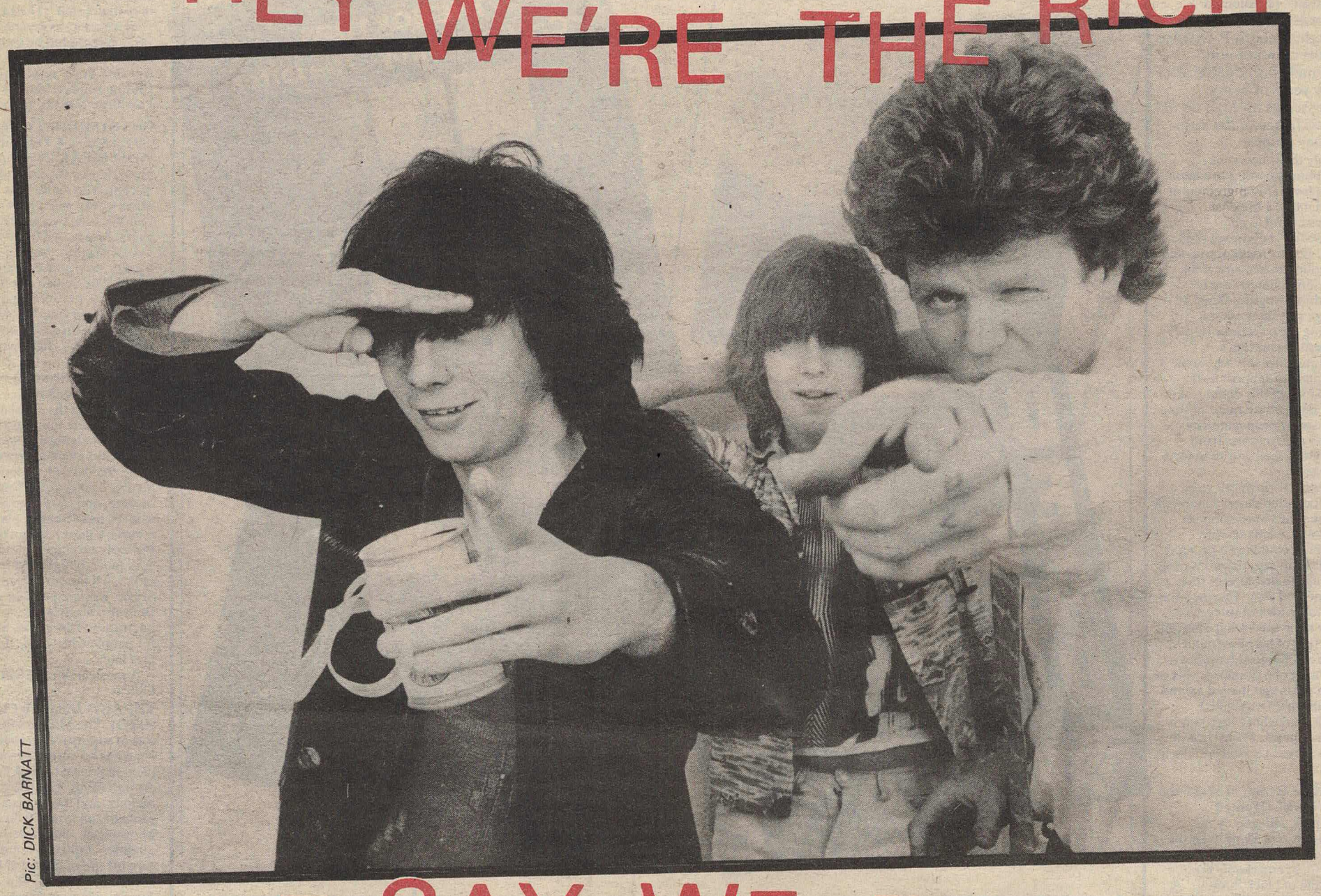
HEY HEY WE'RE THE RICH K



Pic: DICK BARNATT

PEOPLE SAY WE RICH KID AROUND

But we ain't too busy singing to put Johnny Rotten down... GLEN MATLOCK puts the record straight. By NICK KENT.

"ALL MOUTH and trousers." A neat little phrase that — as Cockney-spry as any rhyming slang Ian Dury could come up with. A rare scrap of East End wit, in fact, except that the young sprat who thought up the definition, Glen Matlock, was conceived in Paddington Hospital some 22 summers back and has about as much in common with the land of the Pearly King as the other sprat whose style he has just so succinctly defined.

After all, John Lydon/Rotten is an N.4 habituee born and bred.

It's worth kicking off this piece with a reference to Finsbury Park's favourite reprobate because the subject of this feature, Matlock, is about as placid a chap as you could ever meet.

Words like "malice" and "vengeance" just don't come into this lad's frame of reference — he's a good sort who prefers not to dwell on dirty deeds dealt at his expense of eons past. Even omni-despised Malc "The Mug" McLaren is given a near-benign thumbs-down where others who've been dealt less hefty blows by the latter's ploys would be cursing blood and thunder at the very mention of the poor bleeder's name.

John Lydon, though — well Glen obviously still feels a tad belligerent towards The Mighty Rotten, his mouth and his trousers. When the conversation swerves the latter's way, the placid Matlock tone remains intact, but there's a sting to his verbiage, a sting that will manifest itself openly in Matlock's references to Lydon/Rotten as a "bigot" . . . "the sort of hypocrite who believes it's his divine right to have one rule for himself and another rule for everybody else." Ironic it is that as noted in last week's Rotten piece, Neil Spencer espied two pictures of the Kray brothers festooning the Rotten wall — Matlock describes his ex-lead singer as "the perfect Reggie Kray type, getting others to do his violence for him while he just mouths off."

And, of course, he immediately reminisces back to the summer of '76 and Sex Pistols' club gigs when Rotten would pick some innocent out of the crowd and encourage flunkies like Sid Vicious and Jah Wobble to scare them with knives and chains while the protagonist would gleefully leer into the morass of trembling flesh.

AH, THE SUMMER of '76! To some it was the greatest era of the 70's, to others it was a nasty malicious time — the fine line between where rock 'n' roll and violence became all too hideously blurred, while certain writers who should have known better were too busy canonizing the trendiness of it all to bother utilizing such oh so petty (sic) journalistic devices as 'perspective'.

I mean, who cares when the odd skull gets caved in, or someone loses an eye, when it's all so 'new', 'daring' and 'happening'?

Glen Matlock, however, was perhaps one of the few who afforded those kamikaze bashers some degree of perspective. After all, it was a long, long way from the very beginning when there was no group called The Sex Pistols at all.

Then there was just Malcolm McLaren, controversial haberdasher and '50s fanatic, whose shop "Let It Rock" Matlock went to work at (£7 a day, he recalls) on weekends between his school commitments that would eventually grant him a handsome score of eight O levels and three A's.

Matlock, a true blue mod with spikey hair, was forced during those work-binges at "L.I.R." to constantly remonstrate with those likely lads, Steve Jones and Paul Cook, who'd come into the shop with the sole intention of lifting as many clothes as they could. After several encounters, the trio struck up a friendship fueled, first, because all three were dyed in the wool 'mods', and second, because Steve and Paul were involed in some half-hearted attempt to form a band.

Matlock, see, had never desired anything more than to be in a rock band — his school-days were just an excuse to keep himself occupied — so that when it was discovered that this half-hearted corporate were all into The Faces (*not* the Small Faces), an arrangement was made to meet up at the house of the fledgling group's leader, one Warrick Nightingale.

Nightingale, who was known as 'Wally' for short, had instigated the whole thing, and had tentatively named the band The Swankers. Wally played guitar, Steve Jones played drums ("Actually," Matlock says now, "Steve should have stuck to drums — he was a much better drummer than he's turned out a guitarist"), while Paul Cook's brother-in-law, Del, was the singer. (Cook himself wasn't involved at that time).

"It was just a case of mucking in really. Like I'd say, 'ere I know 'Three Button Hand Me Down', and Wally showed me 'Stay With Me' and 'Too Bad'."

A line-up change came when Del left disinterestedly and Steve Jones took to singing, teaching Paul Cook to play drums (initially an arduously long process). More to the point, it wasn't just a band but a gang, with local lads like Big Jim and his chums always around.

Steve Jones was particularly into being a rock star and possessed a monstrous Ron Wood fixation (The Faces' boozing, bird-pulling Jack the Lad image was his dream life-style) of such proportions that he used to boast of organising raids on Wood's cottage in order to impress his friends.

THE SWANKERS' repertoire was motley enough as well, with Matlock attesting that Wally did in fact write all of "Did You No Wrong" as well as "Scarface" (Wally's dad apparently provided the lyrics).

McLaren had taken the group up as his proteges before his jaunt off to the States where he unsuccessfully attempted to change the New York Dolls' down-bound curve, leaving Bernard Rhodes (now Clash manager) in change of their progress along with instructions to 'fire' Wally. Rhodes, however, did nothing in that direction and his sole contribution to the Pistols' progress at this point was to get them to play at an opening for a King's Road restaurant which backfired so heniously the band had to be rushed off mid-set through the back entrance.

McLaren's return, however, after the Dolls' collapse, had made him doubly resolved to get this straggly bunch of "Sex" shop liggers moving, and this is where we start overlapping

IDS

with history. Wally was ousted, yours truly stuck around on guitar for a while but both parties knew it was incompatible, and all the while McLaren was working them like slaves, forcing them to learn the entire first Small Faces album — just anything. Steve Jones had become guitarist and in three months had made astonishing progress.

Finally, a 15-year-old guitarist, Stevie New, was located playing with the National Youth Orchestra, but his feisty manner and unwillingness to get his hair cut iced the band as a five-piece.

But that didn't matter anymore, because at last the secret ingredient had been found, lolling around the "Sex" shop, going by the name of John Lydon.

McLaren's dream of conceiving a young band to reinvest rock 'n' roll with a purity and unity of purpose that would inspire a whole renaissance of rock as street-level social awareness, no less, was nearing completion. He'd had the name for ages — The Sex Pistols (in fact, first of all it was Cutie Jones and the Sex Pistols, as Steve Jones was lead singer).

Contrary to the official biog, the Pistols weren't principally inspired by the New York Dolls, though Matlock remembers thinking they were "a good laugh, making all that racket", at the time. McLaren, though, envisaged the New York Dolls' main asset — their couldn't-give-a-shit-rock-action and street-sass — as being ideal attitudes to copy.

Meanwhile, a repertoire was being honed into shape — a repertoire that, give or take three or four songs, was going to provide the Pistols with their ammunition for the duration of the short, incendiary career. All songs were credited to all four "officially", but Matlock in particular wants the record set straight on who exactly wrote what.

"O.K., then — 'Liar' was Matlock/Rotten, 'New York' was Matlock/Rotten, 'Submission' was ditto, although half the lyrics were mine as well . . . that line 'watery love'. 'Pretty Vacant' is all mine bar two lines, the orginal ones were 'You can say what you want — I don't mind/It saves on friction.' The song was conceived as a title, first — there was a poster with Television and their great song titles like 'Venus de Milo' and 'Blank Generation' — that set it off, inspired me. What it really was about was people . . . Vivien (Westwood) was a good example . . . just people who have something to say but can't quite articulate it. 'Submission' and 'Pretty Vacant' were the first songs we wrote, by the way.

"Steve wrote 'Seventeen'. The first line was 'You're only seventeen you've got a lot to learn' until Rotten changed it. Steve and John also did 'No Feelings' and 'I Wanna Be Me'. Oh, and 'Satellite' — that was about this girl, Shanne, she's now in The Nipple Erectors, who was John first . . . uh . . . affair (smirks). She was called Satellite Girl.

"The only song all four of us actually wrote together was 'Problems'. Paul started that off."

MATLOCK CLAIMS that personal relationships with Rotten started out reasonably but that deterioration set in swift and harshly, climaxing at an early gig at the 100 Club where Rotten's behaviour, spurred on by his bully boy cohorts, disgusted Matlock so much he quit, thus forcing the band to dissolve for two months.

"That's when I came across the name 'Rich Kids'. It comes from a book by Jean Cocteau and defines a certain kind of mentality. Back then, I was planning to work with a guy . . . Christ, I've forgotten his name now."

McLaren spent the two months of separation frantically trying to repair the broken pieces, finally succeeding though the Matlock-Rotten relationship had by no means been agreeably stitched up. In fact, while still in the Pistols Matlock wrote a song for Rotten entitled "Hung On You".

"*Who's so gross/Who's so green/To think that they can go unseen/I don't care 'bout your exhortations/I ain't home for your information/And I ain't hung on you.*"

"I wrote that because I hated that whole hypocritical side of Rotten. Going behind your back and slagging you off to his mates. Waiting 'till you've left the room. The song was just a statement telling him, 'I ain't as green as you, mate'."

So events went from bad to worse. Matlock resented Malcolm McLaren's treatment of him as a virtual servant to his concept. "I never got any respect from the guy. It was just like I was back working at his shop."

Meanwhile, the Media was blitzing down like vultures, turning the 'Anarchy' tour into an ugly farce, and Rotten was being more and more of a pain in the arse.

I put it to Matlock that I believed that the seeds of the New Wave's decline were sown when McLaren, who'd spent two years steadfastly attempting to get a whole new scene going, not just one group but an army of them, suddenly pulled a strident volte-face and moved in solely with the Pistols.

"Yeah, that's true. I mean, I can see his point but he did take it to ridiculous lengths. Like we were virtually *ordered* not to socialise or even talk to The Damned or The Clash. Or any of the others. Malcolm got really pissed off once when he caught me talking to Mick Jones."

For Glen Matlock, the end of his sojourn with the Pistols came at the Paradiso Club in Amsterdam. "It was then that I knew I'd had enough of it all." His parting quote, "It was just like being in the Monkees", is a statement he still concurs with.

The situation itself — Matlock's split coinciding with Sid Vicious' entrance — invited the question, "Did he fall or was he pushed?" Matlock relates a story that hasn't been printed before, claiming that McLaren himself took him to one side and urged him to assess his role in the band, "probably just the same way that he did when the three wanted Sid out last Christmas." Matlock's refusal to do likewise sealed his fate.

SO IT'S 1978 and there's no Elvis, Damned or Sex Pistols now — and it seems, all told, there's more folk actively claiming that punk is dead than adherents to the movement. Currently though, of all the ex-Pistols, Matlock is in the best shape. He's got a fine young band: good-looking, stylish, with a well-poised talent for songs and a four-sided chemistry that complements instead of sparking friction which, though the latter often makes for a more incendiary fire power, adds up to a keen edged vigorous sense of purpose.

The story of the band's formation has already been told. Drummer Rusty Egan's wide-boy style attracted Matlock immediately, while reminiscences of the juvenile Stevie News' short-lived sojourn as a Pistol caused a reunion that became a marriage.

Midge Ure was the last to join, taking longest to persuade due to managerial commitments and various group ties overlapping from the Slik days. But Matlock's long shot — he chose Ure merely from seeing his mug shot on a Slik album cover — has paid handsome dividends.

The Rich Kids is Matlock's perfect idea of a group.

"To me a group is by its very nature a democracy, that's why I couldn't understand the Pistols thing, why I secretly knew it wouldn't work — because if there is just a lead singer then it's obvious he's just going to be landed with the superstar schtick. Rotten was always as much of that as Rod Stewart and Bryan Ferry, whatever he did."

So far there's been one good single ("Rich Kids"), another 'fair' single (the new one, Midge Ure's "Marching Men"), a lot of touring, and a part-time alliance with the old school as represented by producer Mick Ronson and ex-Faces Ian MacLagan. Matlock is particularly insistent about defending the band's use of Ronson and MacLagan, particularly because Caroline Coon for one took him to task for mingling with "more experienced players".

Right now, there's a sense of the 'tentative' about the Rich Kids, but that's more because they're still a new band. The big countdown will start when the first album becomes available, sometime in early August at a conservative guess. Already virtually completed, its track-listing reads: Side 1 "Strange One" (Matlock-New), "A blues song — it's about listlessness"; "Hung On You" (Matlock), "About not being taken for a ride by someone who thinks they know all the answers but who are really full of shit and paradox — like you know who?"; "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers" (Matlock-New), "It's about having the right spirit regardless of style or whatever pose one adopts"; "Burning Sounds" (Matlock-New), "Burning sounds that come from the heart/Burning sounds that right from the start/Gave you that release!"; "Marching Men" (Ure), "It's a peace and love song — about not being involved with mob rule."

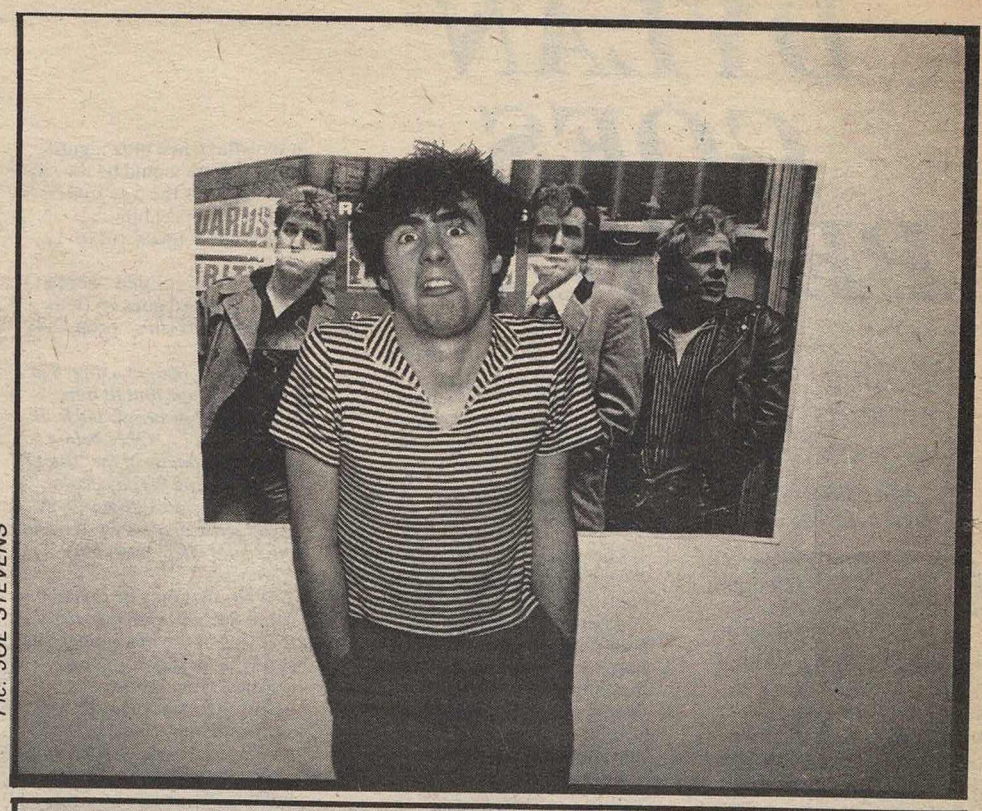
Side 2 contains "Put You In The Picture" (Ure), "Originally done by Slik in disguise as PVC3 — it's just about ending a relationship, really"; "Young Girls" (Ure), "Say no more"; "Cheap Emotion" (Matlock-New), "It's about acts, moods . . . tantrums that are put-ons just to gain ground"; "Bullet-proof Love" (Matlock-McDowell), "About being an underdog to a hypocrite"; and finally "Lovers And Fools" (Ure).

I've not heard the complete album, but the tracks I was treated to veer from the "promising" (Ure's principally) to the exhilerating, primarly Matlock's "Burning Sounds" and "Ghosts Of Princes In Towers".

The latter is not only the best song the band have (it has a scorching chord progression that could only come from the creator of the Pistols' finest shots), it is also the perfect manifesto. Matlock describes it thus:

"The title came from a line from a fanzine in a review about us, saying we looked like 'ghosts of princes in towers'. The follow-up line is 'they're such soft boys — and how'. It's just a romantic notion really, but more to the point it's us saying exactly what we are. Because we've been through all the aggro, and the mob rule and the whole bogus violence bit, and you just can't go any further just blurting out 'I hate you, I hate this'. When you get one-dimensional, you become a cartoon of yourself, of a human being."

And that's Matlock's progression — from the tortured aggro to the burning sounds of the Rich Kids. It's nothing new but it's up there with the best — the ones who've sussed that 1978 is the year of the individual there to say what he has to say. In "Rich Kids", Matlock claimed that they're all there. Everything tells me that's where he and the band are going to be staying for quite a long time.



Pic: JOE STEVENS

This is not the Rich Kids. This is the Pistols, Micky Dolenz second from left. "We were virtually ***ordered*** *not to socialise with The Damned or The Clash. Malcolm (McLaren) got really pissed off once when he caught me talking to Mick Jones."*

Pic: JOE STEVENS

DYLAN GOES PENGUIN!

"Rolling Thunder Logbook"

By SAM SHEPARD (Penguin, £1.75)

OR SHOULD the headline be Penguin Goes Dylan?

The '60s are at last over. Senators and congressmen breathe a sigh of relief — not to mention some writers and critics. The '60s are consolidated, codified, criticised . . . understood. Dylan goes up there on the thinking man's bookshelf alongside the Collected Orwell and the Complete Blake.

Or does he?

I mean, at least Orwell and Blake are still allowed to speak for themselves . . . but this seems to me an example of the trivialest kind of Dylanology. (Fade in lonely piping organ and plaintive nasal vocal singing "You come on the Rolling Thunder Tour with a pencil in your hand/You see somebody fully dressed and say 'Is that Bob Neuwirth or Rob Stoner?' . . .")

Seriously though, folks, it looks like Mr Jones' hour has come round at last and with a vengeance.

After spending a couple of evenings with this publication followed by eye-exercises and a massage, I am left with but two powerful, evocative images.

One is of Dylan leaving the entourage to take a pee — on his own, man! — and a number of the apostles breaking into the bog when they figure he's been away from them for *rather a long time*, only to find he has *split* via the bog window . . .

The other is of little ol' Mrs. Zimmerman, mother of the poet, *enjoying her dinner!*

Apart from these telling high-points *(sic)* Shepard's observations might as well be the jottings of a cataracts victim on the insect life of Mars as seen through the wrong end of a plastic Triang telescope.

For example, on Scarlet Rivera:

"Mysterious dark lady of the fiddle, with whom I never spoke more than three words, not because I didn't want to but because it never happened. Wore snake make-up and often deviated attention on the stage because of her uncanny sense of rhythm and ability to sustain melody lines while weaving vertically."

That's it. This reporter's curiosity is decidedly satiable.

Of course, superstars can be quite jealous of their privacy, especially if they haven't got an album coming out shortly, but did the tour organisers (Dylan?) really invite along a reporter just to mind his own business?

So the mystification of Dylan goes on.

There's one thing that Dylan and I agree on for sure — that he is just a musician. Probably he is the most all-round gifted musician in rock so far.

But he didn't come down on a snowflake in a blue nightie, though there would be no way of telling this the way some people interpret him . . . camera, soft focus, set to infinity.

In a piece entitled "Sense Of Size" Shepard goes on (and on) about Dylan's "props". It opens.

"Dylan's bought a dog. The size and shape that fit him perfect. Puppy beagle bitch. In heat to boot . . . Once before I saw this capacity of the 'Big D' for replicating his physical shape in the outside world. A secret sense of his own size and the visual effect upon all witnesses."

Well, that may be Dylan's game. He certainly played it that way at the beginning, but surely he deserves to be released from it now.

But these people who surround him, clucking and cooing approvingly at his every whim and gesture — they're holding him prisoner.

The ultimate irony, surely, is that this empty game with mirrors is not perceived by many fans as the tragedy it is . . . but as some kind of thrilling bull-ring spectacle or endless cliff-hanger.

Sometimes the whole thing — Dylan, road-show, Dylan-watchers — reminds me of Milos Forman's film *The Fireman's Ball* where the firemen are all getting wound up to fever pitch about their dance, the raffle prizes, the beauty contest, the presentation of a silver hatchet to the retiring Chief . . . while a stone's throw away an old man's house is burning down. When they finally make it to the blazing domicile, the old man is sitting in his wheelchair in the snow, complaining bitterly about the cold. So they move him closer to the fire.

For "old man" read, "rest of the world". The '70s warms its hands up on the '60s. And it's

SIDESWIPE

ON THE ROAD: DYLAN AND KEROUAC

Dylan with Sara, his ex-wife, (top) and Joan Baez, ex- a number of things, (bottom).

written in a style that veers between the stoned gaga, stream-of-consciousness, can't - make - head - or - tail - of - it - but - it's - all - happening of Patti Kerouac; and one of those *Time Out* film reviews where you have to keep looking back to the headline to remind yourself what it is you're reading about even though you've already read the review twice and seen the film five times.

I'M EVEN left wondering if Shepard was any kind of Dylan fan in the first place. He refers (twice I think) to some song entitled "Williams And Zinger". Surely he means "The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll", in which the character referred to is William Zanzinger.

So why does Dylan feel he needs to employ these professional biographers? (Remember that awful Consumers Guide to Dylan by one Pete Hamill on the sleeve of "Blood On The Tracks"?)

Sam Shepard just happened at the time of the tour to have been collabora ing with Jacques Levy on an off-Off-Broadway play . . . Jacques Levy of "Desire" fame, that is.

Was this a case of Dylan getting on the blower to Levy to see if he knew "the right man for the job".

Doesn't *Dylan* know any writers he can trust?

Or has he lost faith in his own judgement perhaps? Has he got lost in something like the Bob Dylan Organisation?

Is he just the highest-paid Protest Specialist in some kind of Brill Building now, where the firm retains the prestige family name and the workload is delegated by a board of directors?

Help!!!!

Geoff Hill

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE ABOUT HORSLIPS

From Stephen James, Managing Director, DJM Records Limited.

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I am particularly pleased to announce that DJM Records Ltd. have acquired the rights to Horslips' popular early albums 'The Táin' and 'Happy to Meet...Sorry to Part'.

These two superb albums happily complement their two releases on the DJM label 'Book of Invasions' (1977) and 'Aliens' (1978) and are a welcome addition to our catalogue.

As you know, Horslips have just returned from an extremely successful USA tour that coincided with their album 'Aliens' breaking into both the Billboard and Cashbox top 100 charts.

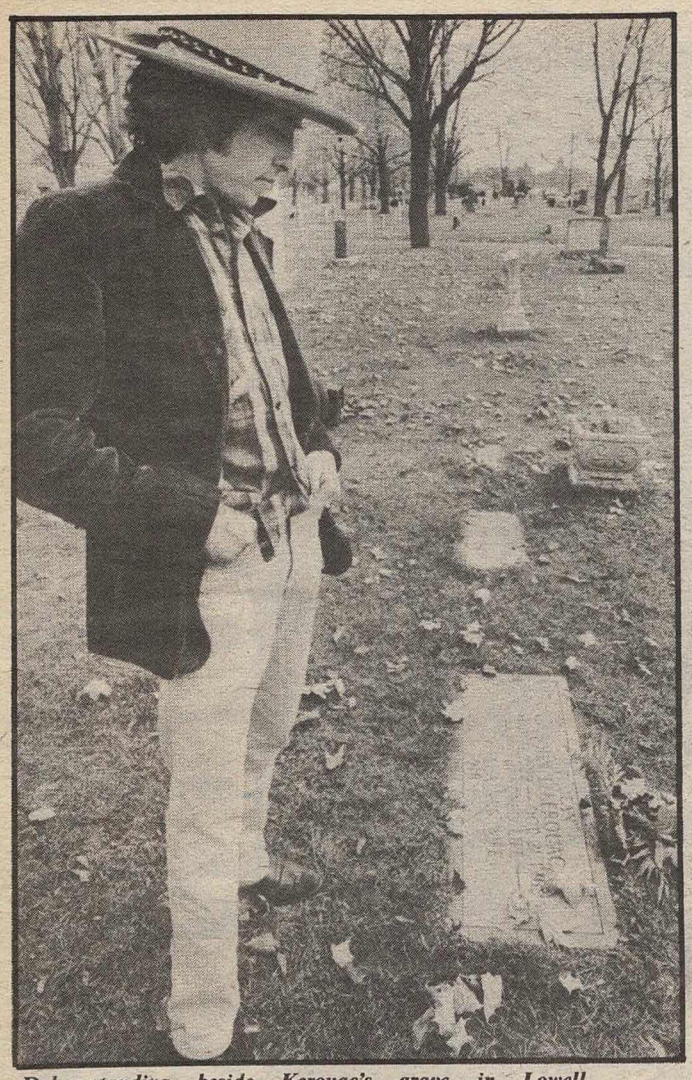
On June 22nd and 23rd they will be performing live at the Empire Pool Wembley as special guests of Thin Lizzy and releasing the single 'Speed the Plough' in the same week.

Take my advice; buy the albums, buy the single and see the band, live at Wembley.

Best regards

Stephen James.

S.M.James
Managing
Director.



Dylan standing beside Kerouac's grave in Lowell, Massachusetts.

"Kerouac"

By ANN CHARTERS (Picador)

AT FIRST BLUSH, Jack Kerouac would appear to be the writer least in need of a biographer.

Compulsively confessional, his writing stockpiles the minutiae of his daily life. His circle of friends — Ginsberg, Burroughs, Cassady, Snyder — become his fictional characters, their real life conversations accurately represented in his novels.

"After all the only thing I've got to offer, the true story of what I saw and how I saw it."

Ann Charters has found another truth, and her biography drives a huge, if sympathetic, wedge between the fictional Kerouac and the tragic actuality.

Kerouac was a fantasist, a dreaming romantic, a trier-on of roles. Writing apart, his life was a chaos of blurred identity crises.

Far from being the hero of Beat mythology, he spent more time underfoot in his mother's house than on the road. The only long hitch was from Chicago to Denver; he preferred to go by bus.

His epic visits to San Francisco and Mexico were usually punctuated by frantic telegrams to his mother, Memere, for money, and in fact she supported him into his thirties by working in a shoe factory.

At home, she called the shots, banning drugs and Ginsberg from the house, vetting girlfriends and countersigning his cheques.

Memere was the only person he could ever really love, and writing was the only real purpose he found for being alive.

Shy, solitary, he intermittently idolized those around him who seemed to have laid a more vigorous hold on life, but the manic Cassady "made Kerouac feel thick and heavy, just as Burroughs and Ginsberg had made him feel stupid."

He put them in his books, hero-worshipping them in a prose style that is as judicious as a lipstick kiss on fan mail.

On The Road was finally published in 1957, and it buried the author alive.

Nobody would believe that he didn't personify the life he'd described, that he was the shy, naive Sal Paradise and not the elemental Dean Moriarty.

"What am I doing here?" Kerouac asked John Clellon Holmes, as the Beat disciples hemmed him in at parties, and paraded their adrenalin for his approval.

It's a great biography, and no-one will write a better one. It feels true: most writers are neurotic fuck-ups who take refuge in being God on paper.

The last photo in the book, the middle-aged Kerouac and his mother, is the true story the novelist left out.

Brian Case

("Kerouac" will be published on June 9th)

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Involved in the unrolling of the saga of the Eye of W[illegible]ndor you'll find Eric Stewart, Kevin Godley, Graham Gouldman, Lol Creme, Justin Hayward, Barclay James Harvest, Maddy Prior, Noel Redding the strings of the Halle Orchestra and quite a few others too. In fact the credits on the sleeve constitute an epic in themselves.

The true test though of an enterprise of this na[illegible]e is whether it can stand up to few critical hearings.

And the only person to judge if it does is you. [illegible]e it a listen.

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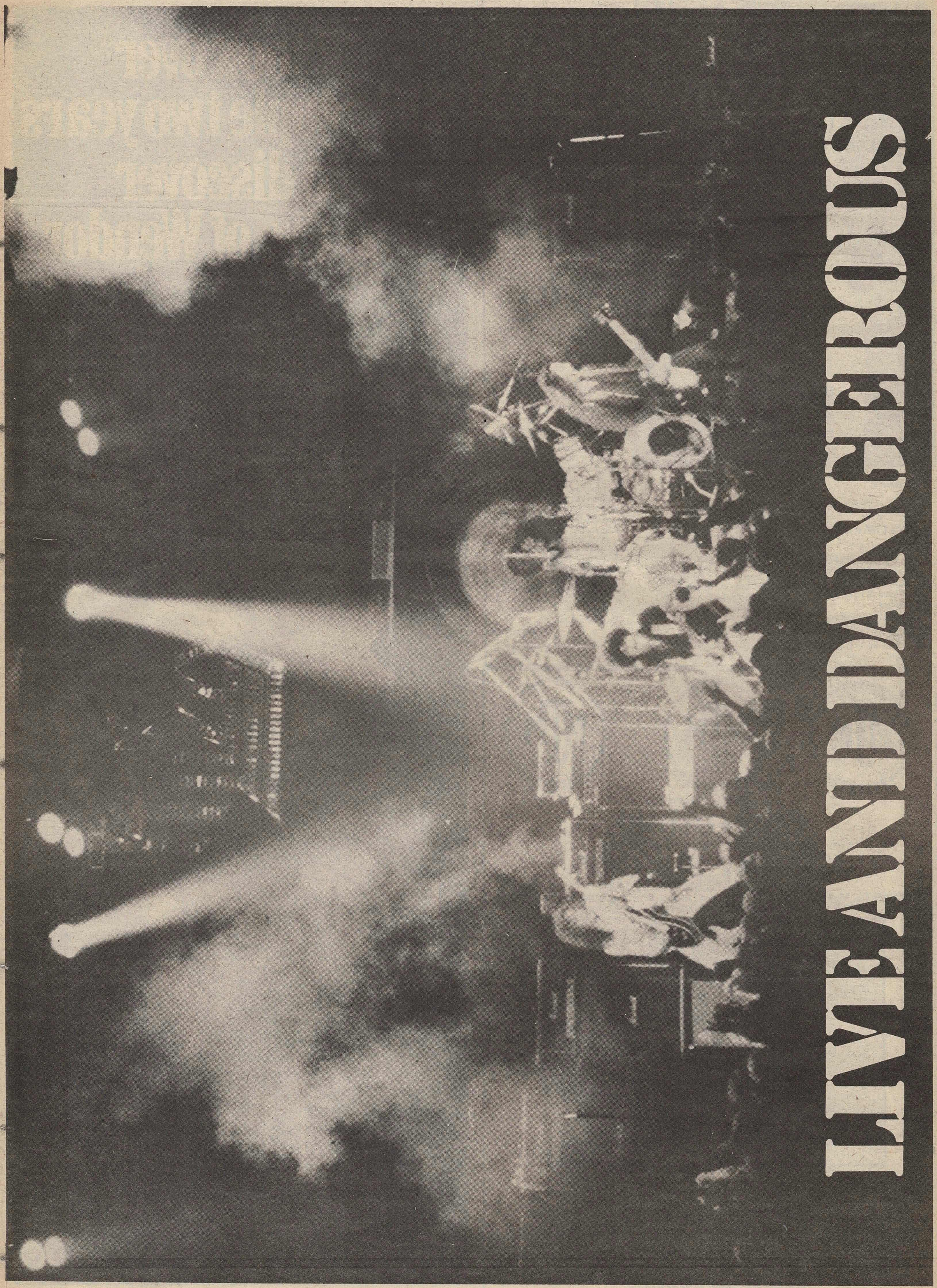
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Donna McAllister - Sounds May 27th 1978

"Lizzy have always played like warriors and this is an album made by heroes."

Nick Kent - New Musical Express May 27th 1978

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JAILBREAK
EMERALD
SOUTHBOUND
ROSALIE/COWGIRL'S SONG

Side 2

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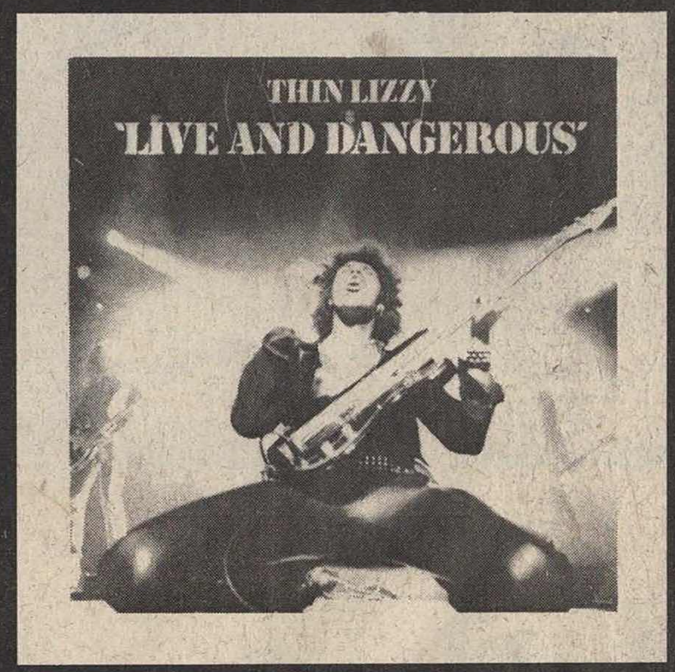
(It's Caught Me In Its Spotlight)
MASSACRE
STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU
JOHNNY THE FOX MEETS
JIMMY THE WEED



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COWBOY SONG
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WARRIOR
ARE YOU READY

Side 4

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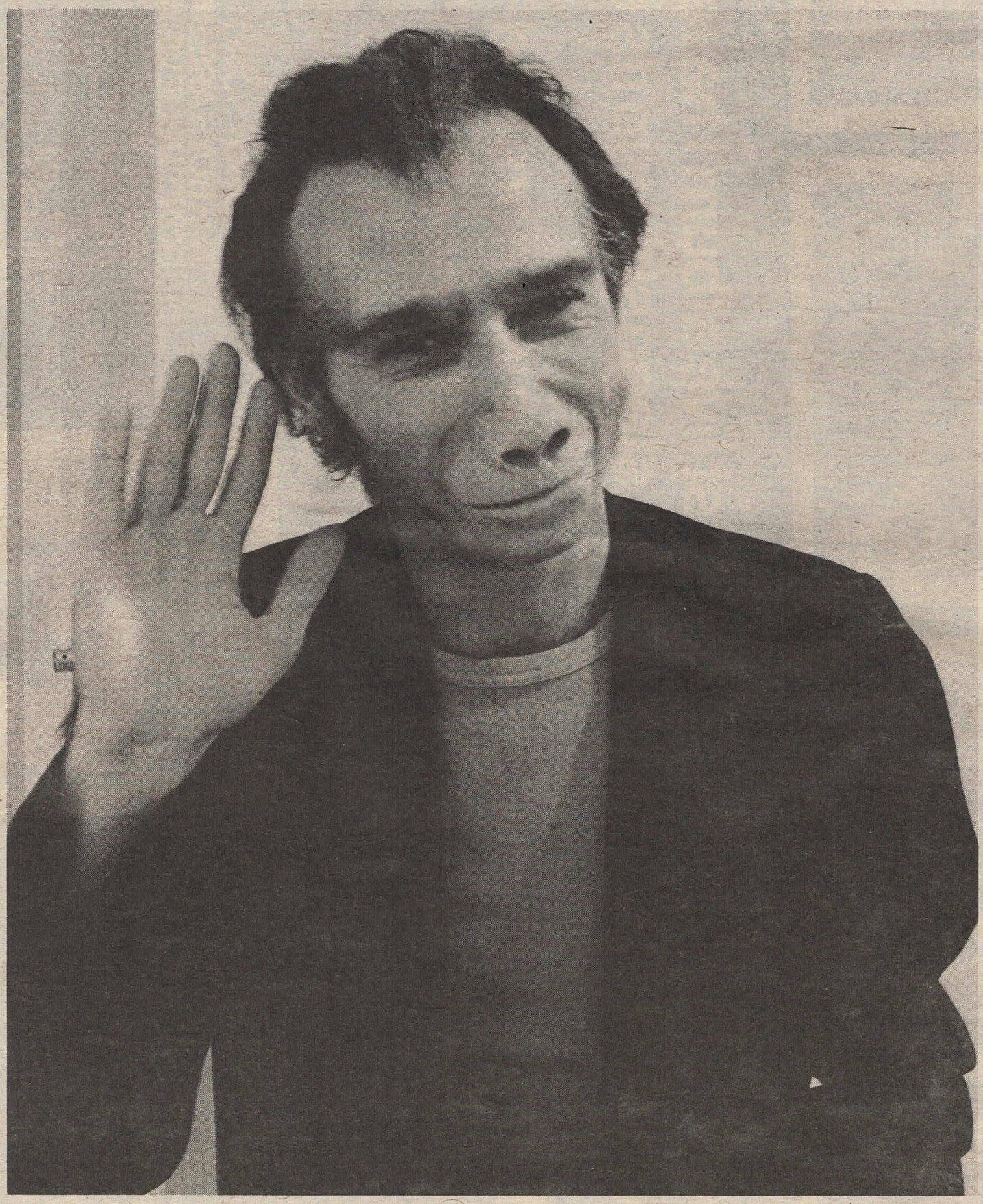

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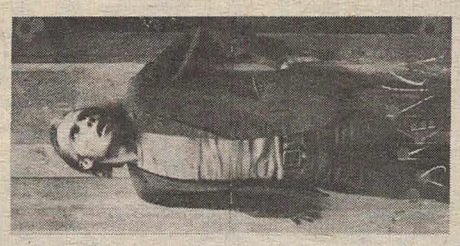

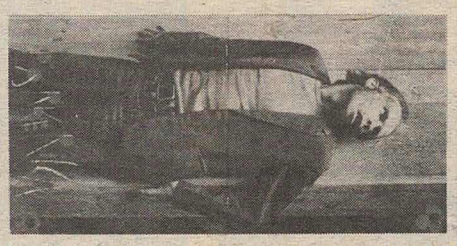

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ALBUMS

MAGAZINE
Real Life (Virgin)

HERE IT IS then — Howard Devoto's comeback album!

Devoto's career has been comically encapsulated.

Lands national rock press reviews on his — and Buzzcocks' — first gig ever, supporting the Pistols in Manchester / Cuts classic home-made EP at the start of the indies boom / Retires / Fosters celebrity status via occasional enigmatic pronouncements and rumours of Sam Beckett albums / Returns to mass attention he never had in the first place, courtesy of one extraordinary television appearance with superslick band / Negotiates major label contract, reeleases pacemaking single of the New Year / Gets splurged all over rock press / Lapses into dreary gig circuit anti-climax, playing mainly to the curious (yes, all this — but no fans!) / Becomes unfashionable / And now . . .

It's a long overdue return to *NME* for a man who, apart from the odd live review and the occasional snide *T-Zer* put about by Mancunian rivals, has not graced these pages for a good three months.

I saw Devoto in the flesh not long ago, tripping over his mike stand at the Roundhouse and inadvertently puncturing his obnoxious display of self-important co-o-ol. I also saw him just last week, making a complete prat of himself on the *Old Grey Whitsle Test*, where his personal performance was probably *the* most pretentious that show has ever played host to. *(You mean Eno hasn't been on? — Ed)*

Devoto's posturing was made to look even more foolish by his juxtaposition on *OGWT* with The Jam — superficially far less sophisticated, but so tense and committed it sent shivers down the spine.

Nor is Devoto's credibility helped by comparison with his old band, Buzzcocks, whose aesthetic continuity, approachability and lack of bullshit has gradually earned them the position of the country's leading new wave band.

But then, who wants to be a boring old new wave band anyway? Not Magazine, for a start. Like The Stranglers, the only thing they share with punk rock is an audience.

No question — these guys can play (just as well, as none of 'em will ever figure in a *Sun* Pretty Punks line-up). Their concerted power, in particular, is a continual buzz. A better drilled squad hasn't reared its head for a long time.

The songs — lyrics by Devoto, music usually by Devoto plus guitarist John McGeoch — all seem to be arranged to the last quaver, and very expertly arranged they are too. Meshes of riffs replace one another in meticulous, kaleidoscopic order, using the classic guitar/bass/drums/keyboards line-up to its full.

McGeoch is a fine, fierce, controlled guitar player, and Dave Formula, despite his soppy name, is a thoughtful keyboard player whose repertoire ranges from Mike Garson cocktail surrealist piano through subliminal organ chordings to android synthesizer riffs — often, as for instance in the opening 'title' track "Definitive Gaze", all within the space of one song.

Martin Jackson and Barry Adamson likewise deploy their drums and bass with minimum flash and maximum effect.

The bone of contention is Devoto's singing. It *is* the most distinctive element — though I'm sure the whole band, especially the fiery McGeoch, will have its territory inviolably staked out by the time the third album comes around — but at the same, Devoto's vocals are the most restricted and, face it, just plain weak constituent here.

He now sings in a deep croak far removed from the old effete "Spiral Scratch" style, fleshing it out with a few Harley/Ferry upturned vowels. It's adequate, but he'll have to lay off this whole hackneyed glam-rock mysterioso persona he has a tendency to fall into — lyrically (very rarely), vocally (too often) and physically (all the time) — because it is the one affectation that currently defuses Magazine's positive drive.

Trackwise, the outstanding numbers are the two that erupted that night on *So It Goes*, if my memory serves me right — the single "Shot By Both Sides", re-recorded with producer John Leckie and the addition of Dave Formula, and "Motorcade", which was co-written by Magazine's original keyboards player Bob Dickinson.

Like most of the songs here, "Motorcade" is open to personal interpretation, partly because of Devoto's reticent/cryptic lyrics, and partly because of the typically unusual subject matter — seemingly the Kennedy assassination. The initial build-up is etched with a fine air of menace and then, as the motorcade looms into view and the gunman takes aim, of adrenalin merging into panic. The death of the victim is drawn with wry, sombre surrealism against a superb anguished solo by McGeoch: *"In the back of his car/Into the null and void he shoots/The man at the centre of the motorcade/Has learned to tie his boots."*

There is no moral, beyond the vulnerability of any individual, no matter how powerful, and the power of the random factor — a demented gunman — in upsetting the most secure system.

The main impression that Devoto's writing seems to emanate — though, to be sure, it's hardly an obsession — is assertion of individuality.

"Shot By Both Sides", where he is *"shocked by what was allowed at the heart of the crowd"*, seems to repeat the theme (why people should interpret it as an anthem of political moderation, I don't know — the title is the only possible basis). Although the arrangement remains the same, the new, slightly slower, version of that song shows Magazine at their peak: building relentlessly to taut climaxes, always keeping enough in reserve to give it the element of control missing on the single.

The rest of the album is not so well defined as those two tracks, but every song is blindingly arranged, never sticking to one format, often changing the established riff structure at will so that, for instance, a song might fade out on a new refrain constructed of other elements of the song.

It is a style that appeals on several levels: juggling with musical structures, evoking aural pictures, moving the imagination and the emotions. Although completely different in style and 'attitude', The Stranglers again come to mind as a band who cover a lot of the same bases. And, above all, both bands back up their compositional finesse with brusque power.

The only weak moments on "Real Life" come when Magazine relax that power. Devoto's one solo musical credit, "Burst", lacks the abrasive edge of the album's better tracks, while the Formula/Adamson song "Parade" is a rather flabby excursion into Euro-smoochiness *a la* "Aladdin Sane".

Nevertheless, Devoto has put together that most ideal of all mucical units, all too rare these days — a hard rock band with intellectual and musical muscle. Not, of course, that that necessarily guarantees that it won't get muscle*bound*, and become either cumbersome or pretentious.

But at least it shows a real *belef* in rock, acknowledging its renewed importance to its audience, rather than the dopey 'anti-intellectual' motivations of people putting together yet another three-chord buzzsaw conglomerate or, even worse (real pop kids like Will Birch excepted), some shallow fast pop group.

On Magazine and the other new mainstream rock bands — The Motors, Tanz Der Youth, The Stranglers, The Only Ones, XTC, The Attractions, bands whose commitment is not to any political attitude, and whose music is less obviously stylised than, say, Wire or Buzzcocks — on them hangs the artistic integrity of rock's immediate future.

This is not to endorse those groups, but merely to emphasize the central importance of the unaligned rock mainstream in times when trends break down, for ultimately it is those bands who will decide whether yer basic rock opens up new avenues or slips back into the easy cliches of the mid-'70s.

It's ironic, but Howard Devoto could actually turn out to be as important as he thinks he is.

Phil McNeill

Howard — we knew it all along, Dave Berry with credibility

DEVOTO: THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN ALIVE

JOE WALSH
"But Seriously Folks . . ." (Asylum)

BEFORE WALSH was An Eagle, he was just plain ole Joe Walsh, fronting his own band and making his own albums. Such a fact is easy to forget. It's around four years since the last Walsh studio album; in the interim Walsh's solo recorded output as a song-writer has included two credits on The Eagles' last platinum-busting platter "Hotel California". Granted his contributions — he co-wrote the restrained "Pretty Maids All In A Row" with his longtime cohort drummer Joe Vitale and collaborated with Eagles Henley and Frey on the heavy metal shoot out "Life In The Fast Lane" — were among the album's best cuts, but prolific Walsh is not.

However, anyone buying "But Seriously Folks . . ." in the hope it was a heavy metal album would be severely disappointed. When he does work in this area, Walsh approaches the music with a rare intelligence. Outside of Jimmy Page and Pete Townshend, I'm hard pressed to think of any other rock musician capable of employing as much skill to a type of rock renowned for its crassness.

It's not surprising, therefore, that Walsh and his band (the ubiquitous Willie Weeks on bass, the great Joe Vitale on drums, Walsh's alter-ego Jay Ferguson on keyboards and Joey Murcia on second guitar) incorporate reggae into the album's longest cut "Life's Been Good".

Along with "At The Station", it's the only song that allows the guitarist to flex his heavy metal muscle. Telling acoustic chords abruptly interrupt the rifferama before Walsh steps up to the mike and delivers a lyric that is part parody and part autobiographical: *"I have a mansion-/Forget the price/Ain't never bin there/They tell me it's nice"*. Yet behind the facade there's truth: *"It's hard to handle/This fortune and fame/Everybody's so different/But I haven't changed." (Deep, man, real deep — Ed.)*

"At The Station" features crisp, jazzy changes and is reminiscent of The Byrds' classic "Eight Miles High". With the exception of two cuts that segue into one extended piece of muzak — probably an in-studio jam — the remainder of the album concentrates on fairly low-key songs in which the playing and arrangements transcend the material.

"Second Hand Store" might just as easily figure on a Neil Young album were it not for the meaty arrangement and Walsh's nasal vocal delivery. "Indian Summer" is ushered in with acoustic guitars and "Tomorrow" has Messrs Frey and Henley crooning in the background and an arrangement which (miraculously) features sleigh bells.

Despite Walsh's current preoccupation for songs that are largely far removed from heavy metal riffing, his music is still a long way from The Eagles'. His songs are not so structured and consequently leave more room for real playing. Where The Eagles always spell it out in **FM** bold, **Joe** Walsh leaves room for **the** music to breathe.

Steve Clarke

B.B. KING
Midnight Believer
(ABC)

B.B. ('BLUES Boy') King has always been prone to some kind of diversionary activity. Working out in the hinterlands between his native Mississippi Delta roots one minute, crossing over to a sleak, eminently accessible R&B context the next (witness his collaborations with musicians as diverse as Stevie Wonder, Herbie Lovell and Bobby 'Blue' Bland).

And it's the incongruously named Bland who calls the most notable memory flashes on King's latest venture with the Crusaders team, of whom let it be said this is as much their party as the main-man's. Bland isn't singing here but B.B. King inevitably recalls his Beal Street companion in vocal phrasing, nuance and high range, while falling somewhat short of Bland's gospel-earthy conviction.

While King's love affair with Lucille has inevitably stamped his name on the rollcall of the genre's legend his real facilty is not with the "woke up this morning with a suitcase in my hand" lineage. Success of the neon Las Vegas name in lights variety has not escaped many pioneers of the black culture leaders and King's guitar talks big urban money before it cries out on the back-porch. The broom is in hock and he ain't bothering to get it back.

The King B. (B.) hisself Pic: RICHARD YOUNG

King Of His World
(As Far As We Know)

This time round the mixture really makes the nut, jazz settings from Joe Sample's slinky book of tasteful melodies nestle lovingly against Will Jennings's easy flow lyricism, perfect background simplicity for B.B. King to work out the thrill.

The Crusaders themselves have long since overcome their anti-establishment Californian base. Back in the mid-'60s they scored for outfits in the Buddy Rich Big Band mould and scored for outfits in the Buddy Rich Big Band mould and then snuck back to orchestrate for Ernie Watts or Wilbert Longmire. Wilton Felder even takes up the bass again for the title track, a punch bag wall of Hollywood expertise, far more direct and cutting then so many other ventures currently emanating on the West Coast.

But the secret really is simplicity and a feel for the notes. Old playing partnerships with Dean Parks and Roland Bautista in the rhythm guitar section ensure that King is left free to speak his piece; he holds, slipping and sliding the patters with genuine panache, the structure underneath so damn watertight that the results could hardly fall from grace.

The best numbers have been injected with a sassy humour which does evoke King's original moves, tender sexuality when the boy can't help it, mean talk back when his woman done gone treated him wrong. On "I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone" the effect is guaranteed to ice you. Parks cuts up the spaces with a circular motion, King picks and grunts into the album's neatest horn arrangement (all Sample's), a four piece New Orleans scat hot-cha. At times like this the group is just swinging so good you doubt if they'll make it back to the planet.

"Hold On (I Feel Our Love Is Changing)" must be a summer hit, modern R&B not coming much better than this pulsating throb. Little by little by little King works up the solo, nothing fancy but the carefully modified repetition brings the guitar shots into your head and leaves the feet free to do the walking.

All this stuff is going to sound great on the radio. "Never Make A Move Too Soon" is so imbued with the necessary vibration that it's hard to allow the record to progress uninterrupted. Wilton Felder actually steals all the solo honours on the album here with a tenor romp of Texan proportions which B.B. doesn't better when his turn comes up.

The true guitar work arrives with the electric bursts of "A World Full Of Strangers" where Parks emulates Larry Carlton on the down stroke and King does his thing on the switchblade lead.

Naturally the stage is set for King's conversational number, "Let Me Make You Cry A Little Longer" (that old woman and axe analogy never fails when the instrument is in the hand of a master).

Joe Sample, who is pretty much content to add flavour and texture on keyboards, slips in something from his Peterson repertoire just so the mood is right. He and Popwell bow out the beat with a gorgeously taut mooch on the song riff: city lights low down from an inspired combination.

You can safely stop this one on sight. B.B. King's "Midnight Believer" has the guts and the soul of Bobby Bland's very own "California Album". They haven't sunk the state yet. Some hope.

Max Bell

IMPORTS

VERY STRANGE. **Deep Purple's** "Live In Japan" (Nippon Warner Bros), I mean.

For the track listing is exactly the same as "Made In Japan", released here on the Purple label—but according to the sleeve notes gracing the Warner package, only two of the songs were recorded at the same venue and on the same night as those on the homegrown issue.

A cursory aural investigation revealed no great difference between the discs however — so the conclusion is that either someone put the wrong info onto one of the albums or that Lord and Co. were well into indentikit rock during those Tokyo and Osaka gigs of '72!

Among the other Nip shippings recently toted in by Louis Raynor's Flyover shop are **Cat Stevens'** "Saturnight" (A&M), **Santana's** "Golden Double" (CBS/Sony) and **The Sadistic Mika Band's** "Menu" (Toshiba-EMI). The Sadistics' item is a "best of" set, while the Santana offering is a 20 track compilation seemingly culled from the band's earlier albums. But the Stevens double-shot contains nothing that's ever seen the light of day here in oil-slick alley, being a recording of a concert held at the Nakano Sun Plaza, Toyko, in '74, when the feline one performed such party-pieces as "Another Saturday Night", "Wild World", "Father And Son", "King Of Trees", "Where Do The Children Play?", "Hard Headed Woman", "Bitterblue", etc.

But while Raynor's kimono kids have been doing their stuff out East, the guys at Pacific Records have been employing the Mounties to put on their snowshoes and scour Canuck-land on our behalf. And initial sightings would appear to be of reasonable interest, the first being a red vinyl pressing of "Lonesome Crow" (Bomb), by **The Scorpions,** a 1972 Gonny Plank production that features UFO's Michael Schenker on guitar — while due in this week is a new album by **Gary Boyle** on which members of 801 and Brand X aid and abet. Though I haven't homed in on a copy as yet, the scam is that this one's pressed on gold vinyl.

So much for the alchemists—meanwhile back on the rock floor at HMV, Oxford Street, come reports of activity on the **Abba** front. For fresh from Sweden are stocks of five solo albums by the shapely Agnethna Faltskog — namely "Basta", "Some Jag Ar", "Agnethna Faltskog" and "Vol. 2" (all on Cupol) and "Agnethna" (Embassy) — plus "Lycka" (Polar), a Bjorn and Benny hotshot. Not that I find this news very stimulating — Abba are a sickly plateful of smorgasbord as far as I'm concerned — but now that the Scandanavian connection has been established, the way would now seem clear for the arrival of albums by **Wigwam** and **Pekka Phjola** — so stay tuned for further developments.

Otherwise it's been a duff week — a recent strike at CBS' US pressing plant caused a hold-up on some new arrivals, while the situation has not been helped by the EMI-Virgin fracas over trademarks. For yonks now, import shops have been importing US CBS items which bear the Columbia trademark, plus RCA releases sporting the "dog and trumpet" Barrauld picture registered here as the trademark of HMV.

But currently EMI are contesting Virgin's right to stock such items and while the legal tussle goes on, many other shops are refraining from stocking most American CBS and RCA releases.

Fred Dellar

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to tape quiz on Page 4

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Mink In The Pink

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MINK DE VILLE
Return To Magenta (Capitol)

WHEN ONETIME Capitol A&R man Ben Edmonds mated the slick granite-splicing R&B of the then fledging Mink De Ville — then fresh off the CBGB's midnight shift — with the legendary Jack Nitzsche for that first album, its many devotees were countered by an albeit smaller Manhattan-based conclave who'd fallen in love with Mink's live true grit but who felt let down by producer Nitzsche's softer, more reflective approach which, in turn, gave full rein to the romantic in Willy De Ville's soul.

All in all, Mink De Ville's "Cabretta" was a fine debut album — and I've nothing to add to those reviews which made it out to be the definitive document as regards New York street music, particularly if you happened to be strolling down the Puerto Rican side of the 'scape.

Indeed, my one main criticism of the first release was the the soft, tender trap of arrangement and production savvy Nitzsche drew around the band came over so all-embracing that, with the exception of "Spanish Stroll's" swagger and the high card roust-up of "She's So Tough", the Minks' superb, snake-eyed hoodoo roll was never adequately laid down on record. The similarities in tone and texture made it not so much a forcefield of jive boy no-jestering but a good record with its share of high points, principally the truly poignant "Party Girls", a quiet fire of a classic.

So much for chapter one. "Return To Magenta" continues the association with Nitzsche, and I for one reckon Edmonds deserves the big cigar for the vision he claimed when he first paired the two parties together. Here Nitzsche's work is exquisite; he sure knows how to embellish the band, bringing out their strengths and cloaking Willy De Ville's vocals just so. Whereas "Cabretto" was merely good, "Magenta" is great.

This album is totally superior to its predecessor. First time round we were introduced to a tough, professional R&B combo fronted by a singer who could sing the birds right off the trees — not just some slicked-back jiver but the owner of a 24 carat larynx with real fire in his belly and the soul of a tender-hearted romantic totally at odds with the mondo boys and their nihilisimo bleatarama.

But here the most striking improvement lies in the depth of Nitzsche's widescreen arranging for the band and De Ville's impassioned vocals. "Guardian Angel", the opener, sets the tone — tough but tender — the band walking tall, holding hard to the mood of the song, this itself perfectly complemented by Nitzsche's icily sweeping strings.

"Soul Twist" is a roller, only this time the sound is *all* there, tight as clenched fists and bulging veins. "A Train Lady" follows, low sparks from Cuban heels, a lazy, lascivious back-up (check the gorgeous piano) and De Ville at his most seductive.

Nitzsche's contribution is indispensable. His work on Randy Newman and Crazy Horse's "Gone Dead Train" (from the *Performance* soundtrack) screams at you through "Rolene" — the Minks' tougher than tough testament to raunch. "Desperate Days" ends a near-perfect first side in fine stride as the band play jump-back reggae-calypso like bandidos, honing out rhythm chords with machete-like precision. Willy tackles the Jah patois like a native son.

So side one was hot, but side two . . . all superlatives down the dumper, redundant. Look no further than "Just Your Friend" as Nitzsche pulls out all those "Spanish Harlem" string charts while De Ville stokes the fires with rampant harp. Meanwhile "Steady Driving Man" is that old voodoo you do — along with "Easy Slider" (the lowest point on the map), it denotes De Ville's strong affiliation with that R&B style John Hammond Jnr. more or less patented.

But "I Broke That Promise" is the killer, boasting not only Willy's most impassioned vocal to date but also a melody that brings tears to the eyes alongside Nitzsche's massed acoustic guitars. De Ville is simply the best soul singer since Ben E. King.

De Ville has it all right now — a red hot band and *the* perfect producer. His songwriting's improved, his voice just *destroys* me and his music has all the grace you could wish for.

Nick Kent

LAKE
Lake II (CBS)

AS IF in a conscious attempt to show that there's more to German music than avant-garde electronic doodling and computerised disco funk, Lake have emerged with a very accomplished, if slightly MOR, mainstream rock album.

Lake are not entirely German. Vocalist and lyric writer is a chap called James Hopkins Harrison, and one of the keyboard players admits to Geoffrey Peacey but, surprisingly, it's not them who have made Lake II so typically un-German. A closer inspection of the credits reveals that the highly German-sounding Detlef Petersen wrote the bulk of the material, as well as producing it, a fact which indicates he must have listened to and absorbed a hell of a lot of Western (English and American) rock.

This also applies to the band; one minute they can chop up a rhythm a la Steely Dan ("Red Lake"), and Alex Conti will whizz out some very Elliot Randall guitar, the next they can have you harking back back to the late '60s British groups like Procul Harum and The Hollies. For the most part they fall somewhere between our own late lamented 'O' Band, and prime West Coast exponents Head East; less funk than the former, less flash than the latter.

I could pick on the occasionally weak lyrics, but only because there's not that much wrong with the album as a whole. More suited to current American FM taste, I still think it will fail on a commercial level because Lake are very much an unknown quantity, especially in this country. Futhermore, CBS have put the album in a weedy cover and advertise it with negative spiel ("Don't expect kraut rock").

Expect to see it in the reduced bins about three months from now.

Stephen Gordon

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WED 14. MANCHESTER: (see news page) "
THUR 15. LEICESTER UNI. (with el planeta gong) open air
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THE TWINKLE BROTHERS
Love (Front Line)

THE TRELAWNYITE Twinkles make their Front Line debut with an inauspicous six-track, ten-inch album; their own contribution to the struggle *"to help the black brothers and sisters who is at the Front Line, fighting for liberation, down in Angola, down in Zimbabwe."*

In common with the Brothers' two previous LPs— "Rasta Pon Top" and "Do Your Own Thing" — "Love" is a selection of pleasing, easy-on-the-ear music, that provides, with equal facility, necessary pace to which to rock, for those whose preferences incline in that direction.

"Free Africa", which opens the set, is its superior single track, with Norman Grant crooning: *"If Africa no free, black man can't free."*

The same song is distinguished with a reprise on the closing track, "South Africa", with Sir Lee toasting in his customary bloodthirsty style; his performance falling far short of the DJs memorable "Whip Them No Skip Them" exultation.

A favourite theme is plied on "Solid As The Rock" (of Gibraltar); not the same song as recorded by The Ethiopians a decade back, but expressing similar sentiment, and another of the better tracks.

In conclusion, a recommended LP, with one reservation: "Free Africa" is also available as a single, and is probably a happier investment.

Penny Reel

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
"Final Exam" (Arista)

IN THE SUBURBS OF New York State lives Loudon Wainwright. He's 31 and spends his days at home. Sipping beer. Watching television. Avoiding neighbours. Paddling a canoe in a nearby pond. Sometimes he strums a guitar and sings. With bulging eyes, rolling tongue, wobbling legs. The songs he sings are his own. This is what he says about them: "Mine is just the ordinary 20th century guilt which everybody has: guilt about successes, guilt about my parents and guilt about my children. I'm just being honest."

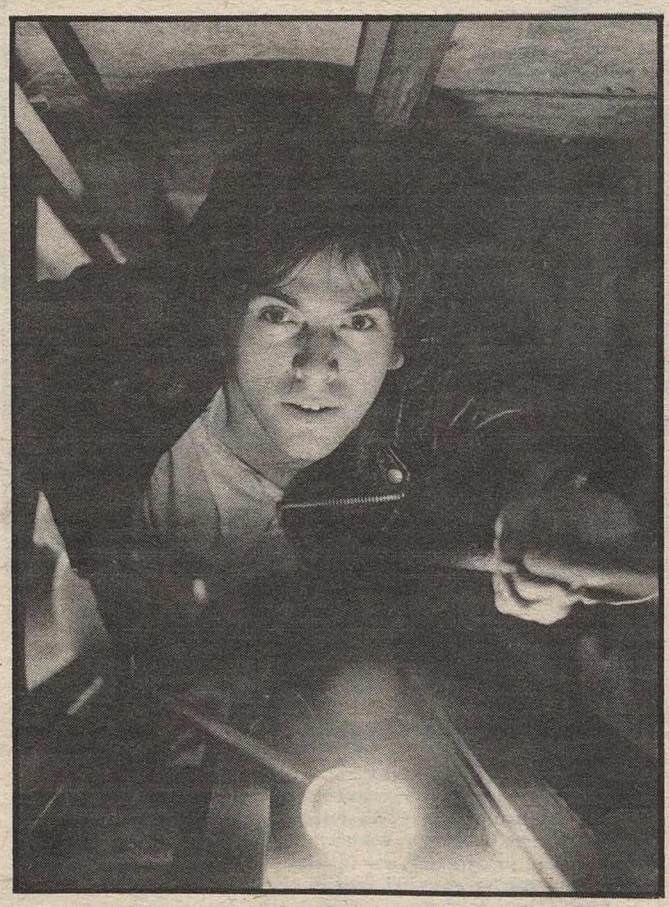
Honest about an unhappy world. In Wainwright's songs love never lasts, friends slip away, hope withers. "Final Exam" is then a collection of songs about success and failure. For Americans, the obsession with personal success is central to the squalid vision of the American Dream.

The first two songs explore the obsession. In "Final Exam" (the song) parents invest in children hopes for the future. Exams measure the realisation of those hopes — signatures on scraps of paper spell success or failure. "Mr. Guilty" casts Wainwright in the lead role. A romance is over and the singer seeks comfort in drink. After another failure there's not much to do but drink.

Most of the songs refer to drink, sometimes to dope. Because drink and dope soften defeat. This becomes evident in "Two Song Set" and "Heaven and Mud". In both songs alcohol offers a glimpse of happiness but suspends the means of finding it. Throughout the album, the initial strength of the songs proceeds from the humour, wit, and charm of Wainwright's coy delivery. A strength that's best displayed by live performance.

Malcolm Heyhoe

Through The Dark, Brightly



The artist as intrepid explorer. *Pic: G. WOOD*

PETER GABRIEL
Peter Gabriel (Charisma)

JUST as Peter Gabriel's first solo album succeeded in turning the heads of many who'd dismissed out of hand his work with Genesis, so this new album will increase the man's credibility still further.

Impressive though it was, Gabriel's last album had its shortcomings. Gabriel's pairing with American hard rock producer Bob Ezrin wasn't as successful as it was adventurous; played back to back with this, the results sound flat and short on studio empathy.

Robert Fripp, present here as producer and guitarist, though visually unrepresented (naturally), is obviously so much more in tune with Gabriel. His understanding of Gabriel's talent is reflected in the treatment of the musicians' performance. Like its predecessor, "Peter Gabriel" is not a clean sounding album. But the sound is bigger, more alive — and often raunchy. That Gabriel should have worked with Springsteen's keyboard player Roy Bittan gives a good indication of what some, at least, of the musicians sound like; "Animal Magic", with its exemplary boogie-flavoured piano work, and "Perspective", replete with great tenor honking from Timmy Capello, contain a fair dosage of R&B.

Apart from his production, Fripp also distinguishes himself by contributing at least one exceptional guitar solo — on the coda of side one's closing track "White Shadow" — and co-writing the overtly psychedelic "Exposure" with Gabriel. As for Gabriel himself — well, his talent is obviously so much better channelled here. While his debut album succeeded in establishing Peter Gabriel as a solo performer who wrote reasonably short songs, though frequently with keyboard-heavy arrangements in the Genesis tradition, it was often too wacky for its own sake. The ideas were there, but Gabriel didn't always know how to use them.

Here he's less eccentric, the arrangements only occasionally hinting at the grandiose orchestrations that are Genesis's trade mark, and his songs, most of which wouldn't sound structurally out of place in Genesis, are much more expertly constructed. Gabriel's work is now consistently stimulating, challenging and unpredictable, and yet highly accessible. He is able to utilise his considerable musical vocabulary to the full.

Take "D.I.Y.", for instance. It storms along at a furious pace, drummer Jerry Marotta leading with the most potent snare I've heard since an Al Green record, with an exquisite chord sequence complementing the rhythm. Gabriel's musical intelligence is matched by a lyric in which he sounds genuinely and justifiably angry.

"D.I.Y." is not a paen to Barry Bucknell, but an impassioned plea for self-determination. Gabriel even echoes the 'Small Is Beautiful' dictum with the closing couplet: *"When things get so big, I don't trust them at all/You want some control — you've got to keep it small".*

In contrast, the following "Mother Of Violence", co-written by Gabriel and his wife Jill, is a gentle song with acoustic guitars and piano, the singer using the more mellifluous side of his versatile voice. The music belies the lyric, in which Gabriel documents forebodings about the chain reaction from to violence.

"A Wonderful Way In A One-Way World" (caustic title, that) skilfully incorporates a reggae rhythm and steel guitar, yet musically still makes perfect sense. Lyrically, it's a little difficult to fathom, but there's no doubting Gabriel's intentions as he once again lambasts the consumerism with a typically bizzare tale.

Elsewhere, Gabriel's fertile imagination explores the psyche of a dying man ("Indigo"), narrates the pathetic tale of two youngsters who fall foul of high rise living ("Home Sweet Home" — The Clash never sounded like this) and zeroes in on some loony who gets his kicks from broadcasting to anyone who'll listen ("On The Air").

Without exception, the songs are refined with a painstaking attention to detail and thrive on distinguished performances from all concerned.

Enough said.

Steve Clarke

WHICH PRODUCER IS READING SOUND INTERNATIONAL?

Sound International, in case you didn't know, is the new magazine that looks at recording and live sound techniques, instruments, and anything of interest to anyone who's into making, playing and recording music.

We don't fill our pages with record company hype or in depth articles on how fings ain't what they used to be down tin pan alley.

We don't believe in sacred cows and if anyone's mug enough to make fools of themselves we'll tell the world.

In this month's Sound International you'll find an interview with The Attractions, the guys who put the boom and thump behind Elvis Costello, a review of the RMI Keyboard Computer, a feature on producer Sandy Roberton and of course, articles on guitars, drums, tape machines both amateur and pro, and extensive reports on who's doing what and where.

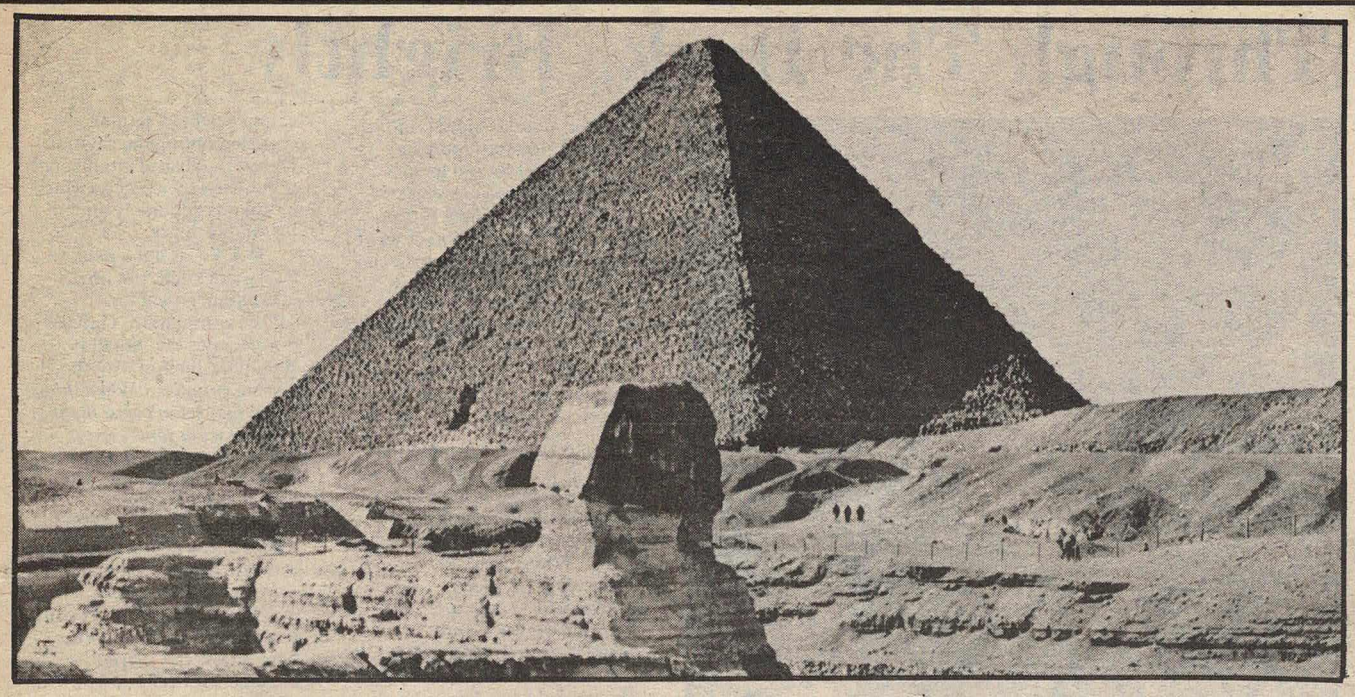
We'll also be taking a sideways squint at laser graphics and chatting to Randy California about some of his favourite studio tricks.

At 50p Sound International is hardly a ripoff. Get yourself a copy.

Sound International

A Link House magazine

(No prizes for guessing which producer is reading Sound International. However, a year's free subscription will be given to the first reader to guess which mags the other two are reading. Send your answers to Sound International at the address in this month's issue.)



For Sale: One Used Pyramid

No Offers Under $2,000,000 Accepted

THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
Pyramid (Arista)

FIRST EDGAR Allan Poe, then robots, and now pyramids. Whatever will this man Parsons think of next?

It's near impossible to take seriously someone who writes "From the rise and fall of an ancient dynasty, to the quest for a key to unlock the secrets of the universe, this album seeks to amplify the haunting echoes of the past and explore the unsolved mysteries of the present. Pyramid . . . the last remaining wonder of the ancient world."

It's even harder to take him seriously when less than half of his lyrics seem to bear any connection, and a pretty tenuous one at that, to Pyramids and his claim that he will boldly go where no man has gone before blah, blah.

I don't know much about pyramids other than they were somewhere near the Ancient Egyptian equivalent of snuff rock and that there have been a few feeble theories alledging that they have miraculous mystical qualities. This album has done nothing to increase my knowledge of pyramids, let alone of the secrets of the universe.

Three of the nine tracks here are instrumentals, so much of their meaning must be in the titles and "Voyager", "In The Lap Of The Gods", and "Hyper-Gamma-Spaces" may all sound like very fine titles but they mean little to me and I seriously doubt that they will mean more to anyone else.

Of the songs, "What Goes Up . . . —Must Come Down, etc.)" tries, in laughably trite fashion, to express the scepticism of an Ancient Egyptian who finds his mate building pyramids, and "Can't Take It With You" contains several oblique references to the way the Egyptians personified Death as a boatman waiting to row you away (gosh, these guys are so *hevvvy),* While "Pyramania" is every bit as aneamic as the title would suggest. "The Eagle Will Rise Again" and "One More River" are simply arrant nonsense.

The album inexplicably ends not with some profound and far-reaching statement about pyramids and life in general, but with a song called "Shadow Of A Lonely Man". The man in question seems to have lost something he cared for — what it is, though, he does not say.

The only interpretation I can offer is that he fell in love with a pyramid, but the pyramid left him for another man and he hasn't been the same since. Sad.

It's all as if Parsons felt that this pretentious crap would help the album's sales. It certainly doesn't merit success on the strength of its musical content. The whole record reeks of a stultifying attention to technical perfection, as befits someone who has worked with the Pink Floyd in some supposedly important production capacity (the precise term for which I forget), and a complete disregard of any genuine feeling, spirit, and even of the need for a good toon.

Each track is buried under various combinations of synthesisers, orchestra, brass, and heavenly choirs to produce a vacuous wash of sound. Parsons co-writes all the songs with executive producer Eric Woolfson but only plays on the album as the third of three acoustic guitarists.

The other musicians are all thoroughly competent, thoroughly lacking in individuality, and thoroughly boring — they, robots, in fact. This approach extends even to the choice of singers with colourless and forgettable voices.

Parsons should worry, though—there are plenty of Americans gullible enough to go for the last album in a big way, dumb concept and all, and he didn't even have to bother to take the damn thing on the road, so there seems to be no reason why this souldn't repeat its predecessor's success.

Give me "Egyptian Reggae" over this any day.

Neil Peters

T.T. Tune up.

Motor Cycle News gets in tune with the Isle of Man T.T. with a report of the first practice sessions.

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TT-78 Motor Cycle News TT-78

PEZBAND
Laughing in the Dark (Radar)

THE DESCRIPTION. An American equivalent, I suppose, of 'power pop'. But tougher — deriving from beat rather than the poppier ambience which infuses such as The Pleasers — so perhaps a sort of *beat nouveau*, if you're into labels.

Or, for perspective, the latest entrant to that peripheral tradition which includes the likes of Grin, The Raspberries, The Flamin' Groovies and Jo Jo Gunne. In fact, this album reminds me a lot of Jo Jo Gunneg's first. Except this is much better.

The Evaluation: Of its kind, very good. the band recaptures most of the qualities of good old British beat — it's catchy, it's powerful, it's all 'very well done' (if only it wasn't such a limited thing to do).

The lyrics, though, are typically disposable (of the *"love is such a mystery, it fooled me again"* ilk) and the singer doesn't have a sufficiently distinctive voice to capture the ear. But if there's a real flaw here, it's that the sound tends to be too full. Original beat was leaner, sparer, with more spaces. There's a weightiness to the Pezband which occasionally oppresses the spirit of the music. A possible consequence of the band coming from Chicago — too much beef.

The Context: Still, my main reservation about the Pezband, and 'power pop' in general, is to do with the limitations of the music. I'm thoroughly pissed off with the way some sections of the music industry and media are touting 'power pop' as the latest craze, the successor punk, because it's not new and it's certainly not an adequate response to the political and artistic questions raised by punk.

Really, it's a conservative music, retrospective and rooted in nostalgia. To claim it as the next significant phase in rock is to engage in a movement to take the meaning out of music again.

The conclusion: The Pezband represent a musical attitude which has always been an essential strand in the development of rock, but it's no longer central or even very interesting, artistically.

Original beat was great because it was *new* and *spontaneous* — a genuine innovation. But The Pezband are just recreating memories.

Graham Lock

I WANT MY BABY BACK
JIMMY CROSS
THE WORLDS WORST RECORD
Kenny Everett Show
WANTED
CULT 45 101
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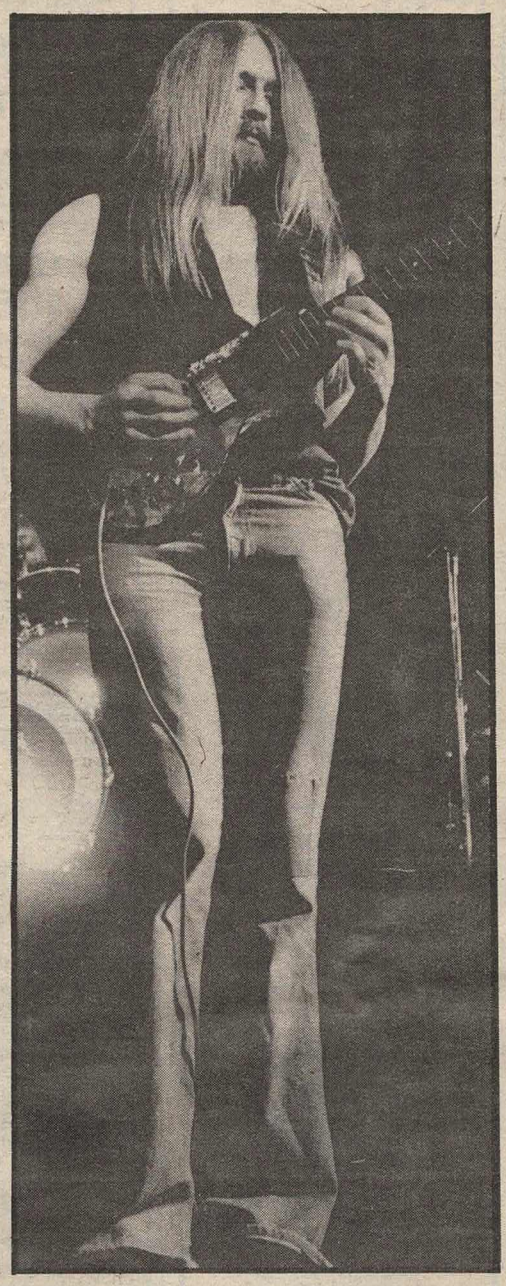
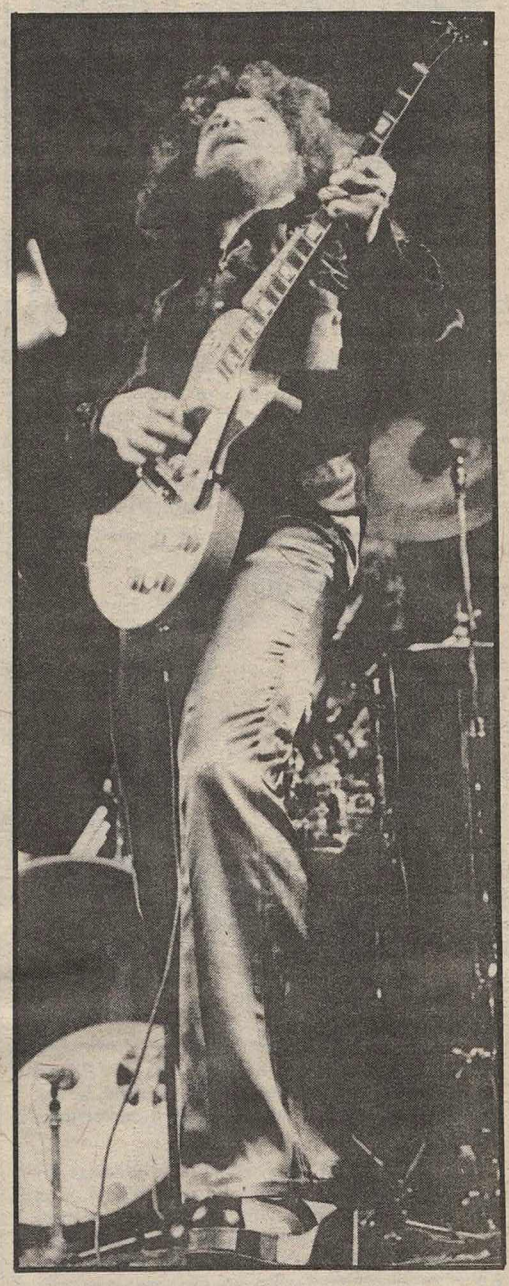
WARNING — THIS RECORD COULD BE OFFENSIVE TO DEAD PEOPLE

WANTED RECORDS, CULT 45-101 (Thru Selecta)

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA, whose leader Jeff Lynne is pictured right, play the first of their sell-out string of Wembley Pool shows on Friday — plus their only provincial concert, in Stafford, on Tuesday. Rest of their Wembley gigs follow a week later . . . WILD WILLY BARRETT (left) teams with JOHN OTWAY again for a new British tour starting at Middlesbrough (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Reading (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Penzance (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).





Thursday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: IAN McINTOSH
BATHGATE Queens's Hotel: CHARLEY BROWNE
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digby's: THE BOYFRIENDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: HARRY CHAPIN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: BONNIE TYLER
BLYTH Golden Eagle: THE SQUAD
BRADFORD Royal Standard: OVERLORD
BRIGHTON The Richmond: AIRCRAFT
BRISTOL Granary: JOHNNY COUGAR
BRISTOL Stonehouse Club: LANDSCAPE
BURLEY White Buck Inn: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BUXTON Town Hall: CYANIDE
CANTERBURY Odeon: LINDISFARNE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: CHEAP FLIGHTS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: TONIGHT
CHELTENHAM Youth Centre: TONIGHT
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: MADDY PRIOR BAND
DAGENHAM Sharlecote Touth Centre: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
DERBY Bailey's: STRANGE DAYS (for three days)
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE ONLY ONES
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY
EBBW VALE Leisure Centre: JASPER CARROTT
EDINBURGH Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
GATESHEAD Windy Nook Club: BEANO
GLASGOW Tiffany's: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
GOSPOST H.M.S. Sultan: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
HANLEY Gaiety Bar: BULLET
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE BRAKES
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: THE CRABS
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE STUKAS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS Gaiety Bar: MUSCLES
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE VYE
LEICESTER Freewheeler: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: JOHN DOWIE/VICTORIA WOOD (for three days)
LONDON BELLINGHAM Saxon Tavern: TRAPEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BANNED
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PENETRATION/MAGNETS
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: PSALMS/PATRIK FITZGERALD/MENACE/THE MAGNETS
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: THE CRUISERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: SPITERI
LONDON HIGHBURY North Polytechnic: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET/STREET BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON Maunkberries: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: APOSTROPHE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: ICEBERG
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: OVERSEAS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: YAKKETY YAK/THE TRAUMATICS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: O.K.
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JAB-JAB
MANCHESTER Denton British Legion: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
MANCHESTER Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: SHADES OF LOVE (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Inn: AVALON
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: OASIS
NORWICH Cromwells: THE CHI-LITES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palais: HEATWAVE
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: SHAM 69
POLESWORTH Top Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: SEAN CANNON
RETFORD Porterhouse: SASSAFRAS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JOHNNY MOPED
SOUTHSEA Centre Hotel: JOE PASS
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Dog: SOLID
SWANSEA Circles Club: ROY HILL BAND
SWANSEA Nutz Club: SUZI QUATRO
TYNEMOUTH Percy Arms: STEVE BROWN BAND
WELLINGBOROUGH Social Club: MATCHBOX
WHITTLESEA Black Bull: THE NEXT BAND
WIGAN Casino: THE PIRATES
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: SHORT STORIES

Friday

ABERCYNYON Thorn Hotel: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
BEDFORD College: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE STUKAS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVID GATES & BREAD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Dirty Ducks: CYANIDE
BOSTON Fold Hill Farm: BEANO
BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND/EBONY/THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BOB PEGG
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: APOSTROPHE
BRIGHTON Dome: MADDY PRIOR BAND
BRIGHTON Top Rank: MUD
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: ROLL-UPS
CHELTENHAM Eve's: THE MOVIES
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: STEEL PULSE
CORBY Festival Hall: JASPER CARROTT
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
COVENTRY Theatre: GERRY RAFFERTY
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: LINDISFARNE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE SMIRKS
DUNDEE Technical College: THE VALVES
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: CHARLEY BROWNE
EDINBURGH Clouds: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
EXETER St. Luke's College: SUZI QUATRO
FARNWORTH Veterans Club: DANNY WILD & THE WILDCATS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
HESSLE Ferryboat Inn: R.B.Q.
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: PENETRATION/THE VICE CREAMS/THE VENTICATORS/THE YONKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Friendly & Trades Club: MYSTERY TRAIN
KINGSTON Kaleidoscope; HERE AND NOW
KIRBY The Kirkby Suite: STRETCH
KNARESBOROUGH Fok Club: BULLY WEE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS University: RED EYE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JAILER
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE NEXT BAND
LINCOLN Turks Head: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SHAM 69
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: LIFE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FRANKENSTEIN-/FRENZEE
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROLL-UPS
LONDON CITY University: MARTIN CARTHY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICKEY JONES BAND/ANGEL VISITS
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: VARICOSE VEINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MEAL TICKET/STREET BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: TRAPEZE
LONDON N.15 Club Norejk: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: GYPP
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: MR. SMITH
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON ROEHAMPTON Froebel Institute: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE REAL THING
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JAB-JAB
LONDON TWICKENHAM Maria Grey College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
MALVERN Pump Room: THE TIGHTS
MANCHESTER Rafters: BIG IN JAPAN
MANCHESTER Stalybridge Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
MARGATE Dreamland: JOHNNY MOPED
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE SOFT BOYS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
MILFORD HAVEN Centre: TONIGHT
MINCHINHAMPTON The New Lodge: N.W.10
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: THE SQUAD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DARTS
NEWCASTLE Forrest Hall Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: SONJA KRISTINA BAND
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: BULLET
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE PIRATES
NORTHOP Red Lion: JOHNNY COPPIN
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE ACCELERATORS
NUNEATON Stockingford Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
PETERBOROUGH Youth Centre: THE DOLE
REDDITCH Valley Rock Club: QUARTZ
RETFORD Porterhous: THE ONLY ONES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: DOUBLE LIFE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: XTC
SOUTHAMPTON The Onslow: PTARMIGAN
SOUTHEND Top Alex: IDIOT/KILLER
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: ROGER THE CAT
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: CHEAP FLIGHTS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: BLACK COUNTRYMEN
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: TRASH ADVERTISING
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: JOHNNY COUGAR
YORK Barge Club: THE BLADES/THE HIPJOINTS/THE PASSENGERS

Saturday

ASHFORD Stour Centre: MUD
AYLESBURY Friars: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
BANBURY Blues Club: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE BISHOPS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: TANTRUM
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MARTIN CARTHY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVID GATES & BREAD
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BISHOPS STORTFORD The Maltings: GYPP
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: THE ACCELERATORS
BLACKPOOL Opera House: SHOWADDYWADDY
BOLTON Institute of Technology: SONJA KRISTINA BAND
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: BLUE OYSTER CULT
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel THE VYE
BRADFORD University: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BRIGHTON New Regent: THIEVES LIKE US
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: MADDY PRIOR BAND
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: THE CRABS
CAMBRIDGE Burleigh Arms: HAZARD
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: HEATWAVE
DERBY Alfreton Summercoach: HOUNDOG
DERBY Assembly Rooms: GERRY RAFFERTY
DORKING Halls: BARBARA DICKSON BAND/ISAAC GUILLORY
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Villa Marina: DARTS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: BLACK SLATE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
EGHAM Youth Centre: TRASH
FAREHAM Roundabout: DESMOND DEKKER
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: TONIGHT
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: SUZI QUATRO
GOOLE Station Hotel: ETHEL THE FROG
GRANTHAM Kesteven College: DAWNWEAVER
HENSFORD Anglesey Hotel: SOLID
KINGHORN Cunzie Neuk: CHARLEY BROWNE
LEAMINGTON SPA The Ibis: THE GRAFFITI SHOW
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LIVERPOOL Eric's: XTC
LONDON BRIXTON George Canning: FIRST AID
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ / TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CHARLTON College: TRIBESMAN
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: SHAM 69
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JAB-JAB
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: APOSTROPHE
LONDON PADDINGTON Q Club: MUSCLES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: KEVIN DEMPSEY BAND
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE MOVIES
MANCHESTER Russell's Club: THE CHI-LITES
MILTON KEYNES Navigation Inn: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: MARSHALL HALL EXPERIENCE
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
NOTTINGHAM Oddfellow: PRESSURE SHOCKS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: STRIFE
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: MISTRESS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: CHEAP FLIGHTS
PETERBOROUGH Bull & Dolphin: THE NEXT BAND
PONTARDAWE Dynevor Arms: THE STATE
PONTYPRIDD Glyncoch Club: HOOLA BANDOOLA BAND
PRESTON Piccadilly Club: CYANIDE
READING Bulmershe College: SCRATCH
READING Hexagon Theatre: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: LINDISFARNE
REDDITCH Tracey's: JUDGE DREAD
ROMFORD Albermarle Club: HERE AND NOW / ALTERNATIVE TV
ROTHLEY Pippin Inn: THE CRUISERS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: WARREN HARRY
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
STEVENAGE Locarno: PIN-UPS
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STOURPORT Boat Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: VIDEO
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: MATCHBOX
WAKEFIELD Newton House: ARC ROUGE
WATFORD Carey Place DESPERATE STRAITS
WATFORD Red Lion: TOO MUCH
WATFORD Wall Hall College: WHITTAKER'S PATENT REMEDY
WIGAN Casino: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

ASHINGTON Central Club: THE SQUAD
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: THE PLEASERS
BASILDON Double Six: GYPP
BICESTER White Lion: JOHNNY COPPIN
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: THE GRAFFITI SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: JETHRO TULL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime): ALWOODLEY JETS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE CRABS
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: MADDY PRIOR BAND
BRISTOL Locarno: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: RUBY JOE
CANTERBURY Kent University open air: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV
CANTERBURY Keynes college: TENNIS SHOES
CARLISLE Border Terrier: CYANIDE
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: PHIL BEER
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY
CROYDON Greyhound: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES-/RADIO BIRDMAN
DOUGLAS I.o.M Villa Marina: DARTS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE BUZZCOCKS
GLASGOW Theatre Royal: ELKIE BROOKS
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: APOSTROPHE
HORNCHURCH Queens Theatre: NEW MILLIONAIRES ORCHESTRA
HUDDERSFIELD West Riding Hotel (lunchtime): THE VYE
KIRKCALDY Station Hotel: THE EXILE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: TRAPEZE
LEEDS Grand Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
LEEDS Staging Post: RED EYE
LIVERPOOL Allinson's: LINDA QUINCY (for a week)
LIVERPOOL Mathew St. Festival: THE GERMS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: THIRD EAR BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BERNIE TORME/MONOCHROME SET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLUE OYSTER CULT
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JAB-JAB
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE INMATES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: THE CRUISERS
LONDON Marquee Club: VAN DER GRAAF
LONDON PADDINGTON Q Club: MUSCLES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE PIRATES
LONDON W.C.1 Pinder of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WEMBLEY Hopbine: MATCHBOX
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: BULLET
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: MEAT LOAF
MANCHESTER MAYFLOWER Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
NELSON Folk Club: MATHEWS BROTHERS
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: ROY HILL BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE INN THING
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Oddfellow: PRESSURE SHOCKS
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
POYNTON Folk Centre: AMITY/HARRY OGDEN
READING TWYFORD The Acorn: DOUBLE XPOSURE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

SHEFFIELD Top Rank: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: DAVID GATES & BREAD
USK Stardust Club: GENE PITNEY (for a week)
WATFORD Bailey's: MUD (for a week)
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: TRIBESMEN

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: THE CHI-LITES
BRIGHTON Alhambra: FRUIT EATING BEARS
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: DAVID GATES & BREAD
BRIGHTON Sussex University: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CARDIFF New Theatre: "GODSPELL" (for a week)
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: JOHNNY MOPED
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: CYANIDE
CONSETT Grove & Moorside Club: BEANO
DEWSBURY Pickwick Club: THE CRABS
EDINBURGH Odeon: GERRY RAFFERTY
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE ONLY ONES
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
HARTLEPOOL Carlton Club: TRIBESMAN
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: JAILER
LEICESTER De Monfort Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEPPIN' OUT/THE CADETS/STREET CHORUS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: APOSTROPHE/THIEF
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SUCKER
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Lion & Key: TOO MUCH
LONDON Marquee Club: VAD DER GRAAF
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DAVE COUSINS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: JOE PASS (for two weeks)
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW Saxon Tavern: ICEBERG
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT/BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: EARTH TRANSIT
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE TIGHTS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JETHRO TULL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LINDISFARNE
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KARL & THE HEIDELBERGERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: MADDY PRIOR BAND
SOUTHSEA Nero's: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
STOKE Jollees: SUZI QUATRO
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: JOE STEAD
WORTHING Pavilion: BARBARA DIXON/FAIR TRADE

Tuesday

AYLESBURY The Bell: N.W.10
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BLACK SABBATH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOLTON Tonge Ward Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: EKLIE BROOKS
BRIGHTON Dome: THE REAL THING/LOVE AFFAIR
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE HEROES/NO EXIT
BRISTOL Locarno: SUZI QUATRO
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
CANTERBURY Odeon: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
EDINBURGH Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
GATESHEAD Stirling House: THE SQUAD
GLASGOW City Hall: GERRY RAFFERTY
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE ONLY ONES
HANLEY Victoria Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
KEIGHLEY Nickkers Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE GERMS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ICEBERG
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRANS-AM/GENERATOR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MEAT LOAF
LONDON Marquee Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster; BLEAK HOUSE
LONDON N16 Middleton Arms: FIRST AID
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: DAVID GATES & BREAD
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: LIGHTNING RAIDERS/THE MONOCHROME SET
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SUCKER
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LINDISFARNE
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: BARFLY
PENZANCE The Garden: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
PRESTON Guildhall: DARTS
SHEFFIELD Romeo & Juliet: THE CHI-LITES
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: KILLER
SOUTHEND Zero Six: HERE AND NOW/ALTERNATIVE TV
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: STADIUM DOGS
WHITLEY BAY Red Lion: ACHILLES HEEL.

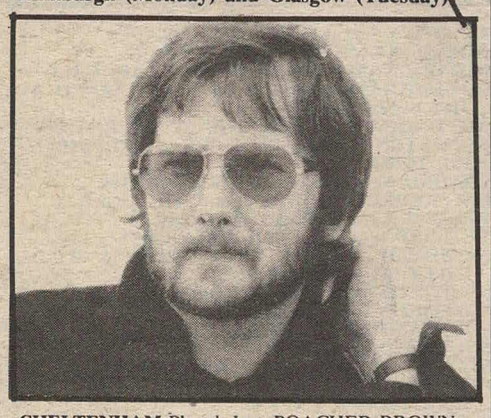
Wednesday

AYLESBURY Civic Centre: JASPER CARROTT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: BLACK SABBATH
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
CARDIFF Royal Infirmary: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CARDIFF Top Rank: STEEL PULSE
CARLISLE Scamps: BULLET

DAVID GATES (above) and Bread return to Britain for the first time since they re-formed last year. Their eagerly-awaited concerts open in Birmingham (Friday and Saturday), followed by Southampton (Sunday), Brighton (Monday) and London Albert Hall (Tuesday and Wednesday).

MEAT LOAF (above) headlines his first British concerts this week. Together with his band, he's at Manchester (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Tuesday).

GERRY RAFFERTY (below) is on the road for the first time since leaving Stealers Wheel. You can catch him at Dunstable (Thusday), Coventry (Friday), Derby (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Glasgow (Tuesday).



CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CUMBERNAULD The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
GATESHEAD Stirling House: DEEP FREEZE
GLASGOW Cinders: THE LURKERS
HEREFORD The Tavern: THE TIGHTS
HULL City Hall: DARTS
HULL New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
ILKLEY College: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS University: THE STRANGLERS/MAGAZINE
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPITERI
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HEADWAITER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ROLL-UPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: DAVID GATES & BREAD
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STADIUM DOGS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: BASIL'S BALLS-UP BAND
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: CYANIDE
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: AVALON
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: SCORCHERS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE SOFT BOYS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE ONLY ONES
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
POOLE Arts Centre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
PORTSMOUTH Milton Arms: PTARMIGAN
READING University: THE BOYFRIENDS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JOHNNY COUGAR
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: HERE AND NOW / ALTERNATIVE TV
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE The Inset: THE ACCELERATORS
TINEMOUTH Percy's Arms: THE SQUAD
WALSALL Butts Tavern: THE GRAFFITI SHOW
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: STEVE BROWN BAND

TEST MATCH SENSATION
ENGLAND TEST SELECTORS TURN TO BRIAN B . .

The Pegasus

THURS: June 1st — FREE — VIPERS
FRI: 2nd — 50p — LEE KOSMIN LOOSE SHOES
SAT: 3rd 8.30 — 50p — BIG CHIEF featuring DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
SUN: 4th — FREE — WARREN HARRY
MON: 5th — FREE — PEKOE ORANGE
TUES: 6th — 30p — MONOCHROME SET + BLUE SCREAMING
WED: 7th — FREE — STADIUM DOGS

Will Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves be allowed to play the Pirates gig at The Lyceum on Sunday June 4?????

Demand the truth from 01-262 7253.

SNOOPY'S
THE GREYHOUND
High Road, Chadwell Heath
LIVE BANDS EVERY MONDAY
June 5th DARK STAR
June 12th HERITAGE
June 19th THE VIPERS
June 26th WARREN HARRY
Group talent contest Every Wednesday £500 in prizes

MONDAY, 5th JUNE
6 pm at CAXTON HALL (Near St James' Park)

HER HOLINESS MATAJI NIRMALA DEVI
will grant en-masse
SELF-REALISATION
No money will be taken
Enquiries: 01-346 2798

QUEENS THEATRE
Hornchurch 43333
(District Line)
THE WHO'S "TOMMY"
Smash Hit Production With Dana Gillespie, Allan Love, Paul da Vinci, Richard Barnes
"This production is proof that the rock musical has reached its maturity at last"
Run extended 13th to 30th June

-TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING-
Benefit for Bob's alimony
At FULHAM TOWN HALL Starring
SUPAYSECT
BLACK ARABS
+reds
Thurs. 8th June. 7.30-11.30. £1

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Wednesday May 31st GAFFA
Thursday June 1st ANGELO PALADINO
Friday June 2nd CAPTAIN COMEDOWN
Saturday June 3rd STRAIGHT 8
Monday June 5th *To Be Confirmed*
Tuesday June 6th GORDON HUNT & FRIENDS
Wednesday June 7th LIPS
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

A Riff Raff Party
(New jeans for their landlady)
Riff Raff
Wednesday May 31st
THE PEGASUS
Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, N16
Here i wanna be a cosmonaut (Chiswick SW34)
Puts a smile on your 'ooter

VEHICLE MUSIC
presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday, June 2nd HORN O' PLENTY, ST ALBANS
Saturday, June 3rd WESTERN COUNTIES PADDINGTON
Friday, June 9th N.E. LONDON POLY LIVINGSTONE HSE., E.15
Saturday, June 10th HAMBRO TAVERN, SOUTHALL
Gilmor Promotions 01-204 9976

Alec Leslie Ent. Ltd proudly presents
THE ONLY UK DATE
BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS
NEW BINGLEY HALL, STAFFORD
THURSDAY 22nd JUNE 1978 at 8.00pm.
TICKETS £4.00 from the box office, New Bingley Hall

County Showground	Stafford 0782 658105
Mike Lloyd Music Shops	23 High St. Newcastle Under Lyme 0782 610940
	5 Lamb St. Hanley 0782 24641
	109 High St. Tunstall 0782 84660
Lotus Records	40 Mill St. Stafford 0785 48240
Cyclops Sounds	8 Piccadilly Arcade New St. Birmingham 021 643 2196
Sundown Records	17 Lichfield St. Wolverhampton 0902 772370
Hime & Addison	8 St. James Sq. Manchester 061 834 8019
R.E. Cords	8 - 9 Sadler Gate, Derby 0332 42715
London Theatre Bookings	96 Shaftesbury Avenue W.1. 01-439 3371

or by postal application from
Mike Lloyd Music 23 High St. Newcastle Under Lyme 0782 610940

BRIAN B, THAT WELL KNOWN EXPONENT, HAS BEEN ASKED BY THE ENGLAND SELECTORS TO OPEN THE BATTING WITH BRIAN COLLINS, THE FAMOUS ALL ROUNDER FROM WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT POST OFFICE, IN THE FIRST TEST AGAINST PAKISTAN AT EDGBASTON. BAD LUCK BREARLEY & BOYCOTT.

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 1st June (Adm 70p)
THE AUTOMATICS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Wed. 7th June (Adm 75p)
TRAPEZE
Plus support A Jerry Floyd

Fri. 2nd June (Adm 75p)
We Welcome from Holland. . .
GRUPPO SPORTIVO
Next & Ian Fleming

Thurs. 8th June (Adm 70p)
THE AUTOMATICS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat. 3rd June (Adm 75p)
SORE THROAT
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri. 9th June (Adm £1)
THE REZILLOS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun. 4th & Mon. 5th
SEE PANEL BELOW

Tues. 6th June (Adm £1.25)
Marquee Special Concert. . .
RACING CARS
Plus support & Joe Lung

Sat. 10th June (Adm 75p)
THE SMIRKS
Plus support & Ian Flemming

Sunday 4th & Monday 5th June
The Welcome Return of. . .
VAN DER GRAAF
Plus guests & D.J.s
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non-members at the door £1.50

Mon. 12th Tues. 13th & Wed. 14th June
Marquee Special Concerts with. . .
IAN GILLAN BAND
Killer & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.50
Non-members at the door £1.25

Hamburgers & otherhot & cold snacks are available

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

FLAMIN' GROOVIES

THE BOYFRIENDS
GOOD RATS

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 11th JUNE at 5·30

ADMISSION £2·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1, TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
FRIARS AYLESBURY
Saturday, June 3rd at 7.30 pm
THE FRIARS AYLESBURY 9th Birthday Party with, from the U.S.A. THE

FLAMIN' GROOVIES

+ RADIO BIRDMAN
+ LIVE TV. WORLD CUP FOOTEE
AC Sound + Vision
Tickets: 165p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley Dunstable and Luton, Hi Vu Buckingham, or 165p at door on night. Life membership 25p
PRESENT COW-ITCH DISC BRAKES PHYSICAL RHAPSODIZER HOLDING COMPANY

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
at the Lyceum

THE PIRATES
+ New Hearts
Sunday 4th June

STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Johnny Cougar + The Dodgers
Sunday 11th June

THE JAM
+ SUPPORT
Sunday 18th June
Tickets £2.25 in advance — £2.50 on the door
Doors open 7.15pm

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1 01-629 3453 and all usual agents.

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday May 31 £1.00
TRAPEZE
+ EXPO

Thursday June 1st £1.50
NEWS
+ LIONHEART

Friday June 2nd £2.00
STRIFE
+ THE DRILL

Saturday June 3rd £2.00
SUPERCHARGE
+ FAMOUS PLAYERS

Monday June 5th £1.00
PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ THE OVERSEAS
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Tuesday June 6th £1.00
THE TOURISTS
+ INTERVIEW
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Wednesday June 7th £1.50
Direct from Jamaica
IN CROWD
+ T.C.O.J.

Thursday June 8th £1.50
SONJA KRISTINA'S (Ex Curved Air) ESCAPE
+ DRUID

Monday June 12th — Tuesday June 13th
IGGY POP
Advance tickets £2.25 from Box Office

Wednesday June 14th
ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office

Thursday June 15th **SAILOR** Pay at door £1.50

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday June 2nd Free
STADIUM DOGS
Saturday June 3rd 80p
WHITE CATS
Sunday June 4th Free
JAB JAB
Monday June 5th Free
★ ROLLS UPS ★
Thursday June 8th Free
THE BUSINESS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Friday June 2nd £1.00
MEAL TICKET
+ STREETBAND

Saturday June 3rd £1.00
LITTLE ACRE
+ WAILING COCKS

Sunday June 4th £1.00
LITTLE BOB STORY
+ Support

Monday June 5th 60p
THE BRAKES + STARJETS

Tuesday June 6th 75p
TONIGHT
+ Support

Thursday June 8th £1.00
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ COVENTRY AUTOMATICS

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford Notts Tel: 704981

Thursday June 1st
SASSAFRAS

Friday June 2nd
THE YOUNG ONES

Saturday June 3rd
MARSEILLE

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Friday June 2nd £1.00
WHITE CATS

Saturday June 3rd 75p
JAB JAB

Sunday June 4th 75p
THE INMATES

Monday June 5th Free
SUCKER

Tuesday June 6th 75p
SOULYARD

Wednesday June 7th 75p
THE BLADES

Thursday June 8th 75p
MISTY IN ROOTS

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THUR 1
THE BANNED
SAT 3
GONZALEZ
SUPPORTED BY TENNIS SHOES
WED 7
SPITERI
TUES 13 WED 14
GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday June 4th. Tickets at the door

FLAMIN' GROOVIES
+ RADIO BIRDMAN & D.J. PETER FOX

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday June 1st Free
RUSH HOUR

Friday June 2nd 30p
TRADER

Saturday June 3rd 40p
*** ROLL UPS ***

Sunday June 4th 40p
UNITED
(Ex Kinks & Remus Down Boulevard)

Monday June 5th Free
PANTIES

Tuesday June 6th Free
TICKETS
+ Support

Wednesday June 7th Free
ZARABANDA

BLITZ
WATCH THIS SPACE!

LANDSCAPE
A THREE-COURSE FOR THE NEARLY NORMAL
June
Thurs. 1st Stonehouse Club, Bunch of Grapes, Newfoundland Rd., Bristol. £1. 10-12.30
Fri. 2nd Brillig, 8/9 New Bond St., Bath. £1 8pm
Thurs. 8th Bull's Head, Coventry
Sat. 10th Stables, Wavendon
Sun. 11th Rock Garden, London, WC2
Mon. 12th Trinity College, Cambridge
(+ Elvis Costello)
BOOKINGS:
01-703 7677/01-870 2061

HOLLIES
TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E16
(off Silvertown Way) 01-476 7791
Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am — Midnight on Sunday
Live Bands Every Night

Thursday, June 1st
ZAINE GRIFF

Friday, June 2nd
REACTION

Saturday, June 3rd
LITTLE BO BITCH

Sunday, June 4th
LIPS
+ The Alan Roman Show
(Progessive Rock D.J.)

Monday, June 5th and Tuesday, June 6th
THE ALAN ROMAN SHOW
(Progressive Rock D.J.)

ON THE ROAD

NME airs its prejudices. ANDY GILL, EMMA RUTH and TOM NOBLE try to unravel the dubious charms of the critically-despised HM brigade . . .

AC/DC's Bon Scott *Pic: ROSS HALFIN*

Styx

SHEFFIELD TOP RANK

STYX, AS you'll doubtless be aware if you're familiar with the curious musical predilections of our American cousins, are a disgustingly successful five-piece band of little significance in any field save economics.

Their success isn't too surprising — as they're all too eager to point out, the "largest" acts in the States are, besides the Frampton/F.Mac easy-listening axis, bands like Kiss/Zep and Yes/Queen.

So, find a point somewhere equidistant between the last two areas, and there shall ye find Styx, purveying pomp-rock purgatory with all the sensitivity of a *Sun* TV commercial.

But as yet, no market penetration here, a situation their first British tour is presumably intended to remedy.

Certainly, they're sparing little expense in the attempt — there's not one, but two huge lighting gantries, and a large P.A. enabling volume to coexist with clarity; and I'm informed they've had to cut several curtains and suchlike from their act for reasons of size.

"The Grand Illusion" sets the general tone of things, (besides being an ironically opposite definition of their musical position), guitarist James Young flourishing his plectrum like an epee and adopting an extremely "superior" pose, which means, in practical terms, that he looks a right prat.

Keyboard player and big cheese Dennis De Young starts the song out front before retiring behind a range of hardware it wouldn't surprise me to learn was the envy of IBM.

The next song is remarkably similar, except that guitarist Tommy Shaw (who bears an uncanny resemblance to *Coronation Street's* Gail Potter) plays slide guitar, throwing his bottleneck to the audience when it's finished.

"Mademoiselle" — a single, I believe — starts with unison guitar lines, ploughs an already-quite-familiar furrow, and ends with stereo crossover guitars zooming back and forth between the speaker stacks.

I notice that John Panozzo's drums all have heraldic crests on them, and are liberally draped with decorative braid.

This, I think, infers that Styx are a classy band.

"Fooling Yourself" — a song informing angry young men of their insincerity (which is not unlike the pot calling the kettle black) — has a pompous intro totally divorced from the song proper, and features a synthesiser tone straight out of ELP's "Lucky Man".

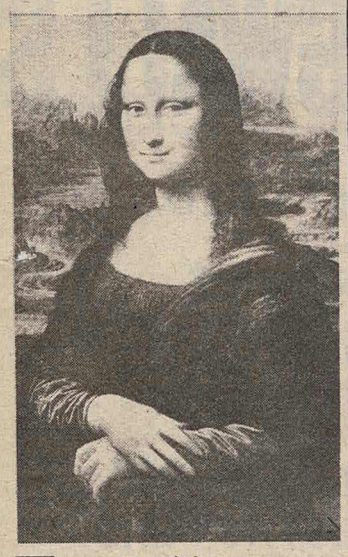
And so on, and so on.

"Crystal Ball", "Man In The Wilderness", "Sailing Away", (different branches of the same tree), dry ice, plectrum-throwing, pose-striking. . . all very impressive if you like a Big Show (and it's obvious that hundreds do, especially in Sheffield), but ultimately leaving at least a portion of the audience numb and despairing at both the transparently soulless manner in which the licks are recycled, and the crass Pavlovian approach to emotion-stirring which permeates the music.

I don't really see any way they can possibly fail to amass those few extra bucks they so obviously crave.

But I can hope.

Andy Gill



ENIGMA CITA SMIRK

AC/DC

LEEDS POLY

AC/DC BLEW this one by playing so loud they made The Clash's notorious gigs here seem like easy listening.

Presumably having worked out sound levels for auditorium purposes, the band reached for unprecedented decibels of the kind which made all but the most foolish aficionados emerge for regular breathers.

Frankly, you didn't need to have a cardio-vascular problem to need to beat it to the bar, from whence it was possible to plan trips back and forth for visual connection.

It all made one wonder where our guardian angels from the council were on a night like this.

Technical problems aside, AC/DC seem to be going over the top in other ways as well.

Almost as if the band has become bigger than it could ever have believed, the Oz machos seem to have lost their way into the generally characterless Anglo-American heavy metal league.

Whereas the band looked to have peaked musically on the "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" album, which at the time many dismissed as shallow, AC/DC show very definite signs of having believed their adverse press, with the result that they're now making extreme music which doesn't offer much access to credible criticism, other than the monochromatic kind.

The subtlety of the "Dirty Deeds" album, its distinctiveness and hilarious crudity, has been forgotten for the sake of expedience; the effect, both live and on record, is that AC/DC no longer play *songs*, but rather a messy conglomerate of audio/visual gimmicks.

Not that you can blame them — bands are sucked into the heavyweight market as powerfully as they aim for it; but a pity, nevertheless.

Still, the band has several redeeming features, not least represented by Angus Young and his strategically placed schoolboy duplicates.

Gimmick or no, Angus' berserk gyrations, onstage and off, amount to one of the most stimulating sights that rock and roll supplies.

What's more his guitar work is so impressive on the move, that he makes one wonder just exactly what he could achieve standing still.

With virtuosity less than a riff away, Angus' passioned cordless guitar forages into the audience are possibly just an exuberant preamble to a more accomplished career post-AC/DC.

Back at the bar, the lyrics were coming over as bad as the Fosters.

Bon Scott's vocals are more or less adequate, but whereas the superior heavy rock bands use the voice as an important integral instrument, Scott — competing with a relentless battery of sound — manages only token vocals.

The sometimes clever, sometimes rank vulgar lyrics are drowned amongst Angus' pyrotechnics and the plodding rhythm section, to the extent that Scott gives the impression he's struggling for his piece of the action.

If he genuinely does know what's going down at every given moment, that's a confidence he occasionally has trouble projecting.

However, these are sentiments easily mitigated in more optimum conditions, and besides, AC/DC's following is of the grass roots/rank and file kind which is hardly likely to be modified or disturbed by a rock critic.

No doubt aware that they've done more for the Oz (culturally deprived) yob in the street than any other Antipodean band, AC/DC came here to dance, and those whose heads weren't still ghosting the powerage 24 hours later will be glad they did.

Emma Ruth

Black Sabbath Van Halen

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

SUNDAY NIGHT at the City Hall was hot, sticky and a bit smelly.

I had the unenviable task of comparing the old wave of H.M. with the bright, young pretenders. H.M. 1978 style.

The heat I didn't mind, even the smell went unnoticed after a while, but I just didn't have the stomach for another Boston surrogate.

Before Van Halen had even groped their torchlit way onto stage the audience were, to a man, on their feet. Anticipated appreciation on a grand scale.

In much the same way as Tom Petty last year, Van Halen have sent their scant reputation before them — the actual evidence being a patchy album of guitar pyrotechnics. That we have been won over so easily is hardly a credit to either us or the band. Sheer gullibility I'd call it, you'll have to make up your own mind.

The point in question now is 'Do they cut it live?' The answer is a firm 'Yes' from the faithful and a non-commital grunt from the critic.

They were alright, nothing special, whatever you say about a band who perform with plenty of fire and passion, but haven't one ounce of originality.

They got an encore which, in the circumstances means little, except that Black Sabbath may yet live to regret their choice of support.

Black Sabbath at least have a vision all their own. Ten years on the road has taught them little about trends but enough about their fans.

Their approach is one which will give them little critical acclaim, but the audience was substantially young enough to belie the accusation that they are redundant.

Their choice of material is obvious, amounting to a Best Of compilation. No risks taken, none expected.

Only when it came to individual solos did they become self-indulgent and carelessly squander any chance to be creative.

Still, even I got a little excited when they unveiled the new single, "Never Say Die", which hints at just a little bit of progression.

Unfortunately for the unconverted most of their minor key misery such as "Symptom Of The Universe" and "War Pigs" becomes an uphill grind as far as instant identification goes.

Likewise the rest of their material, with only "Paranoid" providing some light relief.

I find it paradoxical that Black Sabbath's approach is basically an honourable one, yet at no time do they test their captive audience.

Like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding they've got no pretensions, but just occasionally their fans might be granted a little seasoning.

Tom Noble

The stentorian strychnine of the Styx stigma

Just close your eyes, look as though you're enjoying it and think of the next ten million . . .

Styx pic: GEORGE BODNAR

Sore Throat

NASHVILLE

YOU'VE ALL heard that too much sex is supposed to make you go blind, but did you know that too much deep throat gives you a sore throat?

Well, no, I didn't either, but that's what the rather doubtful design on Sore Throat badges would seem to suggest, so there's clearly a subversive sense of humour at work somewhere in this remarkable, sometimes perplexing six-piece.

They came on wearing gaudy waiters' jackets and started with an instrumental where they introduced themselves — Matt Flowers on keyboards, brother Dan on bass, Greg Mason on sax, Robin Knockerrap, who, with a name like that couldn't be anyone other than the drummer, guitarist Reid Savage, and frontman Justin Ward on lead vocals and the occasional fruity harp which, about halfway through the set, enables the band to play a J Geils "Whammer Jammer"-type instrumental.

Sore Throat music completely defies categorisation; it's a weird synthesis of just about everything from '50s rock 'n' roll to jazz and more besides, rounded off with a very English eccentricity.

They're as diverting visually as they are musically, too.

Ward is the star of the show, either the subject of violent convulsions or performing minor acrobatics throughout the set, but barely less striking is Matt Flowers, who stands well over six feet and occasionally leaves his keyboards to do some absurd dances or strangle Reid Savage, who doesn't move too much but performs some comic, quasi-Robin Trower facial contortions, while the monolithic Dan Flowers does Boris Karloff impersonations in the corner.

With so much going on at the same time, it would have been easy to overlook the strength of their material and I reckon I must have done because it seemed a little weak and it was only the last two numbers, "Zombie Rock" and "I Don't Wanna Go Home", that really impressed.

But I'm perfectly prepared to concede this criticism will disappear after I've seen them again.

Anyway, everyone else in the Nashville liked them too, so there seems little stopping Sore Throat becoming the most desirable ailment around.

Neil Peters

. . . CLIFF WHITE sounds his Funky horn about what he sees as a lack of critical perspective . . .

Brass Construction Rokotto

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WELL BLOW my whistle and sound my funky horn.

Was this a party or was this a PAR-TEEEE?

I've said it before and feel no shame in mentioning it again: in their partly understandable but nonetheless inexcusable dismissal of most modern American (or American influenced) black music, the British rock press has divorced itself from a large chunk — probably the biggest chunk — of the young, predominantly working-class audience that it presumes to reflect and service.

Only a couple of weeks ago I was cornered by an ex-reader who, after persevering for as long as he could stand it, had finally given up on the weekly music papers because 90% of their contents held no interest for him, or his mates, or his mates' mates, or, indeed, anyone else he'd ever met.

He'd come to the conclusion that we're all playing patty-cake with a small clique of friends and couldn't give a toss about what the majority of people wanted to hear or read.

Although I found myself in the unaccustomed position of defending the weeklies against the charge, it was only his gross exaggeration that I could truthfully put down, not the general tenor of his argument.

I scratch this nagging sore in a review again because, of all the many and varied shows I've seen in the last six months, this one reminded me of none so much as The Clash/Sham 69 wingding at The Rainbow last December.

Superficially, everything about it was different; at base it was remarkably similar.

For one thing — and this is the main point of my preceeding ramble — the two audiences were only distinguishable from each other because of the slightly more regimented style of dress on display at The Clash concert and the presence of a reasonable percentage of black patrons at the Brass Construction show.

On both counts the latter gig could be said to be the healthier event.

The two audiences' involvement in, and enjoyment of, the music at the respective shows was about equally frenetic (perhaps a couple of degrees wilder for Brass Construction), although once again I'd have to come down in favour of the latter gig because the punk crowd seemed a mite desperate in their enthusiasm — as if they were duty bound to enjoy their 'spokesmen' — whereas the funk crowd was unselfconsciously abandoned.

Also there was an element, albeit small, of mindless aggression at The Rainbow that did not arise at the Odeon, even though the bulk of the capacity crowd was on its feet and dancing for two-thirds of the entire evening.

Thirdly, the relationship between the two groups at The Odeon was not greatly different to that which existed between Sham 69 and The Clash at the time I saw them last December.

Rokotto are an up 'n' coming team (of three singers and four musicians) with innumerable faults, who nevertheless scored a heavy ovation.

Brass Construction (nine singer/musicians) are an established outfit, generally reckoned to be among the best of their particular breed, who proved themselves perfectly capable of picking up where Rokotto left off and taking the audience to even greater heights of delirium.

As for my own reaction to events, that was also much the same on both occasions.

Discounting an unavoidable bias towards Brass Construction (because funk automatically triggers a hot spot in me that is generally immune to punk), I enjoyed the charge of energy and enthusiasm in the auditorium rather more than what was happening on stage.

At the Odeon, as at The Rainbow, the audience was the main attraction of the evening.

Rokotto were not quite the insubstantial disco clowns I'd thought they'd be; in fact for their first five numbers (including their own "Shack Up", E,W&F's "Fantasy" and The Commodores' "Easy") I was very impressed, even though their tacky costumes made it difficult to take them seriously.

Unfortunately they then over-reached their moderate talent by attempting heavier funk anthems like The Commodores' "Brick House" and a couple of Parliament's classic tracks.

At which point I was forced to redirect my attention to the audience, who were already up and partying hearty.

It is a measure of the pandemonium which greeted Brass Construction — even before they'd all arrived on stage — that I, a bod who normally takes great care to note all those boring little details like which tunes are being performed, flung aside my reviewer's equipment in the sure knowledge that I wouldn't have been able to decipher my own writing the morning after, even if I'd have got pen to paper amid the crazy crush of jostling bodies.

I can tell you that at sometime during the wild party they performed their latest single, "Celebrate", and we can all be fairly safe in assuming that most, if not all, of their other hits were included.

Apart from that, so help me, all I can say is that the group used a couple of ballads and some of the usual "is everybody having a good time?" rapping to pace a solid set of well-drilled interplay between their front rank of horns and their precision-tooled rhythm section.

They weren't startling but they were undeniably effective.

Whether Brass Construction are saying as much as The Clash is obviously debatable (I would maintain that they are; it's just that they're saying something different. Anyway, I've yet to be convinced that groups of the Clash/Sham 69 variety are saying one-tenth as much as they'd like us to believe they are); the point is, they *mean* as much to their audience.

And the audience at this gig was socially — and quite probably literally — the brothers and sisters of The Clash audience.

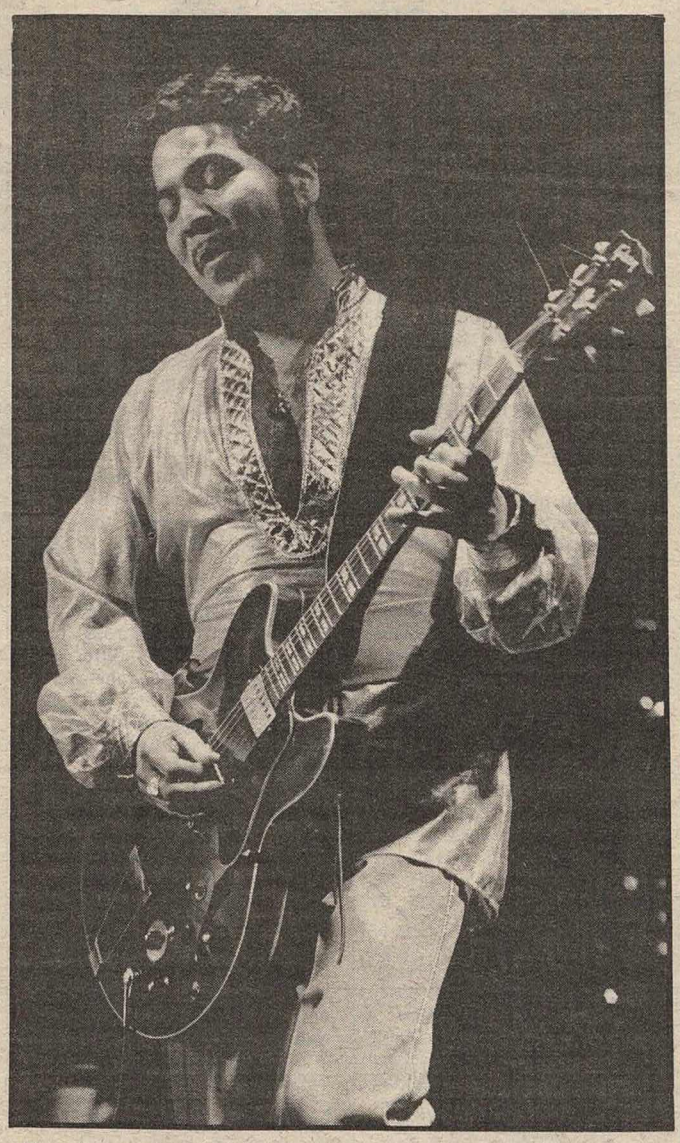
So why aren't we giving equal coverage to both types of music?

Search me.

Cliff White

(Please note that Cliff White's Brass Construction review is the longest in this week's NME, thus rendering invalid his entire argument — Ed)

Where there's funk, there's Brass Construction



Brass Construction's lead guitarist, J Arthur Wong (we kid you not).

. . . AND STEVE CLARKE lends an inevitably sympathetic ear to the critically-acclaimed RANDY NEWMAN

Heard the one about the end of civilisation as we know it?

Randy Newman

DRURY LANE, LONDON

IT SAYS a lot for the strength of Randy Newman's songs that he can successfully perform them unaccompanied save for his own skeletal piano and with a total absence of any theatrics.

This was an oddly captivating affair, with Newman in baggy jeans and checked work shirt, exuding quiet charisma as he gave us something like 30 songs in less than 90 minutes.

It all seemed fairly haphazard, apart from his ensuring that a low key song was more or less followed by an uptempo number.

He didn't save his best known material for the end of his performance, but I felt he could have avoided the somewhat stiff opening minutes if he'd introduced himself with a stronger song than "Last Night I Had A Dream".

Apart from a hard core of Newman freaks, the audience didn't seem over-familiar with his material, and though laughter echoed what seemed like every line of his first few numbers, I had the impression that the response wasn't a genuine gut-reaction.

So what do you gain from seeing Randy Newman onstage that you don't experience listening to his records.

Quite simply, with no external fleshing out, one's attention is fixed firmly on Newman's words. The overall effect is to make his funny songs sound funnier, and his more serious material more serious.

Okay, so Newman's funny songs are often deadly serious and vice versa, but when experienced live there's no mistaking the humour at play in "Apolitical Science" — which had the whole crowd cracking up — or the deadly earnest with which "Rednecks" attacks North American liberals for their hypocrisy in labelling the South as racist.

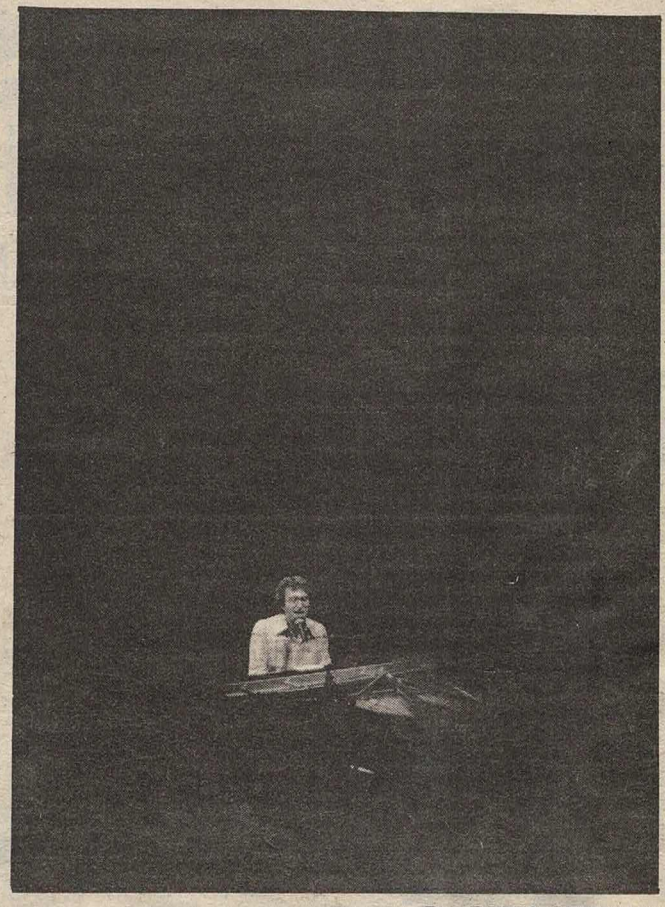
Or, for that matter, Newman's concern for the plight of America's cities. When introducing "Burn On Big River" he wasn't wisecracking when he said, "The river's a fire risk."

Mid-way through, it struck me that he writes his funny songs (i.e. "Lonely At The Top", "You Can Keep Your Hat On", "Rider In The Rain") as a kind of sop for those who'd otherwise be put off by the serious content of much of his other material.

And although he injects his performance with smart-ass one-liners, many of which are self-deprecating, you know it'd be a grave mistake to think of Newman as just a "smart-ass Jew".

In these days when sloganeering is again at a premium in rock, Randy Newman stands out like a beacon with his anthems against intolerance, narrow-mindedness, and bogus values. Witnessing him perform isn't an unforgettable experience, but his songs are!

Steve Clarke



Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Lizard

BRISTOL STONEHOUSE

I FOUND all this rather a strain.

Aaah, you say: poor boy's too stupid to understand jazz-rock, it's all a bit above his head.

Maybe, but I always rated Weather Report, early Isotope, Soft Machine, and several others, including, most relevantly, a band called 3 Over 5, which contained the keyboards and bass players of Lizard.

Then, as now, they had to rely mainly on borrowed material, but the crucial difference is that most of that borrowed stuff was basically melodic, while the latest crop of loans appears basically exhibitionist.

Maybe if you know "Crosswinds" backwards, and a few other such works by Cobham, The Crusaders, and Stanley Clarke, the whole experience makes more sense. Then you would have known that this was an inspired reworking of that song (or not, as the case may be). I did not.

I have complained before about bands who have a great deal of ideas, but refuse to let anyone other than the cognoscenti appreciate them. It is impossible for most people to follow the intricacies of rapid time-signature changes without the help of a tune of some sort, and too much of the music they played was of that ilk.

The great pity of it all is that they are such a talented set of musicians. There were moments when the duetting of guitar and tenor became almost sublime, and Jess Bailey's keyboard playing was up to its usual excellent level.

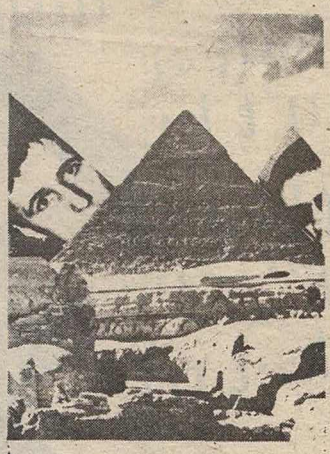
The real star of the set was Alan Carmichael on bass, though. Standing unassumingly at the back, he produced a dazzling range of expression from his fretless instrument.

In the end I found myself staring at him fixedly, wondering how he did it.

Though I had seen him before, this was the first time I fully comprehended his talent and ability.

More please, but I wouldn't mind being able to hum some of it in the bath.

Mike Holmans



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WHEN A MAN FORGETS TO POGO

Steve Gibbons Band

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY

POGOING SURE is fun, and nine-tenths of the time there's nothing I like better than leaping around with careless abandon to the sounds of whichever adrenalin-pumping sulphate combo happens to be in town.

Just occasionally, however, it *is* a treat simply to sit back and relax in the presence of a band who have music, music and more music coming out of their collective orifice.

If you feel the same way, I suggest you get yourself along to the current SGB tour, where, for a mere 150 new pennies, you can delight in the sheer musical excellence of a group who must now rank among the top dozen rock acts in Britain.

Almost as an added bonus are support band **The Dodgers,** of whom little has been seen (at least by me) since the album they recorded for Island back in '76.

Though I wasn't sure if the line-up had remained the same, there was definitely no mistaking the sound they made; high quality songs characterised by bright melodies, crisp solos and tight harmonies.

No faulting the tunes individually, but as their set progressed a marked lack of light and shade became evident, with the result that all their songs startedtoruntogether, and attentions wandered.

Whether a ready market exists for their music (sort of rocky pop) is debatable, so I'll be interested to see how their new single "Love On The Rebound" sells.

Apart from the foregoing, I enjoyed their set, and my only other gripe would be the lack of a frontman to drive their musical points home.

The Steve Gibbons Band, of course, have no such lack.

As they begin picking their way through the tale of dope-dealin' "Mr Jones", the man who gave them their name strolls casually on, and immediately there's no question who's in charge.

He walks to the centre, dapper cool in knee-length drape and leather strides, left hand already running through the greasily backcombed mop of hair atop his gaunt, hollowed face.

He's the leader in front of his, and as he leans arrogantly on his mike stand, drawling the lyrics like he was only doing you a favour, you know he's absolutely confident in his ability to entertain.

Which is fair, because though he may look mean and moody, his voice is rich and powerful, with a hard edge that lends it authority and maturity.

It's a convincing voice, ideal for the music.

Precisely because Steve is such a commanding figure, it takes you about ten minutes to realise how good the others are.

Stage left, Bob Wilson, calm, exact, his fret work a model of taste and efficiency. Stage right, Dave Carrol, expression suggesting the neck of his guitar will fall off at any second, but his steel playing quite simply excellent.

In the middle, bassist Trevor Burton, almost as good with six strings as he is on four, as shown when he swaps his bass for Bob's guitar on "Any Road Up". Still not content, he sometimes abandons both and takes up keyboards.

Otherwise that particular group of instruments were amply covered by Keith Miller, brought on after the first three numbers, along with another 'old friend', saxist Nick Pintalow.

And with such a variety of skills there are no holes that aren't filled, no bumps that aren't smoothed.

Almost forgot Bob Lamb, whose drumming is so sublime the omission was half-expected. Heard rather than seen.

In short, a very talented band, no doubts about it, but that in itself is not what makes them special.

It's their ability to write *songs* which singles them out from the mass, funky songs, romantic songs, slow songs, dance songs, and songs which defy categorisation, but makes you tear your head off with pleasure just the same.

There's really no-one working the same kind of territory as SGB, it's difficult to put your finger on exactly, but to see what I mean, listen to "Big JC", "When You Get Outside", "Rolling" or "No Spitting On The Bus" and try and absorb all the thought that's gone into making those songs so interesting.

There's something for everyone-country ("Any Road up"), rock ("Little Susie"), rockabilly ("Eddie Vortex") and pure rock'n' roll ("Tulane" or "Living, Loving Wreck"), all within the same basic SGB structure.

They eventually finished with the truly excellent "Down In The Bunker" the title track from their *forthcoming* album, one which promises to be even better than its predecessors.

When you're as good as the SGB, it must be bloody annoying to find yourself playing to a hall barely half-full.

Derby's punters have no excusé now; King's Hall may be a nightmare, but the newly-opened Assembly Rooms must be one of the best venues in the Midlands: large, comfortable, and as near acoustically perfect as any hall not built specifically for rock is ever going to get.

Stephen Gordon

GREGORY GO CLEAR!

Gregory Isaacs

NEW ROXY, HARLESDEN

GREGORY GONE clear! Man hard, I tell you Rasta; he just stand up there well-strong, you no see't?

The singer has been one of Jamaica's most consistently successful of the '70s, and a crowd of familiar, faithful faces were to be seen swelling the New Roxy audience last Saturday, on the opening leg of Mr Isaacs' first tour of the UK since 1974.

Also in attendance, what looked like a royal convention of reggae artists: among others, Errol Dunkley, Fred Locks, Doctor Alimantado, Lloydie Coxsone, Brimstone, Sons of Jah, and Princes Jazzbo and Far I all came to pay their respects.

It was, as photographer Dave Hendley was moved to remark, like North Parade, Kingston on a good day.

We arrived too late to catch **The Blackstones.** A pity, as the trio are one of the local scene's most accomplished rock-steady style harmony acts, and always an enjoyment to watch in action.

Instead, our arrival coincided with **15-16-17** emerging gingerly from the wings, to the sound of generous accolade.

The three teenage girls have made a name for themselves with the record-buying public during the past year; and rendition of their "Black Skin Boys", "Just My Imagination" and "Emotions" hits all received the sanction of instant recognition from the Roxy audience.

The loudest applause of their set, however, was reserved for the girls' closing number, Marcia Griffiths' "Feel Like Jumping"; or rather, for the gyrating dance routine to which it provided a spectacular accompaniment.

On bounded Castro Brown — MC — exhorting further ovation for his proteges, followed by **Unlimited Rockers** dancers troupe, who entertained the crowd during the 20-minute interval before Gregory Isaacs made his entrance, performing an idiosyncratic cakewalk in tune to Sir Coxsone and Moa Ambassa sound-systems.

Gregory went clear! He just stood up there well-strong.

In spite of the indifferent and obviously under-rehearsed shortcomings of his pick-up backing group, dubbed "African Museum" after the singer's label, Gregory Isaacs still managed to project an elegant, confident performance.

He paced a selection of favourites, like "Slave Master", "Loving Pauper", "Mr Know It All", "Love Is Overdue" and "Mr Cop", as well as newer titles from his most-recent "Mr Isaacs" set, including "Storm", "Sacrifice" and "Smile" — all delivered in that cool, sweet vocal style that is the singer's stock-in-trade.

Gregory Isaacs intends to protract his UK tour over the next few months. In this time, his rapprochement with African Museum is likely to develop in sympathy. Even on this tentative showing he is recommended entertainment. Catch the neat.

Penny Reel

Racing Cars

BATH BRILLIG ARTS CENTRE

WHAT HAVE Frankie Miller and Racing Cars got in common? One hit single, a whole lot of talent, and Chrysalis Records. It seems very odd that two such talented acts are so little known to the general public.

Racing Cars seem stuck with the image forced upon them by the success of "They Shoot Horses Don't They" and the policy of releasing similar wimpola afterwards to try and tap the same field.

But I reckon that any band that calls itself Racing Cars ought to motor a bit as well as idle in the pits.

They did just that in the most exhilarating show I have ever seen them do. Beginning in fine style with the bouncing "Swampy", they followed on with the Little Feat-esque "Moonshine Fandango". *"I was moving on my feet, hop-stepping to the boppity beat"* — banal it may be, but this is an accurate description for all that.

New songs from the forthcoming album were next, and they show generally a move toward the funk of the Cate Brothers.

David Land shone on bass, keeping time in a rolling style instead of pulsating and attacking. "Dancing Island" and "Taking On The World" loped along especially well.

Then back to the barrelhouse of the old songs: the frenetic barn-dance of "Nobody's Business" and

STEVE GIBBONS Pic: ROSS HALFIN

Wilko in end of tour triumph

Wilko Johnson

CHELMSFORD

THEY'RE HARDLY the Crosby, Stills and Nash of psychotic R'n'B, but Wilko, Lemmy and Speedy left their audience with an undoubted sense of big-league euphoria.

The occasion was the last night of the tour by Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, and Lemmy from Motorhead and Speedy Keene from the dim and distant past were brought on together for the last of three encore numbers.

Lemmy punched out a flurry of hot lines, but there was no way he could match the speed and aggression of the Champ.

Speedy managed a chorus or so of the song, "Got My Mojo Working", and while to me it seemed clear he's got no great prospects as a blues singer, his performance was suitably amiable.

Wilko's tour has garnered a mixed bunch of reviews, but there was no trace of any weakness at this gig.

True, Wilko's vocals tend to sound more like the veteran Hollywood actor James Stewart than the rasp on offer from Lee Brilleaux.

But Wilko's secret weapon is his Jerry Lee Lewis clone, John Potter. Potter plays piano in a way that's guaranteed to bring tears of joy to the toughest Ted. And he's got exactly the right tone of solemn machismo to sell songs like "I Gotta Woman".

The mixture of the two styles could hardly be bettered.

And when it comes to guitar playing, there's simply no one around who brings the same degree of fury and venom to the art that Wilko does.

A thoroughly frenzied version of "Paradise" from the Feelgoods' "Sneakin' Suspicion" album demonstrated exactly why Wilko reacted so strongly against his old band's more languid approach.

And the Solid Senders' first single, "Walking On The Edge", drew the sort of response that belied its sluggish sales.

It's hard to believe that the Stones ever played R'n'B with this kind of manic commitment when they first started. The potential for Wilko's lot is enormous.

Earlier, Speedy Keene had made his umpteenth comeback, this time with an ad hoc band called The Muggers. Supported by chaps from Motorhead and The Heartbreakers, Keene delivered the likes of "Summertime Blues" to an audience that refused to be impressed.

It was okay for a one-off jam. But whatever was once in the air, appears to have been shot down.

Bob Edmands

Cado Belle

BRISTOL POLY

NOW HERE'S a rare thing: a band that is less than the sum of its parts. There is nothing actually wrong with Cado Belle, but the total effect is somewhat disappointing. Any 20 minutes of this show would make a first-class second side of a live double, but having chosen which 20, there would be nothing that suggested itself for the other three sides.

The crowd sensed this — despite repeated exhortations from Maggie Reilly to grope their next door neighbours, there were fewer people dancing at the end than at the beginning.

That's unusual for white soul of this quality. When the band are on song, it sounds like the album you always wished Robert Palmer would make, but sung far better.

Every Cado Belle reviewer has ecstasised about Maggie's voice, and I am going to be boring and do the xame. She has a pure voice, without the growl of a Maggie Bell or a Janis, but with the full range of expression.

She behaves well on stage, retiring to a corner to dance during the instrumental breaks. Good thing too, because it would not do to be distracted from the excellence of the musicianship. The sax player especially scores points by using an alto in preference to the tenor: the brighter tone of the instrument staves off the possibility of "Double Fun" blandness.

The band have a bit to learn about looks. Apart from Maggie herself, whose chic spelt out her self-confidence, the band looked simply wet. That outward appearance is important, because it is difficult to believe in a guitar solo, however good, played by fotherington-tomas, lookalike (hullo lights, hullo audience, hullo PA stack).

The bassist too — a fast player who contributes a great feeling of constant activity in the rhythm section — looks like any sincere All-American wimp.

It was all too much of a muchness, though an excellent muchness. Every song appeared to be a variation of the AWB's magnificent "You Got It." The simple addition of, say, a muscular slow blues and a couple of more direct rock-type songs would promote Cado Belle from "class outfit" to the higher leagues — to being a "great band".

Mike Holmans

Lindisfarne

FAIRFIELD HALLS, CROYDON

FIVE YEARS since their last tour, so how do Lindisfarne and their particular brand of boozy, goodtime rock 'n' roll sound in 1978?

Pretty much the same, as it happens, which raises the question, Why?

It was obviously the old numbers that the ecstatic Fairfield Hall audience came to hear, and hear them they did, in abundance, still sounding as good as ever.

In their time Lindisfarne/Alan Hull came up with a number of more than half decent tunes, but if the stuff they previewed from their new album is indicative of the band's curent form, they're going to have trouble restoring their popularity.

"Lady Eleanor", "Meet Me On The Corner", "Train In G Major", "January Song", and "Dingley Dell", which were received as deliriously as a triumphant Cup Final team returning home. And they still sound great—after all, they *were* a great band.

Then doubts, like tax demands, started nagging; of the new materials, "Run For Home", the single, sounded okay, but stuff like "Juke Box Gypsy" and the C&W influenced "Warm Feeling" grated like silver paper on a filling.

Whenever the set started sagging as they played a selection from "Back And Fourth", another golden oldie was inserted, and back they stormed.

Lindisfarne were always a punters' band, cajoling the pliable atmosphere, which was particularly effective during the last half hour of the set— "We Can Swing Together" — incorporating Ray Jackson's anthem for bogus Geordies everywhere, "Blaydon Races" — "Fog On The Tyne" and encoring with "Clear White Light".

They were what the people had come to hear, and grand they were to hear again.

For a one-off reunion gig it was great, but where do Lindisfarne go from here — their First Farewell Tour?

Patrick Humphries

JAZZ DIARY

PLENTY OF activity at the London Musicians Collective in June, kicking off on 3rd with the Spontaneous Music Ensemble, currently Nigel Coombes, Roger Smith and John Stevens. On 4th, 5th and 6th Evan Parker with Italian percussionist Andrea Centazzo, supplemented by trombonist Giancarlo Schiaffini and American guitarist Henry Kaiser. Evan's All-Weather Orchestra are playing on 8th and 9th.

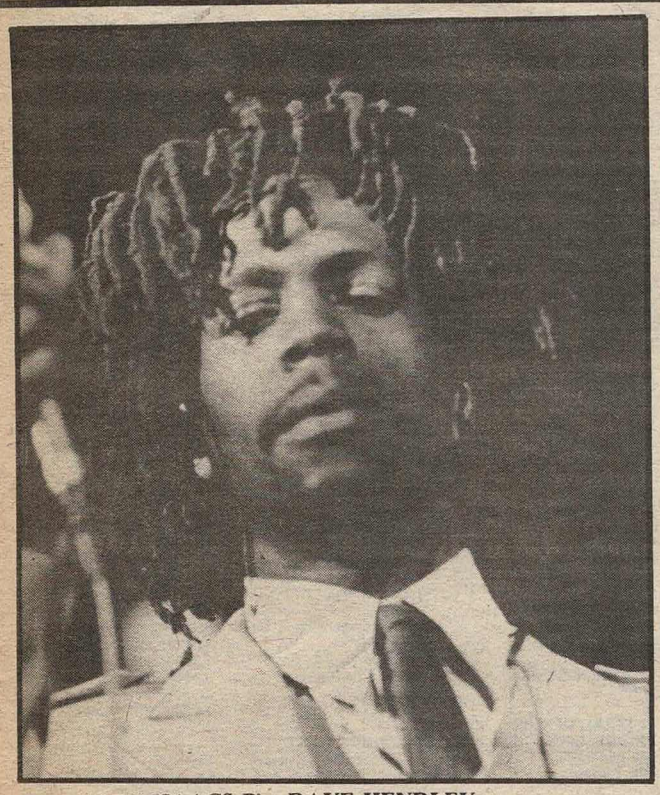
On June 18th at the Old Vic, Graham Collier will be presenting his composition, "The Day Of The Dead", based on the writings of Malcolm Lowry. The narrator will be John Carbery, the musicians Art Themen, Ed Speight, Roger Dean, Roy Babbington, Ashley Brown and direction by Graham Collier. A double album will follow on June 18th on Mosaic Records.

German electric bassist Eberhard Weber has been added to the line-up for Sanyo's Jazz Festival at Chichester in October, as well as the Latin-jazz-rock band, Paz. George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers are booked for the Newport Jazz Festival, and will be touring the States and Canada throughout June.

Meanwhile, Mr. Acker Bilk And His Paramount Jazz Band will be returning from their tour of Australia and New Zealand on June 2nd, and recording a joint Pye-Warwick double-album with strings in July.

Stephane Grappelli returns to the 100 Club with the Diz Disley Trio plus the Barney Bates Trio on June 2nd and 3rd. The Gene Allan Jazzmen are on 4th, Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia plus South Of The Border on 5th, and Ken Colyer's All Star Jazz Men on 7th.

Brian Case



GREGORY ISAACS Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

"Get Out And Get It", the ballads — "Horses" and "Downtown Tonight" (why not "Didn't I Tell You" instead?), and the earthy stomp of "Calling The Tune" and "Travellin' Mood".

The serious error was the third encore, an appalling rant, way too fast and totally unsuited to the controlled voice of Morty, called "Out On The Road".

Graham Hedley-Williams has become a lead guitarist, so that Ray "Alice" Ennis mainly supports now.

The pair have been compared to Paul Barrere and Lowell George, and not without reason, since both pairs are very clear, precise and hellish tight.

The focus is, as always, Morty. His voice is one of the great throaty, Celtic blues voices full of soul, and he wears it well.

He's also a wit — whether irritating the band or teasing the audience: "I'm gonna introduce the band to you: audience — the band."

The engine is in beautiful shape: excellently tuned, and full of expertly controlled energy.

Mike Holmans

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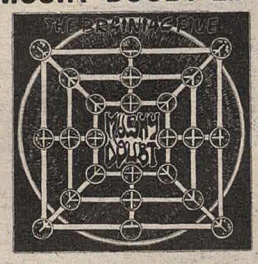

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Devil/Can't Stop The Boy/Crosscut Saw (Nighthawk). Islington's shaded response to Destroyer George Thorogood makes its long-awaited vinylised debut in an era when musicians twice his age are deploying a morass of maximum mundane minimalism to glean their spot on albums with titles like "Another Fond Farewell To The Roxy Revisited". But still Blast persists chanelling Muddy's Southside Chicago into the frenetic post-scorched membranes framework of late-'70s Northside London white-dopes-on-punk rock 'n roll, even though he is well-aware that the knowledge of BLOOZE boasted by the majority of all you ignoramus, snot-nosed pogoing brats out there begins and ends with well-worn folk-lore concerning Butterbrain's merciful swamping of Dylan at the Newport colliery and Texan albinos who liked their Turkey Cold.

Blast and his Heatwaves know that the music of men like John Lee Hooker, Elmore James, Buddy Guy and Luther Allison is as relevant to urban existence today as it ever was, but fact as opposed to belief.

When one of the cats is all over the latest copy of *Weightwatchers*, when *Monopoly Maker* don't carry anything about your combo, when The Ramones start to come apart at the seams, when so-called friends start muttering hateful comments about maybe trying *Weightwatchers* . . . what can a bluesman do except pick up that bright red 1961 Gibson S'G. Junior and pick it till it gets better?

And within his selected oeuvre Blast remains the solitary figure still kicking who has it within his grasp to bring cranked-up yet unrepentently strictly roots-rock-bloozey to audiences weaned on Pistols and Clash. The three studio cuts — Robert Johnson's "Me And The Devil" and originals "Trust Me" and "Can't Stop The Boy" — are blessed with the true-grits backdrop that the Feelgoods never quite pulled off in the studio.

The full flower of Blast's lyrical panache reveals itself particularly well on "Can't Stop The Boy", possibly due to the inspiring presence of back-up vocalists The Dublinaires (Philip Lynott and Robert Geldof) and the last, live outlet is final, absolute affirmation that not even Sugar Ray can stop the Blast now.

Nosebleeds Snyde Joy Division V.2.

V.2. *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

MANCHESTER

DROPPING INTO 1977 was 'easy'.

You played fast, shouted complaints and people danced (more specifically, had fits.)

Perversely, out of the turmoil of last year, intelligence (always hanging around!) has not only surfaced into some kind of light, but become quite popular.

A lot of the successful rock music of the moment is probably the most progressive and ambitious to achieve fashionability for some time.

Perhaps the future is X.T.C., Wire and Buzzcocks. Good times, huh?

To force into 1978 isn't so easy. Standards are higher. Shrewd eclectism is necessary. Technique mandatory. Style an advantage.

Those millions of young groups who burst into existence last year must either fizzle out, leaving behind perhaps a precious 45 to be part of some distant pulp compilation, mature their basic music (looking up to The Vibrators or The Boomtown Rats?), or totally re-work their ideals.

Certainly, thankfully, they have to think.

Typifying this are four young Manchester groups, a cross section of the hordes who've emerged under the Devoto-Shelley beckoning shadow and, to a lesser extent, the guidelines of The Drones and Slaughter and the Dogs. (The hazards of a healthy environment).

V.2. think about presentation. Their music is stripped, effective, trebly punk — anachronistic if you will.

They vigorously project this with garish visual homage to the ironical nursery surrealism of Alice Cooper, and the non-stop colour barrage of The Damned.

Any irony is perhaps destroyed by the apparent seriousness of their intentions, but their show is very flash, and very imposing.

Lots of smoke, lights, make-up — glam(punk)rock, potentially extremely popular.

Cartoon revivalists who are locally more popular now than the Dogs or The Drones.

Snyde were once dire, now they are bad.

Since the turn of the year they have attempted some growth, which should be appreciated. There are now some slower tunes, an attempt at visual style, some concern with presentation.

Their music has all the obvious superficialities of the twisting, economic, angular modern rock, but none of the crucial subtleties and undercurrents.

Snyde show minimal sensitivity, a characteristic they share with many young groups.

Joy Division were once Warsaw, a punk group with literary pretensions. Warsaw Pakt forced them to change names.

They disappeared for a while at the end of last year, and have re-emerged with their new name, an EP and their pretensions even more to the fore.

Their record attempts to communicate in an almost tangible way all the abstraction of Buzzcocks' "Spiral Scratch". It is called "An Ideal For Living", and is on the Enigma label. It proclaims on the sleeve that "this is not a concept EP, it is an enigma."

Despite all this, the record is structurally good, though soundwise poor, a reason it may not be widely released.

They're a dry, doomy group who depend promisingly on the possibilities of repetition, sudden stripping away, with deceptive dynamics, whilst they use sound in a more orthodox hard rock manner than, say, either The Fall or Magazine.

They have an ambiguous appeal, and with patience they could develop strongly and make some testing, worthwhile metallic music.

The Nosebleeds have also noticeably metamorposed, though probably due more to personnel changes than anything else.

Last year they were the entirely forgettable Ed Banger and the Nosebleeds (who 'created' the dirge-like single "Ain't Bin To No Music School" for Rabid records); now Banger has gone his own so-called eccentric way.

The Nosebleeds re-surface boasting A Front Man With Charisma, always an advantage.

Lead singer is now minor local legend Steve Morrisson, who, in his own way, is at least aware that rock'n'roll is about magic, and inspiration.

So The Nosebleeds are now a more obvious rock'n'roll group than they've ever been.

Only their name can prevent them being this year's surprise.

Paul Morley

New Hearts

DINGWALLS

BRIGHT, COLOURFUL, young, The New Hearts are by no means regulars at Dingwalls; most of their fans are probably tucked up in bed by the time tonight's show gets underway.

See The New Hearts have got youth-appeal, and that's a very under-rated commodity.

They're going to appeal to the 12- and 14-year-olds who've had a lot of pap chucked their way since the glorious days (for the business) of Cassidy or The Osmonds.

And that's a good thing, unless you think pop was invented for us to sit and intellectualise rather than for young people to enjoy.

The New Hearts have not only got the hunky fella looks, their music's got the bubbly exuberance a lot of their fans haven't found elsewhere.

Finding something as uncomplicated and refreshing as this at Dingwalls is like coming across a bottle of 7UP on a hot day (only it doesn't make you belch).

Ian Pain's the centre of attention, clad in a lurid red suit, physically launching himself into every new song, striking a lot of dramatic poses. His voice is strong and he attempts some very ambitious vocal exercises, only occasionally missing the note.

The backing is a simple but solid three-piece but the group's main strength is the songs.

"Only Madam Laugh" is the peak of the show, a memorable mini-epic with Ian acting the words and draping himself round the stage pillars to good effect.

After the kids-are-alright tirade above, you might be thinking that a young band singing love songs is okay but not for you. With The New Hearts you have to listen closer, because things aren't that direct.

The new single "Plain Jane", "Dial A Friend," "Paradise On Summer Nights," it's not for me to say whether they're tongue-in-cheek or sincere, but the twists and subtleties are there if you listen for them.

Pain's an accomplished lyricist considering the short time he's been in the game; The New Hearts' weak point at the moment is looking for the unmistakeable hooks and melodies that are essential to the three-minute-hit genre they're working in.

On the night the tunes are okay but for the moment the band are pulling some of their punches. The crucial question for them is how soon they'll come up with the single you *can't* forget.

Even so, there's a couple of sharp jabs that hit home. By no means could The New Hearts be described as a political band, but that doesn't stop a couple of accurate little insights creeping into the set.

"Revolution, What Revolution?" and "Another Teenage Anathema" have got a few uncomfortable points to make about the new wave scene which once gave this band the cold shoulder.

So what *has* changed?

You might think that sort of detached criticism is a defeatist standpoint, but The New Hearts have ploughed on through a lot of overnight fashion changes in their short existence.

They were never rough enough for punks, and they've kept themselves well out of the scene recently when they might have been embraced as leading lights of a pop renaissance.

They *are* a pop group, mixing a lot of influences from The Small Faces and The Kinks to Amen Corner into their own style, but they're also a very individual band; there aren't any obvious comparisons around today.

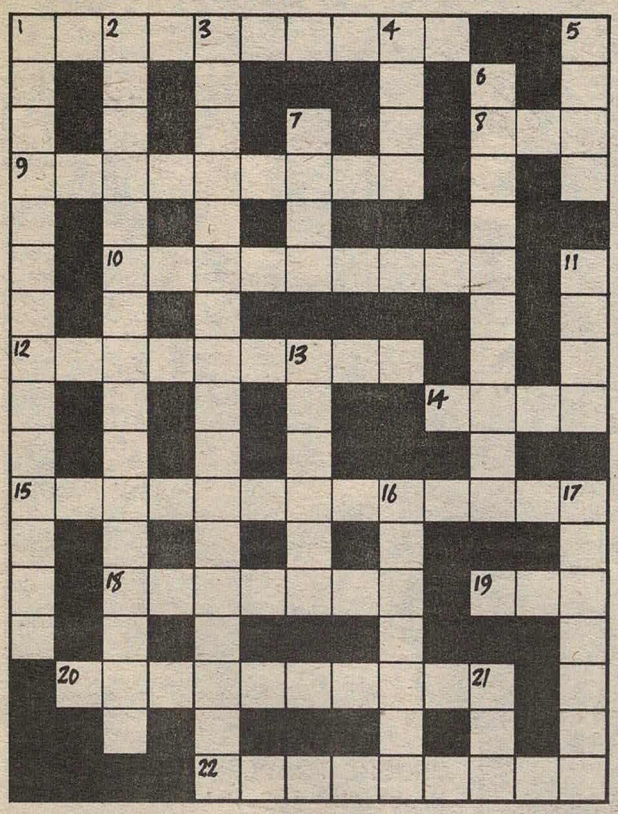
On stage they fling daffodils to the audience, look like they're having an unhealthy amount of fun and make a definite impression.

The New Hearts aren't today's big thing, but there's a lot to offer under the surface and you can't say that about many bands.

Tomorrow maybe?

Kim Davis

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Thamesbeat combo featuring Pat Collier
8 Elton John's recent mini-hit
9 & 17 Elemental (geddit?) soul combo from the USA (5,4,3,4)
10 Do they go in for a service every 6,000 miles or six months, whichever is the sooner? (3,6)
12 Pssst! Heard the one about GP? (3,6)
14 As they became when Hunter and Ronson went their own way
15 U.S. new wave singer/poet, she used to be a PR for David Bowie (6,7)
18 This is still Zappa's most successful rock album — he went on to name his new band after it (3,4)
19 Founder Floyd who went a little loopy
20 Early Roxy single — there was a now-defunct magazine of the same name (6,4)
22 To Johnny, what Miami is to Steve in the Asbury cast of characters!

DOWN

1 U.S. HM rock band, sounds like a secret society of exotic shellfish eaters! (4,6,4)
2 & 11 A big U.S. (and U.K.) hit for John Travel-agent and Livvy Newton-Squirrel (5,3,3,4,1,4)
3 When they cut their first (now classic) single with Phil Spector, most people were convinced they must be black — in fact they were both white, and unrelated (9,8)
4 Tom ————, respected Atlantic producer
5 The culinary Pistol!
6 Arty art college combo recently disbanded. We said, ARTY ART COLLEGE COMBO RECENTLY DISBANDED! (4,6)
7 Velvet Underground founder-member in fallen icon!
11 See 2
13 (See also 2 down) She's presumably the one that Travel-agent wants!
16 Hey hey, he was a Monkee!
17 See 9
21 "Bollocks" track, after the company that dumped them!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "What A Waste"; 8 Herbie Hancock; 9 Fox; 10 "Gasoline (Alley)"; 12 Eagles; 13 (Slaughter & The) Dogs; 16 Linda Lewis; 19 (John and Tom) Fogarty; 20 Kursaal (Flyers); 21 Laser; 23 Dionne; 24 Bass; 25 "(Gasoline) Alley". **DOWN:** "With A Little Luck"; 2 Andrew Gold; 3 "Annie's Song"; 4 Arthur Lee; 5 Mick (Taylor); 6 Anne Nightingale; 7 Loaf; 11 Meat; 14 "Odds'n'Sods"; 15 Jeff Lynne; 17 (Kursaal) Flyers; 18 Crystals; 22 "Kaya".

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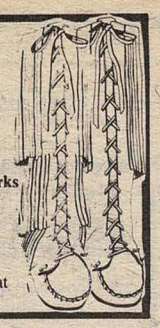

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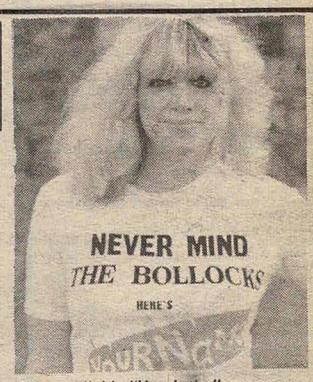

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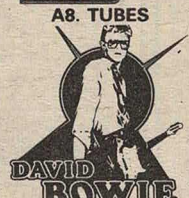

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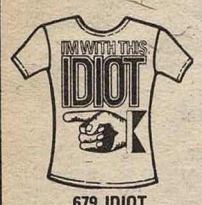

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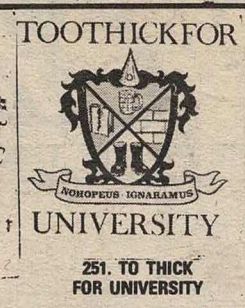

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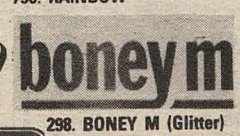

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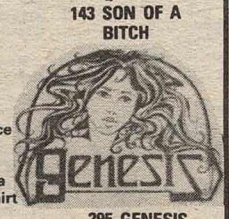

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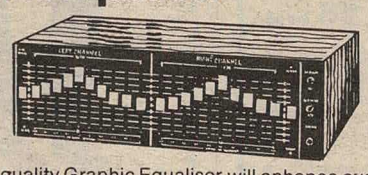
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FAREWELL NICK LOGAN

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Brian B.

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Mike W.

BYEEE! FOR NOW!
Pete

All the best Nick,
Christine

Always remember You are No 1!
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Tracy

Best wishes & Good luck - Wendy

Nick Logan? I thought he left 3 months ago. Mike?

There is no land of no 26x4s! It's been great. Good Luck. Peter.

All the best Nick
Andy

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Dave

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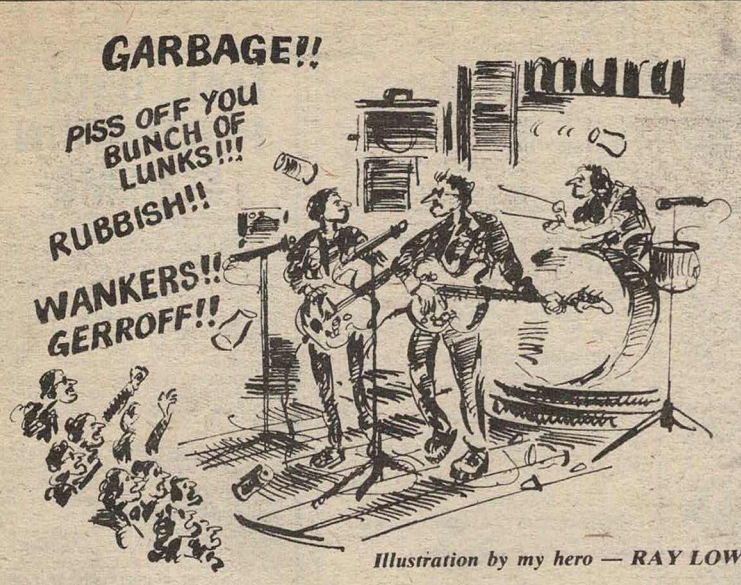
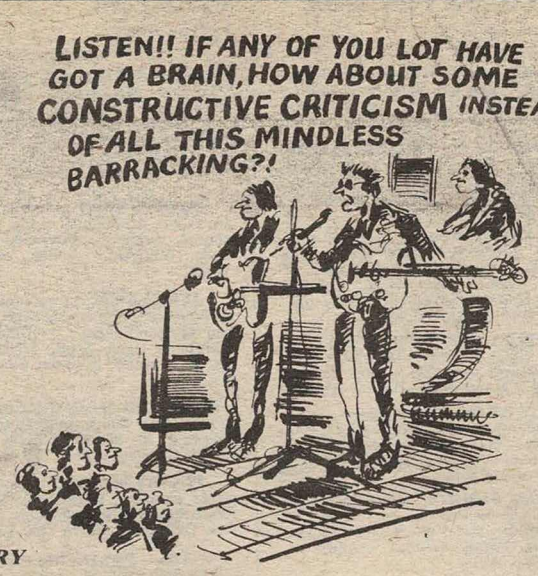
Sue





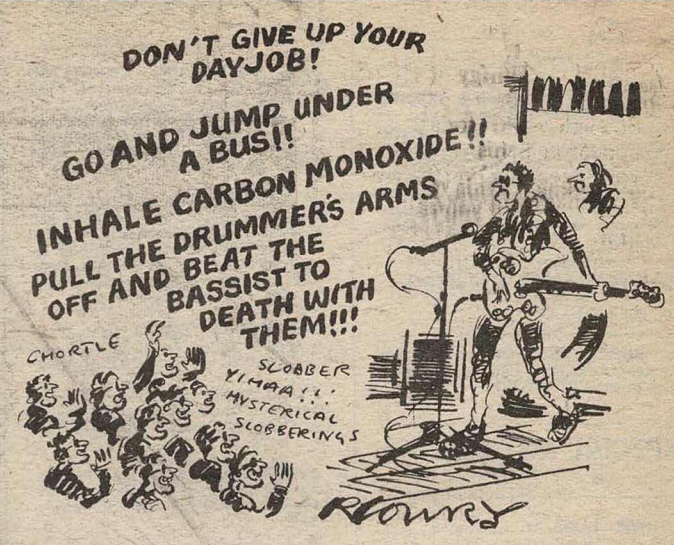

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Illustration by my hero — RAY LOWRY

Margarine and Droops Bag

DOWN AT BRIGHTON for the day and who should be doing a benefit for Rock Against Racism at the Poly, but The Fabulous Poodles. So I went along expecting to hear what is always an excellent set and was amazed at the outcome of their performance. (I'm female you see, 30 and a single parent, all the qualifications in fact for any middle of the road women's libber to sharpen her tongue in empathy with).

As the set progressed strident screams of "sexist pigs" were heard, accompanied by beer glasses hurled at the stage by a group of ladies in the audience. They followed this up with heavy glass orange juice jars and things started to get nasty, though the group carried on playing despite a broken mike and violin. I stuck around at the end of the set as I find all these sypmtoms of Freudian hysteria interesting. What transpired was in fact pretty frightening viewed in its wider implications. It seemed that what rock 'n' roll (isn't that a euphemism for screwing?) is all about nowadays is making a *statement*.

I mean, the Rasta band on earlier had a clear, pre-digested political statement to make — even if the only audible words were "Roots", "Jah" and "Babylon" — and everyone had to agree to agree to it, otherwise they'd feel all left out of the prevailing mood of the audience. (They agreed so much that a white fan of theirs was ready to kill another (black) guy who was daft enough to say that Rasta is sexist).

Now the Poodles, on the other hand, don't give you your trendy catch phrases on a plate. What they do is sing about the messed up world as it *is* (and that's a statement) and they sometimes make it sound very funny but *never boring*. There's none of the hype that most bands survive and thrive on. The cause-seeking gang didn't like it because enjoyment's not in fashion, but taking a stand definitely is. There were quite a few stands being taken on Saturday night. Lots of entirely predictable ideas trotted out by excited women. Group discussions on the content of the Poodles songs, and I wonder how many of those emotionally over-active ladies actually know any topless gogo dancers, nude models, or even ordinary old brass. Would you give a middle-aged, dim and ugly battered wife your spare room? No, it's easier to blind the lead guitarist.

Getting back to the set — all the people genuinely into their own sexuality loved it. The naive rabble doing all the yelling found it disgusting, being unable to relate to the real world, only to their idealistic egocentric view, which they've picked up by listening to the banal "statements" of some fashionable group/book/film.

I began to wonder what I was doing at a gig seeking *enjoyment!* (disgusting). My whole life's one long statement. I like to laugh about it sometimes. Where is music going when little lady faseists can dictate who sings what and where? They reckoned it was a "political" gig, and so the bands asked to perform (for nothing?) had to fit in with their ideas.

Anyway Rock Against Racism must have made a hell of a lot of money on Saturday night from a bunch of "sexist pigs" and I imagine the band felt well pleased driving home at three in the morning while all the non-sexist ladies were tucked up in bed with their Doctor Martins and old mens shirts.

LOUISE MURPHY, Islington.

Thanks for the account, Louise. Ain't people grand? Where *do* the put their sense of humour when they leave the house? — M.S.

LAST WEEK'S issue, page 70, column 5, line 22 . . .

There are no ugly girls. If that's how people look, that's how people look.

LAURA, London W11.

P.S. Please will you print a picture of the retiring editor, preferably not wearing shorts?

To assuage my guilt and blunt my gaffe, certainly — M.S.

Our retiring Ed N. Logan supervises another NME tea party

THIS IS just one of the letters you are going to get this week replying angrily to the idiot who called himself "RICH" in last week's *Ratbag*.

So he thinks "ordinary" people don't like lesbians, punks, etc. What about Blacks, Asians, Jews, Students (which include him) and left-wingers, also mentioned in the TRB song? This maniac has been so frightened by this song that he has defined himself as ordinary and assumed that there is a huge mass of people who are also ordinary, and that they all agree with him. It may come as news to him, but if all the people Mr Robinson mentions were locked up, sent home or put to work as "Rich" seems to want, there would be no-one left to enjoy his freedom with him.

I went to the Anti-Nazi march and the Smokey Bears Picnic. I'm not gay. I think I'm normal. So there.

MR. LEIGH FOSTER, London SW7.

Some hide it behind a defensive cloak . .

BEHOLD THE new spokesman of the ordinary, well adjusted, normal people of England. A Rich art student from Leicester. Does he do a miserable disgusted low-paid apprentice's job? Does he know what the dole is like? Does he not realise why football or punk is a big part of the lives of so many working-class kids?

Let me enlighten him. You see, these kids are skrewed down so much by stupid schools, dole queues, awful jobs, law and order that protects the property that is denied to them, Labour governments that run the country for the benefit of fat-cats in Mayfair and the City, that they need some release. Mr. Latent-Homosexual-Rich should wise-up. He should realise that punk and football and such are really very good ways of keeping the working class happy. They don't really threaten nice, comfortable normal people's society.

But if you screw us down any further the whole con-trick might blow up in your face. Actually I think the working class has had about enough anyway. Mr. Rich had better stay in his car so as he can get away when we come after him.

JERRY ATRICK AND THE WORKING-CLASS HEROES, Tyneside Rock Against Racism.

Some hide it behind an offensive cloak (don't deny anyone their crutches, Jerry) . .

GOOD OLD Rich of Leicester — someone at last has spoken up for the ordinary people of this country. It seems that nowadays you either have to have to be Black, Gay or Left Wing to be able to get on with your generation of middle class who pretend to be speaking for our generation of working class.

I'm 19, work on the buildings for a pittance in take home pay; your socialist governments take £20 off me each week in tax to be used for what, keeping people *on* the streets with higher benefits, misusing public funds, and increasing the allowances of a family who sit on their arses and do nothing but grab bits on the side. I'm also a Tory, White and perfectly normal sexually. I like having a bunk up in the back seat of my car but I hate telling me that their way to "freedom" is exclusive. I'm normal, can't you people see that, and I like it that way. Just because I don't go to RAR meetings just to see The Clash and TRB, does that make me a Nazi? I don't belong to the NF, I don't hate Blacks and Gays are alright if they keep themselves to themselves, as the "normal" folk of this country have had to do for the last decade for fear of being branded Nazis, and enemies of the liberation of the minorities.

What you lot talk sometimes is a load of bullshit. What's wrong with being middle class? I don't despise them because I know that if I work hard enough I can own a big house and a big car — providing the taxman doesn't take it all to keep a newly arrived Asian in a three star hotel for weeks on end. Sure I'm bitter, but I'm not going to kick someone's head in to prove it. Everyone's got a right to their say and if the people of this country put Labour back into power again in '79 then fair enough. But I want my big car and my big house; is that too much to ask for a bloke who gives 20 quid a week to the treasury?

SHANE, reading Bricklaying, Herts.

And some . . . well, to each his own. — M.S. (reading bull-droppings)

ON THE SUBJECT of Bob Dylan once more — isn't there anyone with a good word to say for the man? Or for the queues? Or even for the manager of the Hammersmith Odeon (Three Loud Cheers) who, it seems, did everything in his power and beyond the call of duty to alleviate conditions for those of us who arrived on the scene *early*. How many other managers would have allowed 1,500 people to kip in their theatre overnight, with use of all facilities (loos, stage, etc.) and ensure that those who had queued since Thursday, Friday and dawn on Saturday actually did get priority over those misguided folks who think they can turn up at the eleventh hour and walk away with instant tickets!?

And as for the price of the tickets — has anyone complained about paying between £7.50 and £10 to see . . . Gladys Knight and the Pips?

CHRISTINA, East Molesey, Surrey.

I LIVE IN Earls Court. I live there because I like the simple pleasures of life. I like to see Dylan supporters arriving five weeks early. I like telling them they can't crash on my floor. I liked watching the Leeds St Helens Rugby supporters arrive two days early and telling them they could crash on my floor. I like watching the Adam Ant supporters doing graffiti on the walls. I like following Adam Ant round the supermarket if I've nothing better to do. I like the thought that when I go to see Dylan and Bowie, I'll only have to walk across the road. I like the thought of Dylan and Bowie supporters sitting on my doorsteps and making a fuss of my pussy. I like telling Dutch people how to get to the Nashville to see Gruppo Sportivo. I like Dutch people, I like smoking Samson and drinking Heineken with them. I like Gruppo Sportivo. But most of all, I like you printing my letters.

A HEDONIST, Earls Court.

P.S. Unfortunately, I have to pay for these privileges with a high rent, so I charge a fiver a night to crash on my floor. This includes a liquid breakfast. The pussy is extra.

IS BRIAN B any relation to this Colonel chappie?

ERIC-THE-HALF-A-B, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Judging by the Live Page photos, Brian's the Colonel's granddaughter, eh, Doris? — M.S.

IT'S ENOUGH to make you cry; there I was reaching for my two tone Sta-press and trying to find my red braces, thinking that Sham 69 had achieved credibility, and then they go and bugger it all up. How can they justify cancelling yet another gig in South Wales (the second this year) to play on *T.O.T.P.*? And then to cap it all, we saw 'Slags and Co.' travolting to "Because The Night". You can tell Jimmy Pursey from me, "You don't understand".

THE NEWPORT BOY

IN LAST week's *NME* you printed The Boomtown Rats' British tour dates. Well tell them stupid Irish gits Wales is in Britain and I've been waiting to see them for ages, so why aren't they paying a visit to their Welsh fans? All the best groups seem to give Wales a miss. Darts is another example.

AN EX-BOOMTOWN RATS AND EX-DARTS FAN, South Wales.

Poor old Wales, who'll save 'em now? — TONY CURRIE

WHAT DOES Nick Kent know about "feeling" rock music? Of course, Tom Robinson's "Power In The Darkness" is calculated — calculated to make people think!!

Kent doesn't like it because it threatens the society that he's very happy to be a part of. Kent, with his comfortable job reviewing records and watching bands, doesn't want things to be different. What does he know or care about unemployment or multi-racial society?

You'd just better keep on knocking it though Nick, because when things do begin to change, parasites like you are gonna be the first to go.

TREVOR HOLDEN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

You are wrong, Mr Holden, all ends up, simple as that. — M.S.

PLEASE CAN you print a picture of Nick Kent as I missed him on *Don't Quote Me* (May 20) and am intrigued by my mother's description of him.

CURIOUS (Miss), Ilford, Essex.

No. — M.S.

CAN I BE the first to say I hate this series called *Revolver*?

M. SMIFF (The Real One), Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

No. — M. MOST (The Dummy One)

A POTENTIAL is wrong about street credibility and selling records, it's people from the street who buy our records that give it credibility. The quote in his book should read: "Ted and Barry love you all," is that OK man?

FAB BARRY, Camden Town, NW1.

I NICK *NME* every week. I slip it inside *Sounds* when the newsagent isn't looking.

SARGENT SENSIBLE (father).

Bastard! Bastard!! — M.S.

I FORMED a band called Private Party but nobody ever turned up for our gigs, is thai minimalism?

THE PETER TAYLOR, Nottingham.

EVERY TIME somebody writes you a letter and you print it they always begin with, "I know you won't print this but . . ."

I, myself, have never said this. I have also never had one of my letters printed so I know you won't pri his.

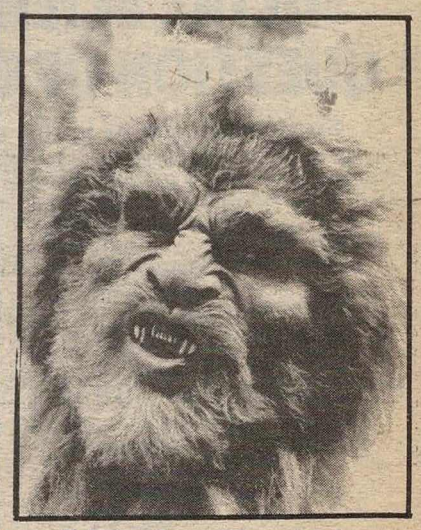
MARK ROXY, Loughton, Essex.

IS IT to early to say it's too late?

GEIR, Bergen, Norway.

It's too late to say anything else, innit? — M.S.

Sincerely friends,



Monty Smiff

A HOT NIGHT in Glasgie taenight: those loveable hellraisers **Jet Black** and **Jean Jacques Thingy** of **The Stranglers** will be appearing in court today (if you're reading this Thursday) yesterday (if your reading it Friday) or some time ago (if you're reading it next month) after spending Saturday night in that fair city's cells.

The swashbuckling duo were charged with obstructing the police after an "incident" (if they'd been on Virgin it would've been a "frank exchange of views") at Glasgow's Central Hotel when they complained about not being able to get a hot meal at 9.55pm. A gig in Munich has had to be cancelled as a result of all this. Who do they think they are, Led bleeding Zeppelin or something? Incidentally, seversl of their fans were also up in court appearances after several rows of seats at the Glasgow Apollo somehow caught fire . . .

After being forced to beat an ignominous retreat under a shower of flob at **Buzzcocks'** Roundhouse gig last Sunday (yep, they're still gobbing at gigs, unfortunately), **Alternative TV** considered setting their sights on the hippie circuit for a summer's gigging around the free festivals at Glastonbury and Stonehenge where — according to **Mark Perry** — "Audiences are prepared to listen." Yeah, well — watch out for low-flying teapots, mark . . .

After Saturday, meet Friday: Casablanca Records are so impressed with the success of the vinylised paraphernalia of *Saturday Night Fever*, that they're lashing out a brace of megabucks *(Pardon? — Ed)* sorry: two million dollars *(that's better — Ed)* to promote the musical fallout from *their* disco movie *Thank God It's Friday*. We suppose that's one way to make an RSO of yourself . . .

Don't tell **Dillinger** about this: after having to blow out gigs in Miami, Atlanta, New Orleans and Texas, **Bob Marley** may have to fly lead guitarist **Al Anderson** out from JA to the USA to dep for **Junior Marvin,** who apparently has an old coke bust on his record which hasn't amused the US authorities too much . . .

We've heard about hoping to die before you get old, but this is ridiculous: **Sid Vicious'** bald spot is getting larger'n'larger even as you read this. Never mind, Sidney, you did it yoooooooour waaaaaaayyyyyy . . .

We here at *Teazers*, suitably awestruck at Stiff Records' generosity in buying a pricey ad for **Graham Parker's** "Parkerilla" album, sincerely hope that those members of the staff and artists' roster whose lifestyle is still budget-conscious, are suitably appreciative of this gesture. Mr Parker is, of course, managed by Stiff *capo di capi* **Dave Robinson.** Next week, **Riviera** Global Productions take out an ad for **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders . . .**

Naturally, we don't believe a word of it: **Neil Young** has just rejected the *third* lot of artwork for his next album "Come A Time." Since the record's already pressed and sitting in the warehouse awaiting the sleeves, Warner and his fabulous Brothers are less than amused . .

.

Don't take the epistle: **Peter Green's** upcoming single "The Apostle" is the sole remnant of a scrapped album recorded earlier this year; meanwhile the vanishing bluesman is apparently laying down tracks in L.A. with **Mick Fleetwood** . . .

Also laying down tracks (and maybe making a record as well): popular journalist and broadcaster **Nick Kent,** recent victim of sour little jabs from notorious Antipodean bore **Clive James** in the TV column of last week's *Absurdver*. Already "in the can" (and also completed) **Mick Farren's** album for Logo, the record company that brought you "Floral Dance" . . .

Our man in Australia, **Ross Stapleton,** reports that the bootlegger of **The Sex Pistols'** illicit "Spunk" album has been peddling his master tapes down under, trying to find a distributor. However either his asking price of 5,000 Australian dollars, or the "hot" nature of the merchandise is deterring potential buyers; either way the bootlegger, his paranoia increasing in proportion to the number of refusals he received, quickly took off in the direction of the U.S.

Prospects of the Great British Public getting a peak at **Bob Dylan's** *Renaldo And Clara* movie improved dramatically last week. The Zim was offered a $2 million guarantee by film distributors providing he pared down the movie from four to two hours. Dylan, mentally juggling the conflicting demands of Art and Money came down quickly in favour of the latter and took the scissors to his movie as instructed; hence many more cinemas will now be handling it in its new slimline commercial shape. Incidentally this now means that, far from the film precipitating Dylan's financial ruin, he has now made a profit of at least $250,000 out of it.

US high jumper **Dwight Stones'** an athlete well known for flunking the Big Occasion, has decided to overcome his nervous problems for the 1980 Moscow Olympics — not by "conventional" treatment such as hypnotism or psycho-therapy, but by listening to the sounds of the appalling **Styx.** Apparently the lyrics of "Fooling Yourself" from the band's "Grand Illusion" album, infused him with a new positivism — so much so, he says, that should he win in Moscow then, in honour of the band, he'll change his name to Styx Stones — behaviour which may not break his bones, but which could well result in permanent brain damage . . .

Despite the excited publicity from, we concur, *NME* amongst others, it now seems that the mooted collabaration between **Paul Cook** and **Steve Jones** and **Johnny Thunders** is now destined to be a stillborn project . . .

News for holders of the **Brian Case** Order Of The Beret: Warner Bros will shortly be releasing an attractive package of a six-record set (and 20-page booklet) of **Charlie Parker's** Dial Records sessions. Fans with solvency hang-ups will be able to purchase a two-album Best Of . . .

After a recent stint at the North Finchley Gaumont, *Calamity The Cow*, the kiddies' flick **Phil Collins** made when he was 14 is going around the cinemas again, for Saturday and Sunday morning showings. On the Rank circuit, we presume? . . .

Although it's nearly four years since his death **Nick Drake's** album sales are currently higher than ever they were when he was alive, and accordingly Island will issue a special-presentation boxed set of all four albums in the autumn . . .

At an Industrial tribunal last week a Birmingham hairdresser claimed wrongful dismissal from her job; according to her boss, she had been sacked because she was drunk and singing an offensive ditty called "Clevor Trever"; we are prepared to believe that the singing might have been offensive , but the song? Nevor, Trever . . .

Robert Fripp is suing two Frenchmen (quite right too) for breaching his copyright. Fripp claims that **Pierre Bachelet** and **Herve Roy** based their score for the porn classic *Emmanuelle* on Fripp's "Lark's Tongues In Aspic"; sticky business, Robert . . .

In the last of the **Pistols'** Jubilee Boat trials, **Malcolm McLaren,** charged with behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace, was bound over for a year. McLaren meantime offers the following comment on the state of the game: "What most people don't realise is that the whole thing is about getting as much money as possible in as short a time as possible . . with as much style as possible," he added as an afterthought . . .

The Heptones will not be recording together again; lead singer **Leroy Sibbles** has made Canada his permanent home, reportedly in protest against the violence of J.A., While erstwhile colleagues **Barry Llewellyn** and **Earl Morgan** refuse to considerd living elsewhere . . .

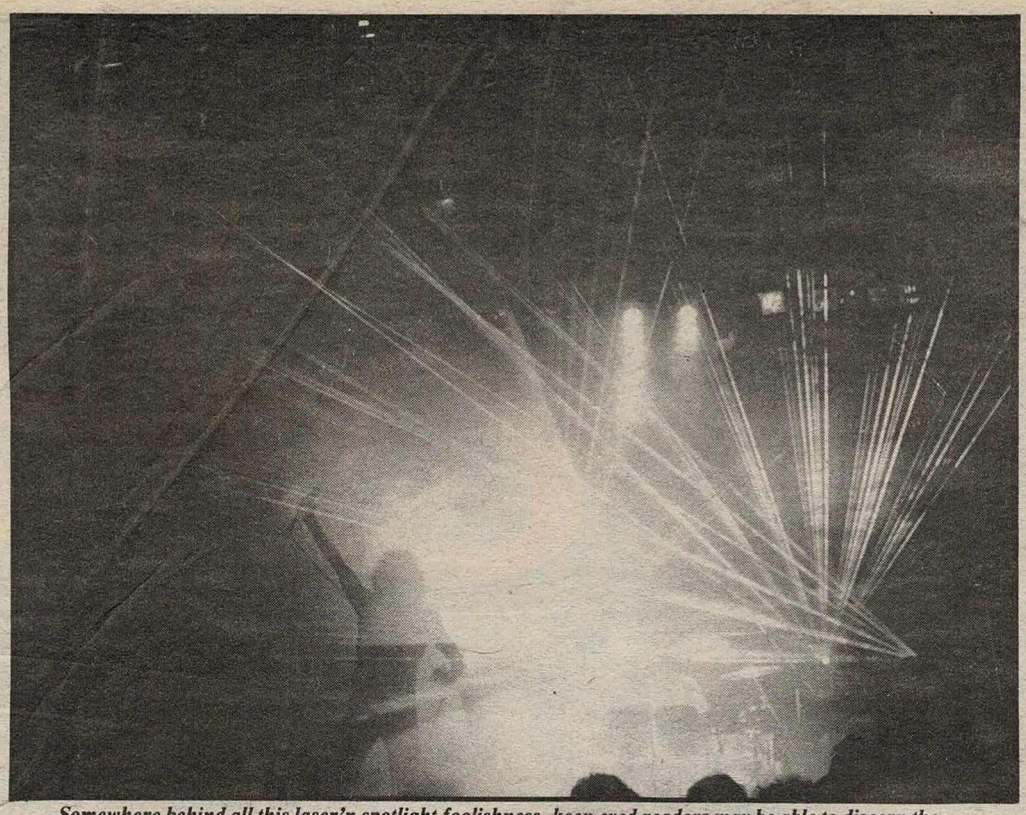
RAR is arranging an anti-sectarian gig in Ulster, and apparently **Patrik Fitzgerald** and the **T.R.B.** are amongst those being approached to play

Fan mail problems; we hear that since the members of **Generation X's** fan club have become so numerous, the local post-boxes in Fulham have been overflowing with replies to mail queries from members, and so the Post Office have officially asked the fan club if they could make special deliveries direct to the Sorting Office; the band's next album, meanwhile, could be produced by **Ian Hunter . . .**

Prince Jazzbo presently sounding off against anti-racist liberalism. According to the Regent dub lyricist, currently ensconced in London, "I-Man personally defend the National Front. Repatriation is a must."

Owing to a non-on-going work permit situation, **Squeeze** had to postpone a bunch of CBGB gigs in N'Yawk: pity, 'cuz if they'd made it they could have attended the rapturous preview for **Don Letts'** *Punk Rock Movie* . . .

Quizzed about his decision to play Cuba this summer, **Tom Robinson** announced to **Robin Denselow** of *The Grauniad:* "The more repressive the regime, the greater the need to play there." Great, Tom — when you've finished liberating Cuba, we've booked you a round-trip ticket to South Africa, Iran, Indonesia, Chile, Uganda, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Rhodesia, Burma and Wolverhampton . . .



Somewhere behind all this laser'n spotlight foolishness, keen eyed readers may be able to discern the 'Oo's energetically posing Roger Daltrey, in action at a secret gig filmed for inclusion in The 'Oo's movie (see below for title). 'Ole fing comin' yer way in November. Big pic: DENIS O'REGAN; titchy one by GEORGE BODNAR.

teazers

A Weekly Crematorium

DUE TO a typographical error that appeared in the Don't Touch That Dial feature in last week's *NME* (May 27, 1978), Quad Electrostatic Speakers were referred to as being not-very accurate. This should have read: the world's *least*-inaccurate speakers.

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Coney Lou, Black Slate,	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle,	2	(7)	SHAM ARMY
Lazy Sod.	3	(5)	BLONDIE
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff	4	(3)	DEVO QUOTE
Little Fingers, Overdose,	5	(9)	CITY ROCKERS
Princess Margaret, Operation	6	(2)	YELLOW COSTELLO
Julie (3).	7	(4)	CLASH POLICE
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Geye	8	(6)	STEEL PULSE
Advert, Plastic Bertrand,	9	(10)	SHAM 69
Siouxsie Overground.	10	(—)	I DON'T CARE

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Editorial
3rd Floor, 5—7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

Assistant Editor: Neil Spencer
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff:
Tony Stewart
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John May
Paul Morley
Paul Rambali

Contributors:
Nick Kent
Angus MacKinnon

Photography:
Pennie Smith

New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840

Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement Dept
Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director:
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads:
Sue Hayward(01) 261 6122

Ad Production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
Pete Christopher
(01) 261 6207

Publisher Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant Andy Gray
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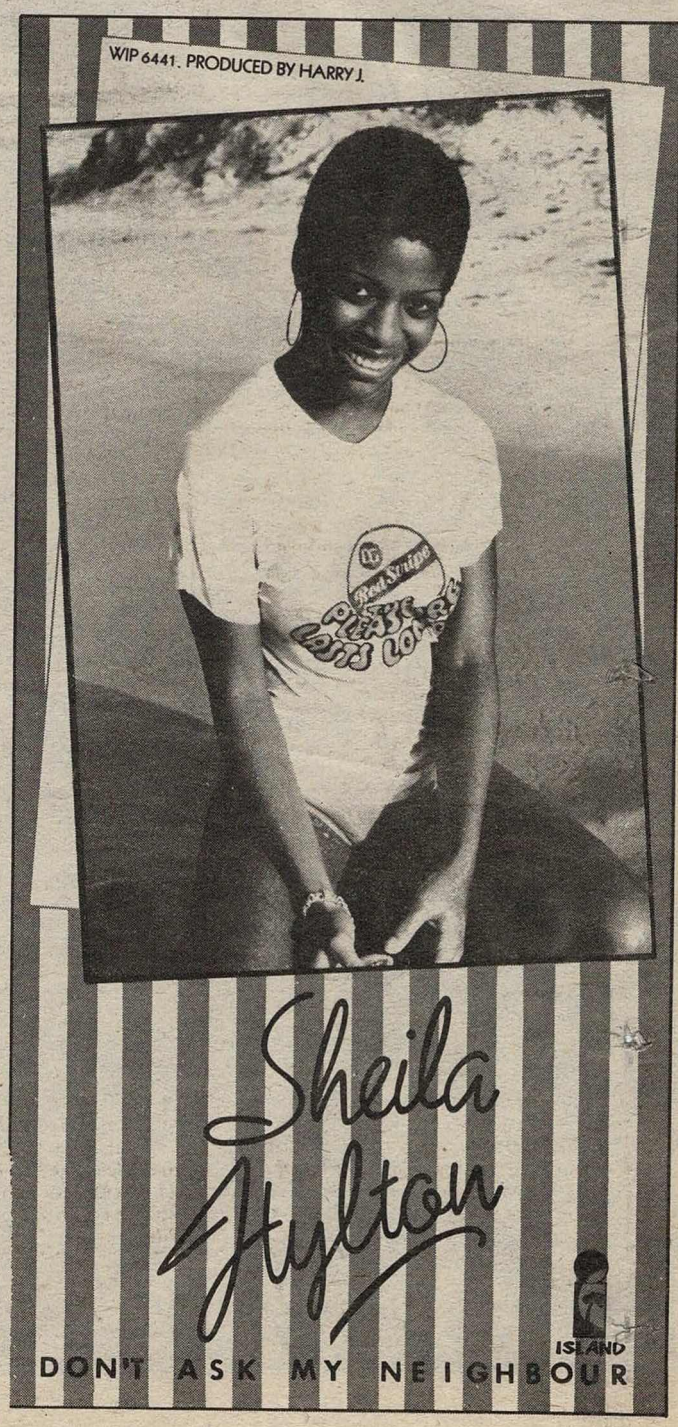

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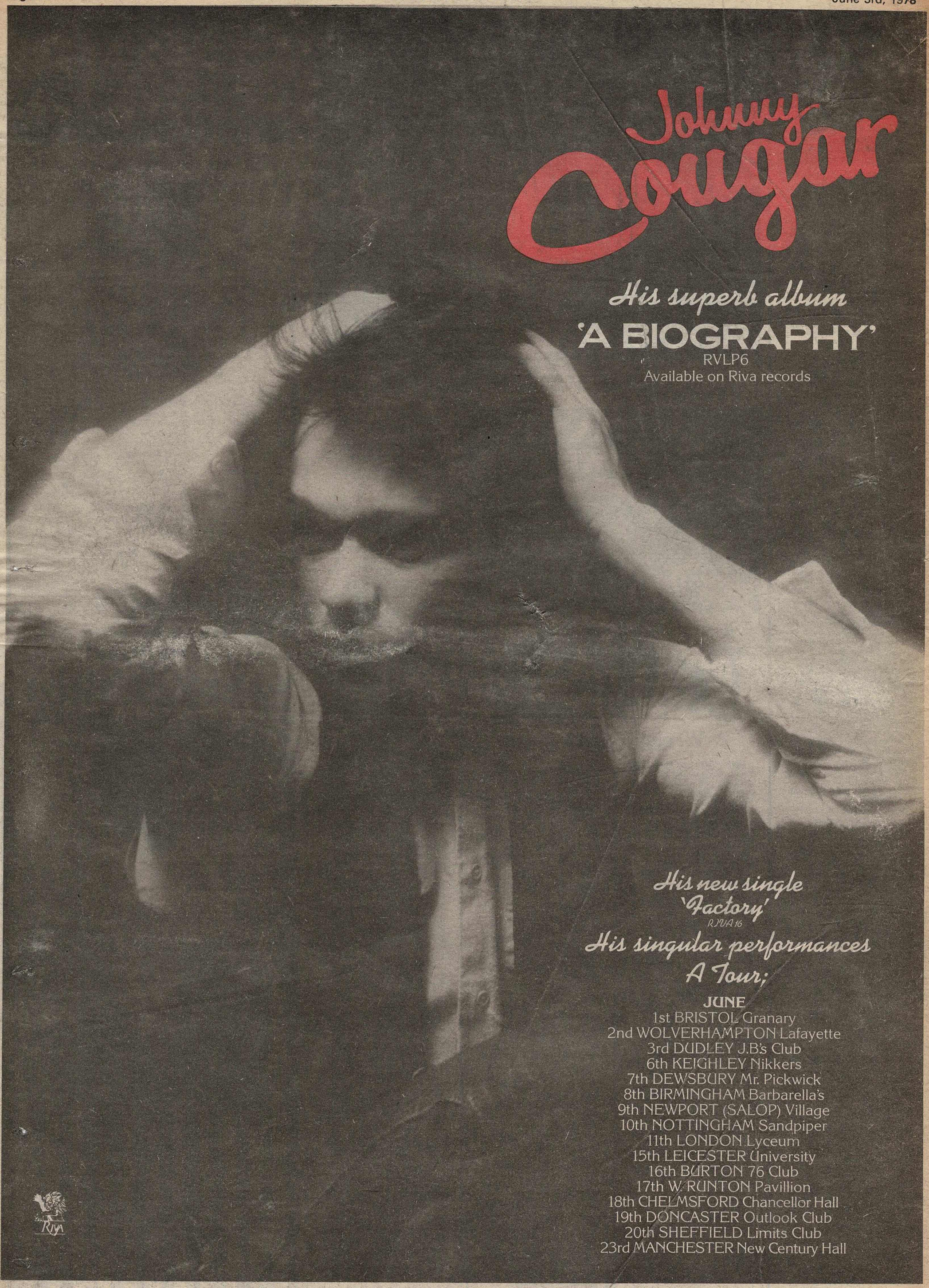
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15th LEICESTER University
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19th DONCASTER Outlook Club
20th SHEFFIELD Limits Club
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